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Life's Ebb and Flow

MYSELF WITH MAYNARD, BY JOHN SARGENT

Life's Ebb & Flow

by

FRANCES, COUNTESS OF WARWICK

"I scarcely count these things our own."

WILLIAM MORROW & COMPANY
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BY FRANCES EVELYN, COUNTESS OF WARWICK

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To
My First Great-Grandchild
"Caroline Worthington"

FOREWORD

I offer this book of memories to the public with great diffidence, for it is not all I wanted it to be, and what it was before the hand of censorship touched it.

It has been considered inexpedient for me to publish the account of an interview, at which I was present, which, in my judgment, showed the place that "military necessity" had in the minds of the leading men of the nations engaged in the Great War.

In deference to suggestions which I feel bound to accept, I have also omitted two or three episodes which might have been of interest.

The book is, therefore, incomplete in some particulars, and must, at least for the present, remain so.

FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK.

EASTON LODGE,
DUNMOW,
July, 1929.

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AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

CHAPTER I

"REND YOUR HEART BUT NOT YOUR GARMENTS"

HEREDITY AND HEREDITAMENTS—DISCIPLINE IN THE SIXTIES —MISS BLAKE THE WELL-BELOVED—MY BRILLIANT STEP-FATHER—DYSART

I AM descended on one side from Nell Gwynne; on the other from Oliver Cromwell. The Nell in me is all discretion. The Noll would fain be heard.

I was born in Berkeley Square, London, in 1861, and my mother's first look out of the window in convalescence found a black and gloomy world mourning the death of the Prince Consort.

My babyhood was spent at Shern Hall, Walthamstow, an old family house behind wrought-iron gates, and at Passenham, on our Northamptonshire estate. My grandfather, Viscount Maynard, was then alive, but was not on cordial terms with his only son, my father, Colonel the Honorable Charles Maynard, who was headstrong and self-willed.

My father was a famous athlete, and many of his exploits when Colonel of the Blues have become legendary. There is a story of how he and some brother officers attended a bull fight in Spain, and how "Charlie Maynard" laughed contemptuously at the exploits of the matador, who was the popular hero. As the bull coursed past near the place where my father sat, he leapt down, vaulted on the beast's back, and rode the astonished animal at a gallop

round the ring, holding on as best he could while the onlookers raged at the insult to their favorite. It was, in fact, a difficult matter to get my father away from the crowd, which would surely have lynched him.

He could ride anything, and could teach horses to do all sorts of tricks, even to lie down or follow him like dogs. He would leap his favorite charger to and fro over the mess table ready laid for a banquet without disturbing a single wine-glass, a feat that has been seldom accomplished by other horsemen.

My father was an unusually tall and big man, with red auburn hair and very blue eyes—not dark blue as mine are, but light blue, as are the eyes of my sister Blanche (Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox). My sister, in fact, resembles him in face more than I do, for I am said to have inherited the straight features and fair coloring of my grandmother, whose courtship and marriage were in themselves a romance. Riding through Ramsgate one day, it seems that my grandfather, Lord Maynard, was overcome by the beauty of Mary Rabett as she walked along in a schoolgirl's queue. He speedily made it his business to find out that she was the daughter of Mr. and Lady Louisa Rabett of Bramfield Hall, Suffolk (Lady Louisa being the daughter of Earl Winterton) and with little more ado he married her, a mere child straight from school. My grandmother's four daughters inherited her unusual beauty.

My father died three years after my birth, and two months before my grandfather's death would have given him the peerage. My mother, twenty

My Grandfather as Lord Lieutenant of Essex—
the Last Viscount Maynard

My Grandmother, Viscountess Maynard

years younger than my father, was a Fitzroy, a cousin of the Dukes of Grafton, and on her mother's side a Beauclerk of the Dukes of St. Albans stock. Thus she was doubly descended from Charles the Second. Although never pretty, she is tall with a superb figure, and used to be very fair. Even at ninety years of age she is distinguished by her fine carriage.

After our father's death, my sister, then a year old, and I, were taken to see our grandfather, the last Viscount Maynard, whom I remember as an old man being dragged round uncarpeted rooms at Easton in a Bath chair, and feeling the thrill of his wonderful eyes as he gazed on me.

So much for the memory of a child of three and a half.

On the death of my grandfather, his son's young widow, my mother, was summoned after the funeral by the family lawyer, to Easton, to hear the will read. I think it was generally supposed that the two sons of my eldest aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Capel, who had been my grandfather's favorite, would be the heirs, instead of the two little girls of his only son for whom he had no love; moreover, the Capel boys had been brought up at Easton. It was found, however, that I had been treated as a male heir and the estate left to me. My mother tells me that this news was read in the morning-room while the breakfast things were still on the table. Various members of the family were so angry at the provisions of the will that they threw pats of butter at my grandfather's portrait. Yet he had provided amply for all of them.

My mother brought us two children immediately afterwards to Easton to live, and I still remember the long drive from the station on a wet night, the plop-plop of the horses' hoofs, and the swaying motion of the heavy closed brougham which made me physically sick.

Child as I was, the entry into my new inheritance made a deep impression on me, for Easton was much larger than our old home. Family feeling over my grandfather's will remained so bitter that my mother tells me she feared the abduction of myself and my baby sister. I can remember, that, besides our nurses, a stalwart manservant always accompanied our perambulators when we went for an airing outside the gardens.

The governess period began early, for we were kept strictly to our books during childhood and youth, but happy indeed are my governess memories. At the time of my mother's second marriage, when I was five, our governess, Miss Phillips, was a dear good lady of true Victorian sensibilities. Her memory is wafted to me in an aroma of lavender water and cheap *eau de Cologne*. She would faint at the sight of a mouse—even a cow had terrors for her. She taught me to play "The Blue Bells of Scotland" on a tinkling piano, and giggled nervously when my stepfather ogled her through his eyeglass. It is to her I owe my passion for books. She taught me thoroughly, and inspired me with a wholesome literary reverence. When I was six I could read with ease anything that came my way, but small indeed was our choice in those days. *Little Arthur's His-*

tory of England and *The Child's Guide to Knowledge* were the two educational props, and if, later, I unlearned, as I hope the good little Arthur did, most of the character sketches that my history book presented, making, for instance, the shocking discovery that Oliver Cromwell saved England, if he did treat "dear, good King Charles" villainously, I got at least some inkling of the great Elizabethan period—surely the favorite page of our history for every intelligent child.

Women so often love to boast that they were tomboys and hoydens in childhood, that it must be true of some, and I was no exception as a young animal —climbing, running, jumping, and challenging all rules. In this I was alone, for my sister was a blue-eyed angel-child of circumspection and neatness; and a puss, too, for she traded on her angel-face and, sincerely disapproving of my wild escapades, gave me away conscientiously and continuously to nurse and governess. Her lovable nature was so disarming that I bore her no malice, and even as a child I recognized her superior worldly wisdom admiringly, and not without awe. Circumspection and tact distinguish my sister to this day and gain her the admiration of her circle.

As for me, there was hung over my bed by a disgusted nurse an illuminated text, which said beseechingly, "Rend your heart, but not your garments!"

My stepfather was the fourth Earl of Rosslyn, by whom my mother had five children; Millicent, the eldest, now Dowager Duchess of Sutherland; the lovely and beloved Sybil, who became wife of the

Earl of Westmorland and died all too early; Harry, now Earl of Rosslyn; Fitzroy, who died in 1914 (my best pal in the family); and the youngest, Angela, who married Colonel James Forbes.

So in time there were seven of us at Easton, and modern children would find it hard to believe how secluded our lives were; no parties, no gay social doings. We quickly grew to be a large schoolroom group, for there was only a year or so between most of us seven children. Two governesses and a tutor —whom we defeated at all points—tried to keep us in order. Our mother took a great deal of pains over our education. Except for escapades prompted by the natural high spirits of a group of healthy, happy children, in a beautiful country place, who had ponies to ride and animals to caress, the story of our childhood was the story of our training and education. My own early story, happily for me, was a joyful pursuit of knowledge and explorations into the realms of taste and feeling, under the guidance of a much-loved Miss Blake.

My stepfather was a brilliant scholar, wit, and conversationalist, and in his gay and affectionate moods was irresistible. True, he had a violent temper, but this was probably caused by the physical condition which brought about his early death. I always felt for him warm friendship and affection, and loved the merry twinkle in his eye that excused while confessing his rogueries. I grieved sincerely at his death, which came after a long and trying illness, and I treasured lovingly many of his letters to me, for he had a rare gift of expression. Alas! those

letters were destroyed in the fire at Easton,[1] which swept away so many cherished tributes of early affection and friendship. My mother, more fortunate, still holds many of my stepfather's beautiful letters to her.

My beloved Miss Blake, as inexorable as any *grande dame* of old on matters of etiquette and manners, was a firm believer in the divine right of kings —and queens! My stepfather knew the secret of this lady's origin, and it was understood that she was the pledge of an illicit love of highly placed personages. She claimed to be Irish, but owned no relative in the world. A convent school in Paris had been responsible for her exquisite and accurate French, and her knowledge of German and Italian was equally good; as a language teacher she was unique among governesses. She was a plain woman, but unusually tall, with a remarkable carriage and the walk and swing of a Spaniard. Her figure was graceful and her arched feet unusually small.

Miss Blake had brought up Count Münster's motherless daughters, whom she dearly loved, but she never forgave their father for his desertion of Hanover and his adherence to the Prussian "usurper." Yet it was this Emperor who sent Münster as German Ambassador to London, where for many years he kept open house at the fine Embassy residence in Carlton House Terrace.

Count Münster married, as his second wife, Lady Harriet St. Clair Erskine, only sister of my step-

[1] In 1918 a fire at Easton Lodge gutted my private wing and destroyed all my personal belongings, jewels, clothing, etc., and the massed correspondence of a lifetime.

father, Lord Rosslyn, and that was how Miss Blake came to us when she left the Münster girls, who were of the generation that preceded ours. It was this connection with the Münster family that brought into our childhood interesting German people, notably the old Empress Augusta, who came to London several times, also the then Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederick, who was a warm friend of mine up to the time of her death. As is generally known, the Empress Frederick was King Edward's favorite sister after Princess Alice died.

My darling Miss Blake adored King Edward and had the warmest sympathy with his affection for me. The King appreciated and returned her friendship, and he whiled away many an hour in her pretty cottage at Easton, which was decorated by signed photographs of half the Royal celebrities of Europe dating from Hanoverian days. Like Dr. Johnson, Miss Blake was as strong in her hates as in her loves, and her chief *bête noire* was Prince Bismarck. She was, too, a strict Protestant, with that queer detestation of the Pope of a Protestant girl brought up at a convent school and sternly on guard against the wiles of Papists.

With all my love for this dear governess, her aristocratic prejudices made no real impression on me, and her influence was powerless to restrain my democratic enthusiasms. Our friendship was too real, however, to be marred by such differences, and Miss Blake ended her days when over eighty years in her little home in Easton Park. During the long years she spent there, hardly a day passed that she was not

visited by myself, my children, and later, by my grandchildren.

One of the great annual events of our childhood was the long summer stay at Dysart House on the Firth of Forth, my stepfather the Earl of Rosslyn's Scottish home. Dysart House stands opposite the Bass Rock. We children used to love to visit the Ancient Castle of Ravenscraig, associated with the name of the lovely Rosabelle St. Clair Erskine, whose lover was drowned while swimming to reach her across the dangerous firth. A swim across the Forth would be a challenge even to our stoutest Channel swimmers.

In the eighties, when we used to visit Dysart there was no Forth Bridge. When we were taken to Edinburgh we had to go by train and ferry, and train again via Leith, taking three hours to do a journey that is now done in twenty minutes. Dysart House itself is an ugly old place but it used to be full of interesting relics of the St. Clair Erskine family. I remember a fine painting of old Lord Loughborough in his Lord Chancellor robes. There was a good library and there were family Raeburns. The real beauty of Dysart lay in its grounds and policies which run parallel with the romantic coast line of the Forth. Its arboretum of carefully chosen specimen trees was the finest in that part of Scotland. Dysart had its own private bay where in perfect privacy we happy children could bathe and swim and play during the long summer days.

Weymss Castle, which was near by, was owned by cousins of the Dysart family. These were de-

lightful playmates for us, for the children were in every sense of the word "moderns" of that day. The family had initiated a fine school of needlework, where beautiful designs collected from all over Scotland were worked out in lovely embroideries long before the days of the South Kensington School. The pottery was also famous. Another delightful family with whom we made friends were the Fergusons of Raith House. The eldest son, Ronald Ferguson, afterwards became a distinguished politician, but we children knew nothing of worldly honors, and played and romped and talked as only happy children do.

CHAPTER II

IN THE GARDEN OF EASTON

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS—HOW MY ELDERS REMEMBERED THE SABBATH DAY—THE EARLY TRAINING OF A HORSEWOMAN

TO modern educationists who despise the governess system I may be allowed to say that, in spite of the narrow education of my day, I am yet thankful for the thoroughness of that early training. Present-day education seems to me to be through the eyes, seeing everything, whereas for me, life was conveyed through books and by the ear, so that I had to use my imagination.

History was taught wisely, on a universal system, and while we learnt the history of our own nation, we learnt at the same time the contemporaneous history of other nations. This has helped me to envisage historical movements broadly. Thus, while studying the growth of one democracy, I have known in an orderly way of the simultaneous democratic emancipation of other countries. Hence I have been able to grasp the idea that each democratic development means really a world development; different people finding their freedom by different ways, but all advancing naturally and reaching the same end sooner or later.

Miss Blake had catholic tastes in music and the arts, so I was taken to good concerts—to the Albert Hall when Patti sang; also to the Royal Academy annually

—the cynical voice of the art critic who would dare to challenge the preëminence of the Academy was then unheard in the land—and occasionally to the National Gallery. There was little traveling for young people in those days, so experience of Paris and its art treasures, and of the Continent generally, came later in life. Miss Blake had, however, complete catalogues of the Louvre pictures and of the Florentine galleries, and if the fortunate modern schoolgirl is able to pay easy flying visits to continental galleries, we at least knew categorically, when we finally visited those places, what we were going to see there. In this way the names of the great world-pictures became intelligently familiar to us before we actually saw them.

My first visit to Versailles, too, seemed to be a coming home to a place already detailed and familiarly peopled with historical figures. *The Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes,* for instance, taught me about Napoleon, and through other memoirs, English as well as French, almost unconsciously I absorbed history. Miss Blake's method made history so real that this study became a true cultivation of the imagination, emotions, and intellect.

In my hearing recently two young Cambridge men were deriding with flippant scorn the classical teaching of half a century ago. In defense of my period, it is not enough to list the names of our Victorian masters from Dickens to William Morris, and from Carlyle or Ruskin to Meredith's day. Nor perhaps would it satisfy our youthful critics to remind them of the new worlds of thought released by Darwin

and Spencer. I am myself so grateful to every explorer in the realm of knowledge that argument in favor of one group of thinkers more than another seems idle. But I maintain that my own early training, imbued as my mind was with due reverence for all writers and thinkers of merit, has given me a just sympathy and an open mind to welcome the most strange and "modern" of prophets. I had access to French literature, for I was trained as a child to recite Racine, Corneille, and Molière as readily as Scott's easy lilts, and there was open also the—to me—still richer world of thought found in the works of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. I never myself cared enough for Italian to enjoy Dante, but my training was at least good enough to fit me for the pleasure of reading d'Annunzio's novels, and this was in the days before Fascisti ruthlessness had destroyed the *Avanti.*[1] So I doubt if the harsh criticisms of some modern youth need be taken too seriously, and I would say to budding iconoclasts, "Believe me when I say that your mothers and grandmothers had perhaps a sounder intellectual training than you give them credit for."

I return again to those romantic days, with Sir Walter Scott as chief magician, when I wandered through enchanted regions of story and song. The life of Louise de la Vallière was another favorite story, and in due time followed, among other authors, Byron, Bulwer-Lytton, and Macaulay. When I reached the *Idylls of the King,* I preferred the interpretation of Tennyson to reading the story in Malory,

[1] The Socialist newspaper once edited by Mussolini.

for Arthur seemed to me a mere prig while Guinevere and Lancelot were golden-glamoured lovers. Beautiful Easton was a happy background for such romantic musings.

If history lost nothing by the old methods, the subject of geography was but meagerly treated. We had advanced beyond "the use of the globes for young ladies," but geography had not yet entered the scientific stage. A more expansive idea of geography was dawning, however, for Darkest Africa was opening up, and as a child I shared the national excitement in the distant exploits of Livingstone and, later on, of Stanley.

My affection for Miss Blake never influenced in the least degree my independence of judgment. Her religious and social prejudices left little or no mark on my mind. I read and judged for myself. I liked or disliked independently. It has always been so; my intellectual judgments are rarely swayed by emotional contacts.

There was the usual Protestant religious teaching in our schoolroom, but the Heaven and Hell of that day were too vague and shadowy to influence conduct. I neither feared the punishments, nor coveted the rewards of an after life. To my mind, Bible characters seemed to have done pretty much as they wanted to do, undeterred by possible results. The only God I cared about, though my thoughts were too unformed to be put into words, was the Maker of the beautiful world around me, which entirely satisfied me. It is the same to-day. No priest can interpret God for me, for I feel His wonder and

My Stepfather

My Mother

greatness at every turn in Nature, and I am most aware of Him when out under the open sky. What I did observe as a child was the incongruity of the religious beliefs and conduct of my elders. Sunday entertaining, among other things, seemed plainly inconsistent with the outwardly strict religious observances of my family.

After an elaborate breakfast, my mother, my stepfather, and their guests, in satins and jewels, went off to our little church about half a mile distant. The ladies drove and the men walked. This meant Sunday work for stablemen as well as for the house servants.

In church our seats were divided; the men on one side of the aisle, the women on the other. Only the "quality" did this. The rank and file of the congregation were under no such foolish restrictions. At the close of the blessing "We" filed out first before the gaze of our humbler neighbors. The estate steward and his family followed, then the farmers, and last of all the cottagers. One old lady even made a habit of getting up and curtseying as we passed down the aisle, probably because we were more tangible to her than God.

I used to wonder, even as a child, how God viewed this "table of precedence" in His church, where all men are supposed to be equal. Later, in my own time, I abolished the custom. At the close of the service, I remained kneeling with my head buried in my hands, to the discomfiture of the waiting congregation, who at last took the the hint and departed, leaving me to my devotions. After following these

tactics for a few Sundays, I succeeded in abolishing the precedence custom, and now that I hardly ever attend church, I hear that the steadily dwindling congregation makes a rush for the open air as soon as service is over.

If the Sunday of my childhood meant a day of hard labor for our dependents, that was perhaps less intolerable than the dullness it brought to us. We had to attend service twice a day. In place of our usual toys, our religious sensibilities were cultivated with the aid of a Noah's Ark, while a book on the Collects replaced our favorite authors. Like many another child of my era, I hated the dreary humbug of it, and in later years made sure that my own children should find Sunday a happy day, with no compulsion about attending church.

Another childish grievance was ugly clothes. And here my adored Miss Blake was of little use to me. To my deep chagrin, until I was sixteen or so my dresses were made out of my mother's cast-off gowns, for in those thrifty days stuffs were of an apparently everlasting durability. Discontent with my clothes meant a longing for beauty in myself. Vanity, it may have been, but with what anxiety and dislike did I gaze at my reflection, finding there nothing that I desired. My features displeased me. My hair, which the French call *blond cendré,* was not golden enough, and I distrusted the blackness of the lashes round eyes that seemed neither wholly blue nor gray. Nor did I approve of the nursery method of dragging the hair back from the face and putting it into in-

Myself Aged Thirteen, by Frank Miles

numerable hard little plaits, so that on a Sunday morning especially my hair used to stand out round my face in a mop of crinkly waves. In my teens, it came as a deep and almost incredible surprise and delight to me to find in men's eyes an unfailing tribute to a beauty I myself had not been able to discern.

It was a wonderful childhood in spite of some ripples of discontent. Inanimate things, dolls, and toys, never interested me, but I loved animal life, and this love was fully gratified. Even an ant-heap was a delight, and I would lie happily for hours on the grass watching insects and reptiles. Birds, kittens, rabbits, dogs, even toads and frogs were our pets. I had one pet toad that lived for a long time in a hollow stone in the garden. No boy was more eager in the joyful pursuit of birds. I could climb like any sailor lad, and was able even to reach the nest of golden-crested wrens that build at the top of the highest fir trees. But perhaps best joy of all were the horses. As I had my first pony when I was five, I can scarcely remember when I could not ride, and my stepfather had such confidence in our fearlessness that he used to let us children ride his young thoroughbreds that were unfit to race and showed temper. It was excellent practice for us, as the horses were often unbroken, and few of them had natural good manners. I remember a beautiful horse called "Crust," that always did his best to throw me. Lord Ribblesdale, one of the finest of horsemen, had himself been kicked off neatly by Crust in front of the house at Easton, and he warned my stepfather that

the horse was unfit for any girl to ride. As this animal would "savage" anyone he could throw, I knew that I must stick on at any price.

In all this, I was merely a child of my age. In my discontents, my braveries even, my longings, my eager vitality, I differed in nothing from a thousand other girls of my day. In one thing only, perhaps, I may claim a certain variation from type—an almost passionate sympathy for the under-dog; a troubled awareness that life for all the world was not as it was in the garden of Easton.

Science in the old days was a timid nibbling at botany, geology, and so forth. My own early science lessons meant lying on my back on the grass on summer evenings while Miss Blake taught me the names of various stars and constellations, or lying flat on the top of a narrow wall gazing upwards to become conscious of the earth's movement.

The educational limitations of my own youth had as result perfect freedom for my children. They were allowed to read any book they fancied, and encouraged to ask any question on any subject without fear of being snubbed. Such liberty, it seems to me, has only one possible effect. Children soon satisfy a natural curiosity, and instinctively choose the good in literature as in other things.

When I see girls in their teens to-day, flying along the roads, astride behind young men on motor cycles, I smile to remember my vain endeavors at seventeen to persuade my stepfather to let me have a smart little pony cart of my own, when Ralli cars on two wheels came into fashion. My stepfather thought these

cars were the limit of fastness, and insisted that no lady should be seen in any vehicle but a four-wheeled carriage and pair. I never had my pony and cart until after I was married, and then I went further, and crowned my freedom by driving a four-in-hand!

CHAPTER III

BEAUTY AND LORD BEACONSFIELD

PRINCE LEOPOLD AND A WINDSOR COMMAND—"I WILL" NOT —QUEEN VICTORIA SMILES—LORD BROOKE—THE WARWICK FAMILY GROUP

AS children we knew nothing whatever about the stage, except for the rare occasions when we were taken to a pantomime to see the good old-fashioned harlequinade, which moved me very little. What did enthrall me, however, was the "transformation" scene of the angels, fairies, and flowers, my nearest glimpse of Heaven as I then conceived it.

I was fifteen when I was taken to my first play. My escort was Lord Beaconsfield, and a strange contrast we doubtless made—I, all eager, breathless excitement, a well-tubbed, tall girl, in white muslin and blue sash, scarcely conscious of the dark, smiling face of my distinguished companion, whose pearls of wit for once fell on unheeding ears. My worship that night, and rightly so, was all for the stage—for Irving and Ellen Terry, in *Romeo and Juliet*. We sat in a big box at the Lyceum, lent to the great man and myself for the evening by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and the entrancing world of Shakespeare was revealed to me. My enthusiasm was such that shortly after this my stepfather gave me an expurgated volume of Shakespeare's plays, which I read and re-read with such hunger that I learnt

Underwood & Underwood

QUEEN VICTORIA

nearly all of Hamlet by heart, and, half a lifetime later, I could follow the play line by line and feel cheated by stage omissions.

Standing out from the bright throng of my stepfather's happy group, were the Monckton-Milnes (Lord Houghton), Bernal Osborne, and his witty daughter Grace, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, Lord Rowton, confidential secretary and friend of Dizzy, Lord Carnarvon, Frederick Locker-Lampson, writer of charming verses and father of the present-day politicians. His wife used to terrify us children, for she had an uncomfortable knack of discovering some gaps in our educational equipment, and she had no small influence with our mother. There was also Mr. Motley, of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic* fame. His clever daughter, who married Sir William Vernon Harcourt, was always sweet to us girls.

Visitors to my home, Easton Lodge, where I still live and where I hope to die, included not a few wits. There was, among others, Mr. Alfred Montgomery, who for many years played a part in mid-Victorian society. He had a slight stammer, which would have made the fortune of an actor cast to play a "silly-ass" part, though he was himself anything but a silly ass. My mother happened to be in mourning on one occasion, and Mr. Montgomery, condoling with her, said: "Do not forget, dear lady, that b-b-black is the p-p-p-aradise of fair women."

Of the racing set who came to Easton, I well remember Admiral Rous, in whose memory the hospital at Newmarket stands to-day, and Mr. George Payne, who is reputed to have won and lost fortunes

on the turf with equal equanimity. The Payne Stakes were named in memory of him. I remember one Sunday my mother pressing Mr. Payne to go to church with her. He ended a long excuse by saying: "Not that I see any particular *harm* in it."

One of the best stories of the day is a well-known one against my stepfather. Lord Rosslyn had asked his friend Lord Beaconsfield to give him the vacant office of Master of the Buck Hounds (a sinecure, now abolished). The Premier said it could not be done. "Your command of ruddy language would intimidate the hounds," he said. But he added, roguishly, "Don't be disappointed, Rosslyn. I'll make you High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland." This appointment was actually made, and my sister and I, still in our teens, had the rare excitement of going to Edinburgh with our stepfather. We were unsophisticated enough to regard visits to Holyrood and the dinners with the lords spiritual of the Auld Kirk as thrilling dissipations. I should add, however, that my stepfather's "aide" was my future husband, the young Lord Brooke.

In a yellowing copy of the *World*, the only "Society" paper of that day, with its "Belle's Letters," the first of their kind to chronicle society gossip, dated February 25, 1880, I read that there is "highest authority for saying that there is no truth in the rumor of Miss Maynard's engagement."

In the same periodical, dated March 10, 1880, I find: "The rumor that Miss Maynard is engaged to Prince Leopold is quite untrue, though an heiress

with £30,000 a year would be no bad match even for Royalty."

I was seventeen, and not yet officially "out," when Lord Beaconsfield planned to marry me to the Queen's youngest son. Prince Leopold was then about thirty, too delicate in health to ride or to take part in any sport, but always gay and amusing, and a sincere lover of art and music. With us girls—and we saw much of him—the Prince was ever the best of company.

Unfortunately for the plans of a great statesman, when Prince Leopold used to come to our house in London, he was invariably accompanied by his equerry, Lord Brooke, and in Lord Brooke's eyes I had recognized something that told me, in mute appeal, that his happiness and destiny were inseparably linked with mine.

Just before my eighteenth birthday, my mother surprised me with the news that we were all commanded to dine and sleep at Windsor, that I might be inspected as a future daughter-in-law. Her Majesty had found romance and pleasure in Lord Beaconsfield's scheme. So to Windsor we went in state. Before dinner, which was to be at eight-thirty, we all assembled in a draughty corridor—it was long before the days of central heating—and there waited for three-quarters of an hour talking in low voices. Suddenly doors were thrown open, and a very little lady ran in, bowed with grace right and left to the whole company, while we stood at attention, and then sped into the dining-room with Princess Bea-

trice hurrying after her. When we took our places, the Queen as usual had Princess Beatrice on her right. Lord Beaconsfield sat next to the Princess, and my stepfather sat at the Queen's left. We were a small and intimate party, and I seemed to feel the Queen's eyes on me all the time. She whispered a great deal to Princess Beatrice, and talked much in a low and pretty voice with Lord Rosslyn, who amused her immensely. My stepfather, indeed, talked as usual, and kept both the royal ladies laughing, but the rest of us spoke in undertones and did not dare to laugh. Lord Rosslyn's ease with the Queen, and his constant flow of witty and amusing talk, made him a favorite with Her Majesty. Like Dizzy he talked to Her Majesty as to an intellectual equal, which was more flattering from a brilliant man to a woman of her intelligence than a mere courtier's approach.

Queen Victoria reminded me in appearance of my old nurse, Susan Forster, who was living at the age of a hundred, but when Her Majesty smiled her ingenuous, charming smile, the whole face lit up and became beautiful. The Prince of Wales inherited his mother's smile. Dinner was served in hot haste. In half an hour, the Queen got up as abruptly as she had arrived, and seemed to run from the room, so rapid was her walk, followed as before by Princess Beatrice. Now we streamed into the corridor in her wake, and the Queen went from one to another, talking intimately with each in turn. Lady Ely, an old friend of my stepfather, was in waiting.

Suddenly the Queen came over to talk with me.

How did I like the idea of coming out? Was I fond of music or of drawing? Each interrogation was softened by gleams of the rare smile. I was agonizingly shy and overawed in the presence of this mysterious Queen who lived alone and secluded at Windsor and never came to London. But self-consciousness was my usual state of mind in those early days. I had no idea of how good-looking I was, and I certainly believed that I was anything but clever. Perhaps the worst agony of mind I used to suffer was when I felt that a man was going to propose to me and I wanted to put him off.

The next move was an invitation to us all, to visit Claremont, then Prince Leopold's home, and there one afternoon the poor Prince opened his heart to me. He cared for someone else, whom he took great care not to name, but I guessed who it was. He knew all about Lord Brooke's feeling for me, and he said that if there was any understanding between Lord Brooke and myself, it would be easy to engage the Queen's sentiment in favor of my first love. We talked long. Again and again a footman came in to pull down the blinds and light the lamps, but the Prince would say: "Come back in ten minutes," and the poor footman kept coming and going for at least an hour while we made our plans.

The next day poured with rain, and Lord Brooke and I went for a walk together. Under a large umbrella, on the muddy road between Claremont and Esher, he proposed to me, and I accepted.

The Prince was waiting eagerly for us on the top step of the doorway, full of delight in our happi-

ness. We then made plans about telling the Queen. It was arranged that the Prince was to break the news to her about my love for Lord Brooke. Her Majesty agreed that first love was sacred, "the divinest thing in the world," indeed, the only true happiness. She would have liked another arrangement, but as my affections were engaged, she would not think of trying to influence me.

Prince Leopold was one of our dearest friends and after my marriage used to confide much in me. Then he, too, married and brought into our circle his bride, Princess Helen of Waldeck Pyrmont. There were two children of the marriage, a girl and a boy. Alas! the Prince, who was a devoted husband and father, never lived to see his infant son. Prince Leopold's death was a great loss to my husband and myself.

As I was not supposed to know my own mind until after my first London season, my engagement was not at once made public. My eighteenth birthday was to be in December, 1879, and I looked forward to the season of 1880 with all the ardor of unsophisticated youth. When I stayed at Warwick Castle to become acquainted with my future husband's family, I lost my heart to my future mother-in-law, Anne, Countess of Warwick, an unusually clever and charming woman. The imperious and testy old Lord Warwick was gracious and yielding to me. My mother-in-law was a sister of the great Lord Wemyss. She was a genuine artist, well-read and a good talker, but it was her loving nature that held my affection until her death. Watts, the painter, used to say that Anne Warwick would have made

her mark if she had devoted her life to painting, and there is a tiny boudoir at Warwick and a little upstair sitting-room in the Italian suite, the decorations of which bear witness to her artistic abilities.

There was much talk of ghosts in those days. My mother-in-law was always sensitive to the psychic influence of the Castle, and I shared with her distinct impressions that many of the great rooms and corridors there were haunted. In face of much chaff and skepticism, we both maintained and defended our belief in ghostly visitors.

Old Lord Warwick disapproved of women hunting, and later, in my early married days, I would breakfast primly downstairs and then run up to change in a trice and be off to the stables by a side door, so that I might not wound his feelings.

There were four Warwick children, besides my future husband. Col. the Honorable Alwyne Greville [1] was then in the 60th Rifles. Even at seventy years of age he was a sculptor of no mean rank, and an exhibitor at the R.A. He was also a successful blood-stock breeder. This brother was only a year younger than my husband, and of the whole family was perhaps the most loved by him; the second brother, the Honorable Louis Greville, at the time of my marriage was in the diplomatic service, and after a long sojourn in Tokyo, brought back to his lovely home near Salisbury a fine collection of Japanese art treasures. He is a breeder of prize farm stock, and is a man much loved by his Wiltshire neighbors.

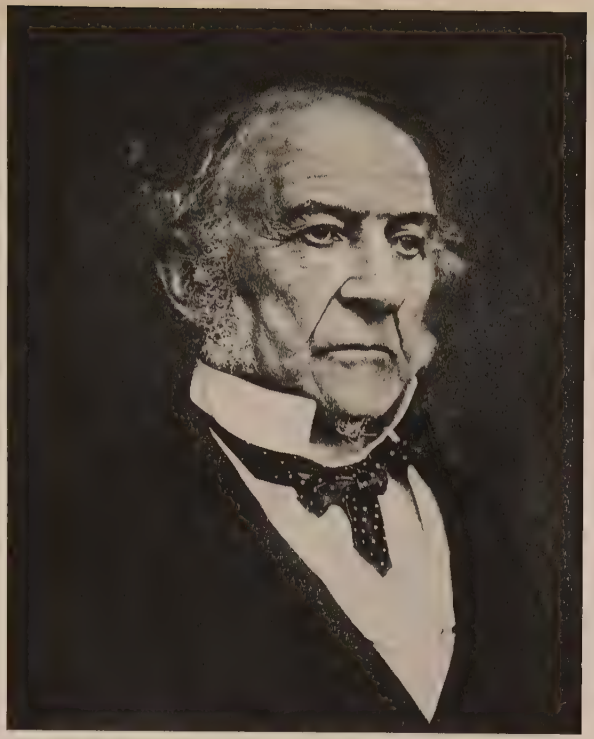
Lady Eva, the only sister, now widow of Colonel

[1] Colonel Greville died in the spring of this year.

Frank Dugdale, has been an intimate of Queen Mary from girlhood and became Woman of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty.

The youngest of the family, the late Honorable Sir Sidney Greville, K.C.B., began life as private secretary to Lord Salisbury, was later equerry to King Edward, then secretary to Queen Alexandra, and was for a time secretary to the young Prince of Wales.

The magic ring of rare family affection is broken for a time by death, but I gladly acknowledge how much I owe to the devotion and loyalty that I have so long shared as a privileged member of this little group.



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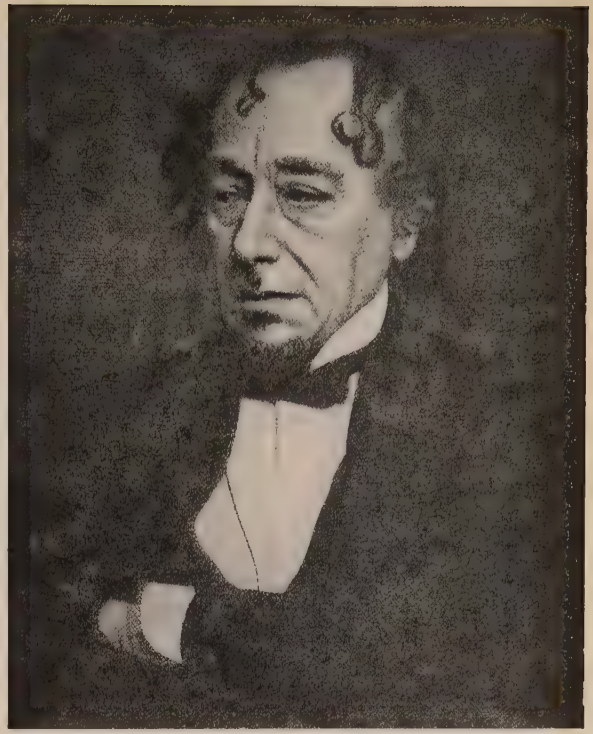


BENJAMIN DISRAELI

CHAPTER IV

"LONDON TOWN'S A VERY FINE PLACE"

OPEN SESAME—"I WILL" IN THE ABBEY—WINDSOR—IN THE PINK—MRS. LANGTRY—HYDE PARK FORTY YEARS AGO—HONEYMOON LETTERS

AS I turn over the old files of the *World*, I am inclined to wonder how it can interest any human being whether I ever "came out" or not, and to question in all seriousness what concern these chatty chronicles of the doings of the supposedly great of my girlhood can have for anyone to-day outside survivors of the fashionable circle that so busily and gayly whirled and wheeled in the dead "eighties." Indeed, the only worthy memoir writer would be the "Belle" whose *World* letters still carry an air of actuality, probably because the good lady was primarily intent on earning a livelihood by her facile and inconsequent pen.

Yet, if a straightforward story must be told, it comes duly in order to record that I "came out" in the season of 1880, and my engagement to Lord Brooke was announced in June of that year. I was that rare thing—as rare as any *oiseau bleu*—a great heiress, for America may scarcely be said as yet to have assaulted the fastnesses of English society. I was a "beauty," and only those who were alive then know the magic that word held for the period. I was physically fit, eighteen, unspoilt, and I adored dancing. My stepfather and mother rented 7 Carlton

Gardens for the year; the house belonged to the then Earl of Warwick, father of the man I was destined to marry. I was married from that house. We lived there afterwards, and one of my children was born there. The house has since been turned into a restaurant of The Ladies' Annex of the Carlton Club, and not long ago when I was invited to a luncheon there, early scenes flooded my memory, and I felt as one returned from the dead might feel—a stranger in a familiar abode.

Many balls were given specially for me. In those days men gave balls; the balls of the Blues and the Life Guards were noted for their excellent dancing, and the Bachelors' Ball of that season was one of the great successes. Without attempting to depreciate the color and beauty of a modern ballroom, may a grandmother be permitted to say that I wish the girls of to-day could gaze with me into the fairy-peopled palaces of the balls I remember? There, lovely beings, in diaphanous frou-frous of tulle or chiffon, floated and swayed in the grace of the rhythmic waltz. The plainest woman in the world looked lovely in the framework of those exquisite materials, deliciously arranged. And the waltz—I speak for myself—never failed to make me thrill and pulsate in an abandonment of young ecstasy. I was fêted, feasted, courted, and adored, in one continual round of gayety, and I lived in and for the moment. Nor was I a mere fool. My reason and my mentors whispered to me sometimes that my money and estates were perhaps more important than my person to some of my thronging admirers. My engagement to Lord

Brooke was announced in June of 1880, but owing to an ill-timed attack of measles our wedding did not come off until the following April. "Belle" informs us that "á propos the gift from the bridegroom to the bride and bridesmaids—brooches in the form of a bunch of daisies surmounted by a coronet —a guest at the wedding had said, 'Henceforth this beautiful Daisy will flourish by a brook-side.' "

And so the tale unfolds. Our marriage took place in the Henry VII Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and the newspapers of the day made much of the "most brilliant wedding of a dozen seasons." I remember my surprise as I drove from our house in Carlton Gardens to the Abbey to find the way lined with interested crowds.

Among the guests were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck) and the Duke of Teck (parents of Queen Mary), with Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, as my husband's best man. The crush filled the Abbey from the choir to the door.

My twelve bridesmaids were all girl friends and relatives. They were: Blanche Maynard, my sister (now Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox), Lady Eva Greville, my husband's only sister, my stepsisters, Millicent, Sybil, and Angela St. Clair Erskine (later, Duchess of Sutherland, Countess of Westmorland, and Lady A. Forbes), Countess Feodore Gleichen (later a renowned sculptor), Lady Florence Bridgman (the present Countess of Harewood and mother

of Viscount Lascelles), Miss Wombwell (Countess of Dartrey), Miss Mills, the first Lord Hillingdon's daughter, Miss Violet Lindsay (now Violet, Duchess of Rutland), and Miss Ethel Milner (later Countess of Durham).

Our dear friend, the Bishop of St. Albans (Claughton), helped by our neighbor the rector of Little Easton, the Rev. G. Tufnell, along with two London clergy, officiated at our wedding. It pleased me very much to have the benediction pronounced by Dean Stanley, who had kept in the background during the ceremony. The register was signed by the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, and Lords Warwick and Rosslyn. Our honeymoon was spent at beautiful Ditton Park, which was lent us by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and there, in lovely May weather, we had a fortnight on the river, boating and canoeing. But, alas for romance, there was one worldly honor given us that demanded all our self-control. We were commanded to dine at Windsor Castle on the day after our wedding, and I was asked to wear my bridal dress, orange blossoms and all! I must confess that Her Majesty's kindness on that occasion went far to soothe the shyness of a bride in her teens. The Queen took from my corsage a spray of orange blossom to keep as a souvenir and said many charming things about the beauty of my frock. Her Majesty so much admired what she was pleased to call the "lovely" dress, that I had a note next day from Lady Churchill, then in waiting, to say that the Queen wished so very much to possess a photograph of me if I would have myself taken in

Myself at the Time of Our Wedding

the gown, and hoping I was not too tired from the long standing.

My memory of Queen Victoria, and of her kindness to myself and my husband extending over many years, is one of sincere admiration of the quality we call "great" allied with a charming single-heartedness. A rash act of my own in the hey-day of unconventional daring did something to try this Royal friendship, and as no effort is being made to give these chronicles a strict sequence, the story of my lapse from Court etiquette may as well be told now.

During what may be called my frivolous period, the Royal command came one year, as usual, for my husband and myself to dine and sleep at Windsor. My husband was fishing in Ireland, and could not be got at for the date fixed, so I wrote with all haste to make our excuses. But the answer came that I was to attend alone. I was filled with rebellion. The date fixed collided with the Essex Hunt Races, and I had a horse running. I wanted more than anything in the world to attend the races and have a day's hunting. The trains were difficult, and it seemed impossible to leave Windsor in time to attend the Hunt.[1] I made my plans carefully. The dinner at Windsor was, as before, a quiet affair, six guests with the Queen and Princess Beatrice. The only guest I remember now was Lord Goschen, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. I was all feverish excitement for the morrow.

The custom at Windsor was that the guests should depart by a certain train with a Lord-in-Waiting to

[1] Motor-cars were then unknown.

see them off, as Her Majesty did not appear on the second day. As the train fixed for the guests' departure was too late for my day's outing, I arrayed myself in hunting dress with a coat of "pink," a fashion innovation of my own, and requested a carriage to take me, breakfastless, to the earliest train. I still remember the annoyance of Lord C., who, yawning deep yawns, descended to see me off. Not only was this courtier annoyed, he was shocked at my daring. I got up to Paddington in time, caught my train at Liverpool Street, had a splendid day's hunting, and, best of all, my horse won the Cup!

It may be as well to note that in the latter part of the last century there were two sections of London society. There was a group around the retired and ultra-exclusive Court of Queen Victoria's widowhood, and another group of the young and gay around the Prince and Princess of Wales. This was "the Marlborough House set." My husband's family was in the older Court circle, he himself being, as I have mentioned before, equerry and friend of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, and this friendship brought him many favors from the Queen. My mother and stepfather, as close friends of Lord Beaconsfield, had an entrée to the Court, but Lord Rosslyn, being a racing man, belonged also to the brilliant crowd of which Newmarket Heath was but the provincial center. My own position in my early married days was the somewhat onerous, if privileged one, of having a foot in both the Court and the Marlborough House groups. But, as might be expected, my interests were with youth and gayety from the start.

The ebb and flow of life brings to memory many names, many thoughts of friends who formed our little circle at Easton in the eighties, most of whom have crossed the ferry from which there is no return. Among others, dear Prince Leopold came as a bachelor in February, 1883, and afterwards as Duke of Albany with his Duchess in December.

Of another group were Henry and Violet Manners, the late Duke of Rutland and the present Dowager Duchess, Lord Rowton, the witty Henry Calcraft, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White (later Ambassadors of the United States in Paris, both now dead), beautiful Gladys de Grey, the late Marchioness of Ripon) Sir Robert Collier (the painter, father of the Hon. John Collier), Lady Randolph Churchill (who was first at Easton in 1885, and figured in all our gatherings afterwards), Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton, and Henry Chaplin ("the Squire," the late Lord Chaplin), and Lord and Lady Carmarthen (afterwards the late Duke and Duchess of Leeds). Sir William Gordon Cumming, the smartest of men about town and more sinned against than sinning, was a constant friend, but he cut us all off in his retirement, and I often had sad thoughts of him and always kept a warm corner in my heart for him. Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, who founded Sandown Park racing, were welcome everywhere. Maurice and Beatrice Ephrussei were dear Paris racing friends. Prince Charles Kinsky rode his own winner of the Grand National, "Zoedone," and was a sharer of my horsey adventures!

Those incomparable officers of the Blues, Colonel

the Honorable Oliver Montague and Colonel Seymour Wynne Finch, were in the center of the Marlborough House set; we shall never see their like again. I must mention also Viscount Curzon (now Earl Howe) and his wife, the late Lady Georgina Curzon —my fast friend from the days of our Phœnix Park gallops, when her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, reigned at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin. She drove tandem; so did I. I went "one better" and got a team, and she followed suit with a four-in-hand. At that time she and I were the only two women in England to pursue so "fast" an equine venture! I once drove my coach from Easton to the Land's End in Cornwall, three hundred odd miles, with fresh teams of horses sent down from Ward's in London.

In August, 1886, my sister Blanche married the Duke of Richmond's son, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, in Little Easton church, the Bishop of St. Alban's performing the service, and a family party assembling. The only child of this marriage is my niece, Ivy, Marchioness of Titchfield, who married the eldest son of the present Duke and Duchess of Portland.

Among sporting friends who came constantly were the late Sir George Chetwynd, then training his horses at Newmarket, and Lord Willoughby de Broke, the famous Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, grandfather of the present peer. He brought his hounds to the Essex country for a day's sport, and always declared that the flat treeless Rodings were

My Husband at the Time of Our Marriage

far better to hunt hounds in than leafy Warwickshire.

The late Earl of Dunraven, of yachting fame, came in 1888, and often afterwards, and then came also that year our later constant visitor, Luiz Marques de Soveral, so long Portuguese Minister in London.

Queen Mary's brothers, Prince Adolphus and Prince Francis of Teck, were often at Easton. The latter, a constant visitor until his death, was godfather to my youngest daughter, Mercy.

I was sorting out recently some of my late husband's papers and letters, and among the latter found one from Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. The Duke and Duchess of Teck, parents of our present Queen, were friends of my husband's father and mother, old Lord and Lady Warwick, and their names and those of their family are written on many pages of the Warwick and Easton guest-books.

I recall with sadness that of the splendidly handsome sons only Prince Alexander, Earl of Athlone, is alive to-day.

The letter I refer to was written by the Duchess to my husband so far back as 1881, and it brought back vividly to my memory the kindliness and practicality of the writer.

Lord Brooke, as he was then, and I had taken up housekeeping at 7 Carlton Gardens. We were forming our establishment, and the Duchess, in her warm-hearted fashion, was eager to recommend a grocer in whom she was interested. She not only speaks well of the man's groceries, but mentions that he was the

brother of a former dresser of her own who died abroad of fever after having been in her service for twenty years.

The Duchess then goes on to comment upon the press accounts of the home-coming of my husband and myself, and upon the big morning reception given for us by the Lord and Lady Warwick. She adds some very flattering things about myself, and sends me loving greetings. The letter breathes throughout that kindliness of heart for which the Duchess will always be remembered.

In the autumn of 1891 the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess Mary, were our guests at Easton. I remember that among the party were Lord Sandwich, Lord Richard Nevill, Count Albert Mensdorff, the Hon. Sidney Greville (my husband's brother, who was then equerry to the Prince of Wales), my sister-in-law, Lady Eva Greville, the lifelong friend and companion of Queen Mary, Lord Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Alington, Lord Chelsea, Lord and Lady Bradford, Colonel Brabazon, Lady Dorothy Neville, Colonel Stanley Clarke, and Lady Sophia Macnamara, who was in waiting on the Duchess of Teck.

At that house party the Prince of Wales gave his consent to the engagement of his son, Prince Eddy, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, to Princess May. The prophecy of the Duchess of Teck that such an alliance would be popular was more than justified, but, to the great sorrow of all, the young prince died shortly after.

In her bereavement Princess May showed those

gifts of character which have always distinguished her attitude to life and its responsibilities, and when some two years later sorrow was merged in the happiness of union with Prince George, now our King, all the world rejoiced with her.

Of our Essex neighbors the most frequent visitors were Mark Lockwood, M.P., well known in the House of Commons before he became Lord Lambourne, an ever dear friend and the successor to my husband as Lord-Lieutenant; and Colonel Beale Colvin,[1] at one time M.F.H., of the East Sussex, who became my trusted and valued friend. He married Lord Stradbroke's sister, Lady Gwendolen, whose sister, another intimate friend, is Lady Augusta Fane.

At one time we saw much of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace of *The Times*. He was credited with being the greatest linguist in Europe and was the author of a great book on Russia. He spoke Russian like a native. I remember Sir Donald sitting at tea in a tent I had at Easton that Charlie Beresford had brought me from the Sudan. There was writing on the tent that looked like a design. Sir Donald said, "You would not sit long in this tent if you knew what is written on these embroideries. I cannot possibly tell it. I might tell it later on to your husband and a few men; I cannot translate it here and now." I never did hear what the translation was—the writings were too obscene.

Lady Dorothy Nevill wrote her name often in our visitors' book from 1889 onwards, and I was a privileged guest at her wonderful little parties in Charles

[1] Beale Colvin, now Brigadier-General Colvin, is Lord-Lieutenant of Essex.

Street, Mayfair, where all the celebrities in London used to gather. In 1889 also, Count and Countess Deym, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, visited us often at Easton, and later at Warwick. Prince Ernest Hohenlohe, the Marquess de Santurce, a beautiful Spaniard, Lord Randolph Churchill (already in bad health), and Mr. Arnold Morley joined the party.

My memory recalls about then as our guests Lord Grey de Wilton and Mr. George Smalley, the American correspondent, General John Du Cane, Lord Westmorland, engaged to my sister Sybil, dear wonderful George Curzon, an ever acceptable guest, Lord Houghton (later Lord Crewe, our Ambassador in Paris), the late Lord Cairns, Lord Wolverton and Elinor Glyn and her husband.

The late Sir George Holford, the last owner of beautiful Dorchester House, came with the Prince of Wales several times. Another always welcome Equerry was the Honorable Seymour Fortescue.

C. E. Green, the well-known cricketer, was Master of the Essex hounds at that time, and Sir Evelyn Wood never missed a meet on a Friday at Easton.

Lord Milner, then Sir Alfred, came to us in 1894 with the late Mr. Asquith and Margot Asquith (Lord and Lady Oxford), and Princess "Daisy" Pless, looking like a fairy queen, with her handsome German husband, before the Great War broke her life and her heart.

The Easton Cricket Weeks were annual fixtures, and I remember being photographed "behind the wicket" with W. G. Grace! My brother, Harry Rosslyn, brought many noted batters and bowlers,

and my son Guy was a promising player. Our parson, one of the Sussex Whitfields, Harry Milner, Lord Athlumney, the Honorable F. Egerton, the Honorable F. de Moleyns, Mr. Douglas Spiro, Ronald Moncrieff, Lord Milton (now Lord Fitzwilliam), and later Mr. Joe Hornsby and "Colonel" Hewett played. Of our local celebrities Dr. Tench, Parsons Whitfield and Burrell, R. Rogers, J. Cooper Smith, J. Phillips, are all I distinctly remember. One good match was between the Coldstream Guards and Easton Lodge—but I cannot remember who captained these.

Marie Corelli came once to Easton, but we saw her often later on at Warwick.

Just here I should like for one moment to take a backward glance at my early girlhood, to recall the day when the "Jersey Lily," as Mrs. Langtry was then called, came first to Easton. Frank Miles, then a fashionable young artist, was doing a pencil drawing of my head, crowned with daisies, and my stepfather escorted me to the last sitting. In the studio I found the loveliest woman I have ever seen. And how can any words of mine convey that beauty? I may say that she had dewy, violet eyes, a complexion like a peach, and a mass of lovely hair drawn back in a soft knot at the nape of her classic head. But how can words convey the vitality, the glow, the amazing charm, that made this fascinating woman the center of any group she entered? She was in the freshness of her young beauty that day in the studio. She was poor, and wore a dowdy black dress, but my stepfather lost his heart to her, and invited her there and then to dine with us next evening at Grafton Street.

She came, accompanied by an uninteresting fat man —Mr. Langtry—whose unnecessary presence took nothing from his wife's social triumph. The friends we had invited to meet the lovely Lily Langtry were as willingly magnetized by her unique personality as we were. To show how little dress has to do with the effect she produced, I may say that for that evening she wore the same dowdy black dress as on the previous day, merely turned back at the throat and trimmed with a Toby frill of white *lisse*, as some concession to the custom of evening dress.

Soon we had the most beautiful woman of the day down at Easton, and my sisters and myself were all her admiring slaves. We taught her to ride on a fat cob, we bought hats at the only milliner's shop in the country town of Dunmow, and trimmed them for our idol, and my own infatuation, for it was little less, for lovely Lily Langtry, continued for many a day.

Here I must give a little story that seems worth recalling. During my first season a certain Lord X. professed love for me. I was very much attracted, and not a little inclined to listen to his plea, but one night at a party I happened to overhear him call Lily Langtry "my darling," as he helped her into her cloak. Then I heard him make an assignation with her. Naturally I was furious, and never again looked at him.

I don't know who coined the phrase "professional beauty," and if the phrase has gone out, it may be because to-day there are no women so outstandingly beautiful as some of my contemporaries were. I can-

not prove it, of course; I can only make the assertion. The average of good looks to-day is much higher, but there is none to equal Lily Langtry, nor three other women among my own special friends. These three were: Isabel Craven, the Countess of March, the second wife of Lord March, later Duke of Richmond; the lovely Duchess of Leinster, the most beautiful of three beautiful sisters; and the beautiful Countess of Dalhousie. A grandmother may be forgiven for owning that in the years between '82 and '95 my name used to be bracketed with these other three women.

I cannot pretend to be a judge of my own claims to beauty. Instead I will tell of an occasion when I looked my very worst. I was crossing to Ireland with my parents and was prostrate all the way, arriving at the other side with a pea-green complexion. I was awakened by my mother's voice saying, "Get up, darling! The crowd is waiting to have a look at you." As I passed down the gangway sure enough there was a crowd of people pressing close to see me, and I heard a woman say, "How can people be so ridiculous. She's *very* ugly!"

The other day my rather ancient and dilapidated taxi bumped into the Park at Albert Gate. I say *the* Park because in the eighties and nineties there was only *one* Park, called Hyde. We knew dimly of Regent's Park as a place where the Zoo existed, as we discovered Battersea when the cycling craze was on. St. James's and the Green Park were a short cut to the House of Lords, but when we spoke of "The Park" it was always Hyde Park near the Corner. If

you entered by the Albert Memorial or Marble Arch you were certain to be making for that select spot lying between Albert and Grosvenor Gates. Here the small circle of Society with the big "S" was sure of meeting all its members on morning ride or drive, or in the late afternoon between tea and dinner in what was practically a daily Society Garden Party! Sometimes, engaged couples or the partners of illicit assignations wandered as far as the Serpentine banks, but there they were liable to meet "Bayswater" and "the people who rowed on the water," and all soon shuddered back to the inviolate spot. In the late nineties "Bayswater"—no other suburb was known—invaded the Society Church Parade on a Sunday morning, but these interlopers had scant welcome, and the little Society ranks closed up only the more exclusively by the Achilles statue.

As my taxi blundered in a long queue of like vehicles and motors of various kinds on this lovely May morning, my memory flew back to the noon daily drive of my phaeton with high-stepping chestnuts, or browns, or bays, eagerly recognized by admiring friends who crowded round on horseback or on foot when one pulled up at the entrance to the Row and chatted of the social round—of future meetings, of dances, lunches, and dinners within "the Circle." My horses were so well known that they always made a stir. One "booked" friends for luncheon, and perhaps drove them down Piccadilly prancing on the wide sweep of pavement, glancing up at the Turf Club window as a possible place to find an extra man for a dinner-party. If you lived in St.

Our Wedding in Westminster Abbey

James's, as we did, the hill down St. James's Street was a splendid show of the "spanking tits"; no interfering traffic, and only a hat-raising or bowing to friends hurrying up or down to their luncheon engagements.

Late afternoon in Hyde Park meant state carriages and barouches with beautifully dressed occupants pulled up under the trees. It was not etiquette to handle the reins oneself in afternoons, so we sat on rows of chairs chatting and behaving as if the world we knew bounded by the Smart Set was a fixed orbit, as if London—our London—was a place of select social enjoyment for the Circle, as if nothing could change in this best of delightful worlds. Then there would be clatter of faster horses, and down this mile of drive came the well-known Royal carriage with the beautiful Alexandra, Princess of Wales, bowing right and left as only she could bow, and hats were raised and knees curtsied before seats were resumed and interrupted chatter continued.

My eyes to-day rested on the board in front of beautiful Dorchester House marked "Freehold Sold," and I thought of the vast Italian rooms now being invaded by the destroyers. Beyond was the veritable nightmare of sky-scrapers in hideous relief against the blue where once stood hospitable Grosvenor House with the ballroom we had danced in, the garden we had flirted in, now the unrecognizable site of the modern "barrack" where the rich gather themselves together. Gone is the privacy of cool spacious haunts. Dust, oil, noise pervade the Hyde Park we knew. It is not the people from the slums who seek

pleasure in our places; the little children of the poor are no more in evidence than formerly; Hyde Park is now the haunt of the "New Rich."

HONEYMOON LETTERS

Before closing this chapter I must confess to having been sentimental enough to have preserved at Warwick a small number from the hundreds of letters that were showered upon me as a bride. After all the years that have passed there still remains something of the flavor of ecstatic happiness and excitement that was ours. I append a few of these letters for the interest of readers, who, like "Belle" of the *World,* enjoy savoring the intimate and personal side of life.

First, I will quote the letter from the representative of the Vice-Chancellor that throws an interesting light on the trousseau. In infancy I had been made a Ward in Chancery by my mother.

27, Bolton Street,
Piccadilly,
17th December, 1880.

Dear Miss Maynard,

I am very happy to tell you that the Vice-Chancellor has this afternoon assented to the application for a grant of £2000 for your trousseau.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
Herbert H. Walford.

It is appropriate to insert two letters from Lord Rowton, one sent me on the death of his great Chief,

Lord Beaconsfield, and the other in which he explains his absence from my wedding:

19, Curzon Street, W.,
Wedy., April 27, 1881.

My dear Miss Maynard,

In this little note to you I discharge the *very* last duty which my beloved Chief laid upon me.

The little pin which I send with this is the symbol of what we used to call in joke the "Order of the B"—given only to Ladies for whom he had an especial regard and affection. He bid me "send it to Daisy"!

It was all he could say then, alas!—but I know that neither you nor Brooke need that I should tell you how deep an interest he took in your happy marriage, nor what manner of earnest blessing he would have pronounced on both of you.

I am,
Ever yours,
Rowton.

19, Curzon Street, W.,
Wednesday,
April 27th, 1881.

Dear Miss Daisy,

The things that have happened of late make me feel that I should be out of place at the happy gathering which will bless your union; and I am indeed sorry that it is forbidden to me to bear my part. For our friendship, dating from before you can remember, and destined, I trust, to last my life, seems to give me a sort of particular right to take an interest in you, and to rejoice in your welfare!

I send with this a small old-silver box, "for your table," which, were it tenfold larger, would not contain a tithe of the warm and earnest wishes for your happiness which are in the heart itself of your old friend.

Rowton.

Then come two important letters from Windsor, one from Lady Ely, the second from Lady Churchill, both Queen Victoria's Ladies.

WINDSOR CASTLE,
May 13th, 1881.

MY DEAR LADY BROOKE,

I am so sorry, I leave for London to-day, and shall miss the pleasure of seeing you, on Saturday, but you will find Lady Churchill, and the Queen is so pleased you are coming. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brooke dine also.

Will you remember me to Lord Brooke and tell him, it is a black waistcoat, knee breeches, just as at Balmoral, all the gentlemen here, when they dine with the Queen, wear tights or knee breeches.

Ever yours affectionately,
JANE ELY.

WINDSOR CASTLE,
May 15, 1881.

MY DEAR LADY BROOKE,

The Queen wishes me write and say that H.M. would like so very much to have a Photograph of you taken in the lovely dress that you wore yesterday evening, if you will have yourself done in it. The Queen admired the dress very much.

I hope that you were not very tired from that long standing yesterday evening,

and believe me,
dear Lady Brooke,
Yours very sincerely,
J. CHURCHILL.

There is a letter from Princess Beatrice, writing for the Queen, which is exceedingly complimentary about these photographs of mine. She mentions that

THE EARL OF WEMYSS MARCH, GRANDFATHER OF THE 4TH EARL OF WARWICK

she has never before seen photographs of such dimensions.

There is an affectionate note from the Duchess of Teck containing an inquiry about the address of the maker of my bridesmaids' dresses. She asks that H.R. Highness's dressmaker should have an opportunity of meeting mine.

There is a note from the Prince of Wales with his and the Princess's warm good wishes accompanied by a gold bracelet.

The following letter from our old friend the Bishop of St. Albans gave my husband and myself great pleasure:

LONDON,
May 12, 1881.

MY DEAR LADY BROOKE,

Believe me that if it was a pleasure to you and your husband that I should perform the marriage service it was no less a great gratification to me.

For I felt that you did somewhat belong to me—and I should not like to have been absent. Moreover, from the first time I saw Lord Brooke, I greatly approved your union—and was persuaded that it would be a happy marriage, as I feel sure it will. May God bless you both.

Your position involves many cares and duties; and he will be to you in that respect what Prince Albert was to the Queen. He will share them with you, and you will guide and help one another.

Believe me with my best regards to him,
truly your,
T. A. S'ALBANS.

Before giving the various letters that I had from my own family circle, I take great pleasure in quot-

ing in full a letter received from Anne, Countess of Warwick, my newly made mother-in-law, whose affection and love I held while she lived.

10 P.M., *Sunday.*

MY DARLINGS,

It *was so dear* of you to send that telegram last evening which reached me just as we were settling down to dinner —and we *did all so rejoice* to hear of you safely arrived in such a haven of *rest* after all the fatigues of such a day— and that "*so happy*" was *delightful* also tho' one needed only to look at you two darlings and no further assurance was needed. My maid said, "I never saw anything like Lord Brooke's expression of happiness as he came down the Abbey," and darling Daisy was like unto it—as far as veil would allow. I hardly saw her afterwards in the house but I so rejoiced in getting that little glimpse and farewell on the stair. It was a very precious little bit which I shall treasure up in memory till I see her again, and I trust that may be ere long. Perhaps you will let us come down when Lady Rosslyn has paid her little visit.

Good-by my darlings both,

I need not say how much love we all send you,

Ever your loving,

MOTHER.

I give the following letters from my mother, my stepfather, my sisters, and brothers, because they seem to me to round off the picture, and I add at the end the letter of a disappointed lover long since in his grave. His words and especially the remembrance of his sad face on that happy day gave me a pang I still remember.

7, CARLTON GARDENS.

MY OWN PRECIOUS DARLING,

I need not tell you the joy with which I opened your

telegram; every minute I kept asking for it. It is now put away with other precious things and letters of yours. We are now *longing* for the post to-morrow morning, but we do miss you, oh! so terribly. I speak of you to the servants as Miss Maynard and cannot bring myself to say anything else. I do hope, my darling, you are pretty well and been enjoying this lovely day but I fear a head cold for you.

It all seems like a dream, and I cannot realize that you are really gone, but, my precious child, I am quite happy about you and feel sure all is well. You are in my thoughts *every moment,* and I am wondering which gown you have on, if you are at luncheon, etc., etc. I feel so induced to order the carriage and say drive to Waterloo!! Whatever day you like to mention I shall be down, darling. All went off *so well* and everyone thought it a lovely wedding.

Poor Blanchie and I had a good cry, but drank some champagne and determined to cheer up. Papa dined with the Downs.

Blanchie will have told you all the news. I am so sorry your books did not go down—they and your knitting shall go to-morrow—I enclose you a few things to answer. I am longing and longing for the post.

This evening B. and I are going to Church. I could not dine out. Papa just gone off. We have ordered no end of papers and you shall have a copy of each. I looked into your bedroom to-day, but I felt I could not stay. The house smells Bridal, and we have still all the red cloth which will do for Princess Mary this afternoon.

Don't get your feet wet, my darling, and don't overtire yourself. I am sure you are very, very happy, my precious one, and I know dear Brookie will make your life very, very happy. I could write on and on to you, dearest, but now you need not give any more time to answering letters and I hope you will be out a great deal. I am sure you want rest and quiet and air. This long engagement has been a great tax on your strength and I like to think of you calm and resting.

To-morrow we begin to pack for you. It struck me you ought to go in white to the Queen (you would if you were presented), and now, had I not better have a lovely low body made for your wedding dress, and wear it. The dressmaker could run down and fit it, particularly as you are going to wear your necklace and star, they would go better with white—than with the gold gown; which do you think? Send me a telegram to say, and I would go off to Mason. Going to the Queen is *equivalent* to *a presentation*, and I think you ought to be in white.

Good-by and God bless you my angel, my dear.

Fond love to Brookie,

Ever your truly devoted,

MOTHER.

7, CARLTON GARDENS,

April 30th, 1881.

I cannot go to bed, my own precious sister, without writing you a few words. Your dear telegram has just arrived and I cannot tell you, my darling, how I thank you for sending *me* one; it was too dear and thoughtful of you. Oh! darling, I was miserable to-day at the thought of not having said good-by to you. Mamma and I have been having dinner together upstairs and talking of you dearest, and we could not help howling a little, but I know, darling, how happy Brookie will make you, so it is very selfish of me to fret about you, only, you see, you are all the world to me, and I can't think what I shall do without your dear self next door to me.

The house is so still and silent now, after all the bustle and confusion that has been going on. The mother is in bed, and now I must wish you good night, my darling. God bless you, and I give you all the happiness you deserve.

As always and ever,

Your most truly loving,

BLANCHIE.

Give my love to that dear Brookie.

MYSELF IN THE 80'S

7, Carlton Gardens,
May 4th.

My precious Child,

I cannot go to bed without sending you a few lines, as you have been so much in my thoughts all day, and I have been looking through all your clothes which made me very sad, and recalled all the times you wore them and I begin to have a great yearning to see that dear face again! We shall go down on Friday if fine and spend a nice long day with you, my angel. Are you amused with the papers? I am keeping copies of all for the Newspaper Cuttings.

Blanchie looked lovely last night—*such* a pretty gown —and she was immensely admired at the Drawing Room. I have packed her off to bed to get some beauty sleep. I send you Lady Mostyn's letter. The one topic of the day is you, and the Wedding, it seemed to have been a great success and *every* one saw!! Have you thanked Mrs. Mason for the sachet? and the Grants at Rosslyn? and Lord Lucan and the Charlie Beresford's?

Ever your most loving
Mother.

7, Carlton Gardens,
May 1st, 1881.

My darling Daisy,

I am so very glad to hear from Mamma you are so very happy with Brookie at Ditton. I hope so *very* much to see you again soon; I believe Mamma talks of coming to see you on Wednesday or Thursday and not Saturday. Please give my best love to Brookie and tell him I was so sorry not to have said good-by to him before he went but you both went off in such hurry. I longed to have had another little chat (like we had after the "Measly Time") before you went away, but was told Mamma was with you and could not go in.

Fitz-Roy and I and Blakie go to Easton at two o'clock to-morrow which I am looking forward to as I shan't be

there much longer. Mamma has no headache and is very well and ditto for Blanchie, who, nevertheless, is very downcast though I do try and console her. It has been raining hard pretty nearly all day long and it is doing so now (6:30 P.M.).

My very best love to dear Brookie and yourself and thousands of kisses also.

From your devoted and darling Brother,

HARRY.

P.S. The Princess Mary brought her children to tea this afternoon.

7, CARLTON GARDENS,

May 1st, 1881.

I wrote you a few lines last night, my own darling which you will receive at the same time as this letter. Oh, dearest, you can't think how strange everything seems without you and how we missed your dear little face at luncheon. I had such a dear letter from Princess Mary this morning about you, and I was to be sure and tell you that the Duke telegraphed his very best wishes from Vienna to "the Brookes" yesterday. She is coming this afternoon with her children to see the presents. Oh! Daisy darling, I know how happy you must be with your dear Brookie to-day and it is so selfish of me to want to have you back again, but I can't help it. You must let me come and see you soon, won't you dearest? That horrid Mrs. X. wrote me a note this morning and addressed it to *Miss Maynard*. She might have thought how I should hate it. I wonder so, darling, if you have a headache to-day, after all the crying and champagne yesterday; Mamma is wonderfully well, strange to say; I feel so dull and tired to-day; it is the reaction I suppose. I calmly slept on till ten o'clock this morning; directly I was awake, my first thought was to go and talk the wedding over with you in your room, till I remembered that I shouldn't find you. I don't suppose

we shall get accustomed to it till we have seen you at Ditton.

My dearest, I shan't bother you with any more.

Bless you darling,

Your most devoted sister,

BLANCHIE.

7, CARLTON GARDENS,

May 1st, 1881.

MY DEAREST DAISY,

One line before I go to Easton to send you and Brookie my fond love and my hope that you are comfortable and have all that you want.

Mamma is pretty well and Blanchie has done wiping her eyes.

Princess Mary is to come here and bring her children this afternoon. I foresee that we shall be the victims of Royal condescension all our lives!

Give my love to Brookie and

God bless you both,

Your very loving Father,

ROSSLYN.

7, CARLTON GARDENS,

Monday,

May 2nd, 1881.

MY OWN DARLING DEDDY,

I was so very glad to hear from Mama and Blanchie that you were *so* happy, and that you thought the place so pretty. I am always looking at my bangle it is so pretty and reminds me of you. I can scarcely realize that the wedding is over. How I long for the day we are to come and lunch with you. You won't forget the photo and I should like Brookie's too! Blanchie has been riding with Ct. Münster. To-morrow we begin our dancing. Please excuse this dreadful scrawl but it is nearly bed-

time, so good night and with many kisses and love to Brookie,

Your ever devoted sister,
MILLY.

EASTON LODGE,
DUNMOW,
May 2nd, 1881.

MY DEAREST DAISY,

I have written to the Scotch Tenants to thank them in your name for the present which they sent you, so that you are relieved from that duty.

Portland came here with me yesterday and we are going on to Newmarket together this afternoon. *My hopes* are fixed on Tristan!!

This is a gray and rather gloomy day and Easton looks sad and solitary!

Don't trouble to answer my notes but write like a darling very often to your mother.

Give my best love to Brookie,
Ever your loving Father,
ROSSLYN.

May 2nd, 1881.

MY OWN PRECIOUS ONE,

Your dear loving letter has made me so happy, I longed and longed for Monday morning to come for news and now I am happy. Frazer is so busy packing and he is making you lists of all your jewels, and lists of all your Plate, lists of all your China, lists of all your Books and of all your silver ornaments.

The house is in such confusion, but Blanchie is going out on coach with Münster, and rides the afternoon with him.

Write to Papa to Newmarket. It will please him. Write to Mrs. Mason to thank her for sachet. You see, my darling, I still tell you what to do!! You are entirely

in my thoughts, my precious one, and we are so looking forward to paying you a visit—*rest, rest,* and live out—it is everything for you now, my darling. Good-by and God bless you, darling.

My fond love to dear Brookie,

Ever your loving

MOTHER.

7, CARLTON GARDENS,

May 3rd, 1881.

MY OWN DARLING,

You are very good about writing. And we do love hearing from you. The Drawing Room was very slow and over at four. The Queen asked after you, and asked me if I did not feel very tired after all. All the Royalties asked after you and Prince Leopold said he had heard from Brooke. The Duke of Cambridge said he was so sorry not to have been at the wedding. All shook hands with Blanchie, she looks so pretty and so simple. Both Evelyn Paget and Violet said you ought to wear your gown with orange blossom. The Queen would expect you to do so. Then later you could wear it with pearls.

Frazer has the lists of what you want, so any moment you can have them. I am glad you rest in the morning, my darling, and you must not think of leaving Ditton for some time. Where is Papa's sonnet, as I never saw it and want to copy it. We send you an Essex paper which will amuse. Give my love to dear Brookie.

I will write to him to-morrow.

Ever your loving and devoted

MOTHER.

7, CARLTON GARDENS.

MY OWN DEAREST,

What joy to hear from you both by post and that trusty Gregory. He has just arrived and caught Mamma as she set out driving. My darling, how glad I am that you

are so happy. I knew Brookie would make you so. Mamma will order you the most lovely body that can be made and arrange the gown. Your jewels cannot go by Gregory as Frazer wants to clean them before you wear them at Windsor, so they shall be sent down, all the things you name.

Tell Brookie, how dear I think it of him to give me my bouquet. I shall write to him after to-morrow.

Mamma and I can't get out of the way of calling you "Miss Maynard." Gregory very nearly exploded just now when we called you that. Oh, darling, it will be nice to see you again; you can't think how I long for the days to pass. I have just been to try on my court gown, which is perfectly lovely. Everyone is talking of the wedding and saying how lovely you looked, dearest. Your "going away" gown was the admiration of all beholders. Blakie has taken the boys down with her to Easton again.

I am just going to ride with Count Münster, dearest, but will write again this evening. My thoughts are with you always, my precious sister, and I am as always,

Your most truly loving

BLANCHIE.

NEWMARKET,

May 4th, 1881.

MY DEAR BROOKE,

You will like to have an account of the race.

Tristan ran very forward all the way but was beaten by a really grand horse and an American Iroquis who had beaten him before but was supposed not to be able to stay. He might have been third but Fordham eased him at the last when he found that he could not win. He did not disgrace himself.

Daisy's letters are too charming, full of natural feeling and a happiness that brings tears into my eyes. May God bless you both and continue it through happy years

of ever-increasing love. Your kindness and love will be repaid a hundredfold.

I hope to see you on Sunday. Here it is pouring with thunder and lightning.

My fondest love to Daisy,
Your most affectionate
ROSSLYN.

7, CARLTON GARDENS,
May 26th.

MY DEAREST DAISY,

You shall have a cook and a *cuisine montée* by your return. I do not, much as we long to see you, believe that there is any hurry, for the Whitsuntide Holidays step in and there will be no work at all here before the 8th or 9th June. I am delighted to think that you are enjoying yourselves so much and are favored by such delightful weather. I know most of the ground you have been over. Glenquoich and Glengarry were the homes of my boyhood, and *that* one which is not at all the one I imagined it to be has been made a Forest quite within my recollection. I think a great comfort and saving of expense in a Highland Place is a *certain amount* of accessibility and then climate and good mixed sport form noticeable considerations. Blanchie will have written to you all about Easton last night. Mamma was laid up with a cold, and as she is "*cooking* herself" up for her great admirer the King of Sweden!! at Spencer House to-night, I had to chaperone Blanchie to the Queen's Ball. She had an enormous bouquet of Moss Roses so you might imagine that Dunmore had already won Woodcote!! I think she is a good deal admired and has a pretty bright way of talking that pleases everybody. It seemed a very dull ball to be talking to old women and holding B's bouquet to hide my white knee breeches which caused my estomac to appear more prominent than I could have wished! London is

hot and east-windy and odious as ever. Coleman begs so hard to be allowed to manage the Ascot Party that I suppose that I must say yes! Andrew Clarke says I must have a rest and then I shall say Adieu. My love to Brookie. Mind you go to Dysart!

Your loving,

R.

Fairie, dear, it was delightful to see your handwriting once more. . . . How could I ever forget you, you are the one woman I ever shall love. Yes, I did think and think at that wedding, and a woman told me that I looked at you all the time.

I am up to my eyes in work and a hard fight, but I shall win as I did before.

Yours ever,

X.

Just off to Cabinet Committee.

Two letters from Lady Ely in the course of the year are interesting as showing Queen Victoria's kind and personal interest in me at the time.

Balmoral Castle,

September 13, 1881.

My dearest Lady Rosslyn,

The Queen desires me to write and ask you how Lady Brooke is and how she has recovered. Her Majesty was so sorry to hear of her illness, and losing her prospects, and will be very glad to know how she is getting on. I am so sorry also, I cannot tell you how much I regret her disappointment, and hope and trust you are happier about her, and that you are well yourself. The weather has improved here and the Princes are having very good sport indeed. The Duke of Edinburgh has shot a good many

GROUP AT EASTON, JUNE, 1886

H.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princess Royal; The German Ambassador, Hatzfeld; Louise, Duchess of Manchester; Earl and Countess De Grey; Earl and Countess Cadogan; Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill; Lord and Lady Charles Beresford; Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P.; Sir William Gordon Cumming; Viscountess Mandeville; Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox; Lady Emily Kingscote; Hon. Harry Tyrwhitt; Lord Langford; Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild; My husband and myself

stags. The Queen told me she had seen Lord Rosslyn at Holyrood. Pray remember me to him, and

Believe me,
Yours affectionately,
JANE ELY.

BALMORAL CASTLE,
Sept. 21*st*, 1881.

MY DEAR LADY BROOKE,

We were all so happy to hear you are better and stronger. The Queen was anxious about you, her Majesty likes and admires you so much. I showed your letter to the Queen, who desires me to thank you for it. I hope you will find Lady Warwick pretty well. Pray remember me affecty. to her and your sister-in-law, and with kind regards to Lord Warwick and Lady Brooke.

Believe me ever,
Yours affecty. and truly,
JANE ELY.

Among other letters from Royal friends about that time, apart from invitations to dinner-parties and visits, there are characteristic letters from the Duchess of Teck that bring to mind her loving heart. In one she is collecting from friends for Miss Ada Leigh's work among women in Paris, and with her usual consideration she restricts the subscription to £5 or alternatively, as making less demand on donors' means, £1 every twelve months for a five years' period. Her letters are signed in terms of the warmest affection.

There are several letters from the Duchess of Connaught, one in praise of photographs, one from Prince Leopold, and one letter from Prince George, as our King was then, to my husband about sport in

Ireland. In this letter he expresses concern that the local people should understand that the police brought out on the occasion of his visit were there because of possible obnoxious strangers and not because of the people of the place.

CHAPTER V

WHAT THE *WORLD* SAID

"BELLE'S" STYLISH COLUMNS—THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE—QUAINT CLOTHES AND COTILLIONS—MR. GLADSTONE, AND LORD SALISBURY'S TOOTHACHE—FASHION, ART AND LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTIES—A MILLIONAIRE'S BLANK CHECK—A. J. BALFOUR AND H. H. ASQUITH, CYCLISTS—THE QUEEN AND LORD ROSSLYN

WITH "Belle" of the *World* still as our guide, I find among the names of prominent people in the eighties those of the Empress Eugénie, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Don Carlos, while two of the lions of the moment were Tosti and Arthur Sullivan. Tosti's songs were the craze of the day, and some of them still linger. Those who think that Sullivan's music has been outlived may have been surprised, as I was the other day, to hear over the wireless a Berlin audience—and who should be better judges of music?—applaud Sullivan's operatic music for at least half an hour.

The mention of the name of the Empress Eugénie reminds me that some years before the War, while I was walking one day in the Tuileries Gardens in Paris, I noticed a lady in tragic mourning step off the path on to the grass and pick a flower from one of the flower beds. A vigilant park keeper went to her and apparently remonstrated. As she returned to the public path I was struck by the lady's fine car-

riage, and on looking more closely recognized the Empress Eugénie. I wondered what her feelings must have been at being thus turned from the flowers in what had been once her own garden. Then I remembered that she was reported to have said that in later days she always thought of the place as one in which another woman had reigned.

Running my finger down the *World's* columns, during the early nineties, I find the most amusing witness to changing times in the rapturous descriptions of my gowns at various functions:

May 6, 1891. "At the Opera the Prince of Wales with his two younger daughters. Lady Brooke was in the pit tier, and the writer craned her neck to catch a glimpse of the goddess whose fame had penetrated even to the dim recesses of the placid country. Her profile was turned away from an inquisitive world, but I made out a rounded figure, diaphonously draped, and a brilliant, haughty, beautiful countenance."

June 3, 1891. "Lady Brooke's cotillion at Curzon Street, given after a dinner to the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Princess May, and a distinguished party last week, did much to spoiling Lady P.'s ball the same night. Men went to Curzon Street to see the prettiest married woman in London, and stayed on."

July 1, 1891. "At Lady Brooke's . . . a dream of fair women . . . a dinner-party for forty guests, who sat at five tables holding eight guests each. Lady Brooke was in a gauzy white gown beneath which meandered delicately shaded ribbons. The Duchess of Leinster and Lady Helen Vincent were other

H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany

H.R.H. Duchess of Albany

pretty women present. The Prince of Wales came on to the cotillion, which followed the dinner, and there were also present . . ."

November 4, 1891. "Lady Brooke at Newmarket, positively dazzling in grass-green with a crimson sash . . ."

In May, 1892, I read that "Lady Brooke made a great sensation at the second drawing-room of the season. Even those who did not know her were talking of the 'lovely lady with the splendid purple-grape-trimmed robes, her pale proud face surmounted by a low coronet of diamonds and a veil of pearls on white fell from the feathers in her hair. She carried the loveliest orchids, pale green, white and mauve, with purple tips to match her frock."

At the Opera the same week "Lady Brooke wore only a few diamonds on her Mephistophelian scarlet velvet dress. Her exquisite hair was caught up with a narrow scarlet net and an aigrette."

In June, 1892, "Lady Sybil Erskine's wedding, the only Royalty available were present, and Lady Brooke was dressed like a little girl in a short-skirted flowered muslin frock, with fresh-green satin ribbon to match her bonnet and liberally sprinkled with diamond brooches."

It is in July, 1892, that we are told that "the Prince of Wales has coined the word 'potentates' to describe some of our nobility and untitled gentry who have more power than kings."

In November of that year we read of a "largish party at Crichel including the Prince of Wales, the Devonshires, Lord and Lady Brooke, and so on.

There were 'tea-gown rivalries,' in which Lady Brooke defied all competition in a soft green gauzy gown, held to her waist by a band fastened with an emerald-and-diamond buckle, and finished at the neck by a deep falling collar of chinchilla."

Again we read that "Lady Brooke has most poetic instincts as regards her clothes, but sometimes makes mistakes. Tea-gowns and tea-jackets in bright scarlet or green velvet with yellow or violet sashes, however effective they may be at night, look almost vulgar at the breakfast table."

In 1893 Lady Brooke was "decidedly the belle of the Warwick Hunt Ball," and at Lord Lurgan's wedding, "Lady Brooke looked radiantly well in violet velvet with two splendid turquoise-and-diamond brooches in her bodice and a turquoise pin fastening on her purple velvet bonnet. She had purple and white orchids tucked in her gown, and carried a bunch of lilies of the valley." The Prince of Wales, who is mentioned also as a guest, "introduced a new fashion for men, dogskin tan gloves with black stitching."

"Belle's" interest in my clothes continued with unabated ardor, and in 1895 my dress at the Warwick Hospital Ball was described as "a wonderful frock of pale parma violet satin, with soft chiffon skirts falling over one another and fringed with shaded violets, violets catching up the draperies on the hips, and falling down in showers, and diamonds clasping the pretty flowers at the breast."

Many gatherings are chronicled during the year, among others a garden-party at Easton, with a thou-

sand guests. But the next dress described is in January, where "Lady Warwick created a sensation in blue and white, with bows of turquoises on her shoulders."

And there we may let the dress describing pause, for only those who remember the intricate gowns of those days will be able to visualize them and draw the amazing contrast between those almost forgotten *toillettes* and the fig-leaf girdles of to-day.

To go on with the tale, it should be noticed that we settled at Easton in 1882, where we entertained shooting-parties and friends as mentioned in the preceding chapter. My husband was one of the best shots of the day.

I regularly rented a furnished house in London for the season, and began in earnest to take my part in the social pageant. Of the two main groups of Society, the Court and Diplomatic set naturally circled round Lord and Lady Salisbury; also, it may be noted, there was no house in London then more influential than that of the German Ambassador, Count Münster. The Countess Marie Münster did the honors for her father.

I had many opportunities of enjoying Lady Salisbury's hospitality. There has survived from those by-gone days one short note of invitation that by chance serves to make one evening stand out clearly from others that have long since blurred.

20, Arlington Street, S.W.

Dear Lady Brooke,

The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince

and Princess of Germany have just offered to dine with us on the 14th inst., that is to-morrow week, at 8.30. Will you and Lord Brooke excuse a short notice and come with them? You would be conferring a great kindness on us if you would.

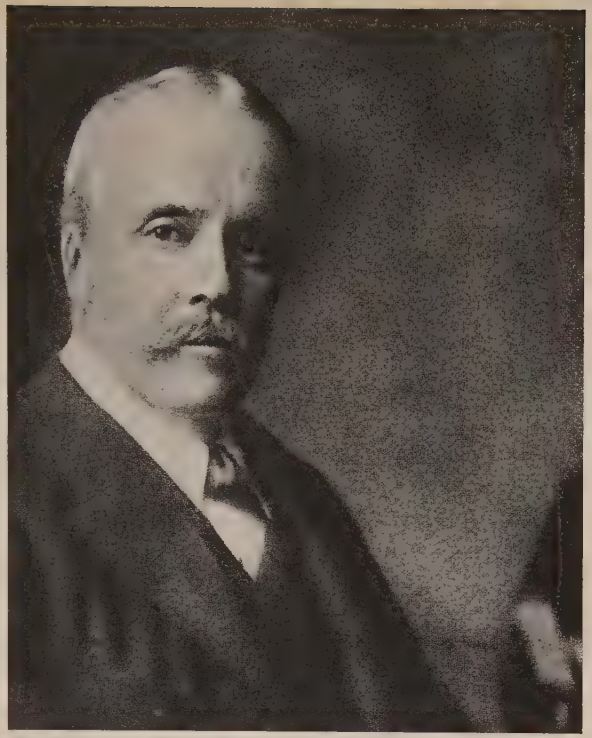
Yours very truly,
G. SALISBURY.

July 6, 1881.

Lady Salisbury was a woman of brilliant intellect and unaffected kindness. At her renowned receptions, she put everyone at their ease, and did away with the stiffness and reserve that had previously distinguished our Foreign Office and Diplomatic entertainments. And this was always true of her receptions, although she was amusingly absent-minded.

While paying well-merited tribute to the social success of one of the most charming of women, it may be noted that glowing descriptions of Lady Salisbury's gowns and of her coiffure will be vainly looked for in "Belle's" stylish columns, although at her celebrated receptions the distinguished hostess conscientiously blazed with the jewels of her great house.

An amusing incident may here be recorded in all propriety. Lady Salisbury asked me on one occasion to an intimate tea-party in Arlington Street, where the only other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. John Murray, grandson of the founder of the great publishing firm. Lord Salisbury, who was also present, sat apart with a gray Shetland shawl wound round his bearded face and shaggy head, the picture of silent misery. He had a bad toothache, it seemed. Mr. Gladstone asked anxiously



ARTHUR BALFOUR

Wideworld Photo

LORD SALISBURY

what he was doing about it. "Nothing," said Lord Salisbury. "Nothing: hope it will pass."

"But surely," enquired Mr. Gladstone, "you've tried Bunter's Nervine?" No, Lord Salisbury had never even heard of it. Mr. Gladstone at once proposed to run out and get some, and in spite of our attempts to stop him and send a servant, he bolted from the room and speedily returned in triumph with a bottle of the Nervine. Nor would he stop there. He insisted on applying the cure himself. He made Lord Salisbury sit back in his chair and open his mouth. I was reminded irresistibly of a woodcut of the fox and the crane in an old volume of Æsop as, fascinated, I watched Mr. Gladstone peer into the open jaw of his great political adversary. The offending tooth was located, Mr. Gladstone carefully applied cotton wool soaked in Nervine to the tender place. In five minutes Lord Salisbury had to own that the pain was gone, and he then, to my inexpressible relief, unwound the gray shawl from his enormous head. In what other country in the world, at that time at any rate, would it have been possible for two such giant political public foes to meet in private in such intimate and friendly association?

If it is not inappropriate, I should like to say here how much, as a young woman, I liked and admired Mr. Gladstone. He was so unfailingly courteous that he made the shyest and youngest feel at ease. He would ask one's opinion and wait gravely for the answer with the same deference that he would show to an intellectual equal. I was very fond of Mrs. Gladstone, of whom I saw a good deal.

Colonel Lloyd Lindsay and Lord Wemyss, my husband's uncle, were the founders of the Volunteer movement. Lord Wemyss was the man, too, who started the Liberty and Property Defense League. Lord Wemyss was a strange mixture of wild theories and charming practice. He was liked by women of all kinds. He had an irresistible smile. He was a rich man, and used to travel much in Italy, studying Italian art. At Gosford, in Scotland, he built himself an Italian house with marble hall and staircase; everything perfect. He would talk for hours as if he were a crusted old Tory, and then unexpectedly come out with some startling Socialistic theory for bettering the position of the people.

Besides the two main divisions of London Society there were many other lesser sets, notably the artistic and the literary. At Lord and Lady Wharncliffe's in Curzon Street, I met the leading artists of the day, Leighton, Burne-Jones, Millais, Watts, Poynter, and Whistler. I also met Sir W. B. Richmond, who founded the Slade School.

Lord Leighton died shortly before the date fixed for me to sit to him. He sent me the following letter while we were making plans for the sitting:

VENICE,
12. 10. 1895.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

Your very amiable letter has reached me, you see, in Italy where I am wandering about in the endeavor, vain, so far, unfortunately, to shake off my disabling complaint. Let me say at once that, apart from other things, I, as an artist, should not be likely to have "forgotten" you.

I always approach portraiture with some trepidation but I cannot refuse the pleasure you propose to me. For the dress, I should wish to leave the matter in your hands. The question with a work of art is not so much "what?" as "how?" It will be for you to say in what aspect you wish the effigy of the Châtelaine of your beautiful Castle (which I know of old) to be handed down on its walls. It will be my task to try to do justice to my subject and to give you according to my ability a work of art. I assume you would—for your purpose—desire a full-length portrait.

Please remember me very kindly to your husband and believe me,

Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

The literary set met at Mrs. Jeune's (afterwards Lady St. Helier). The lions were Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Huxley—truly a wonderful group. Lord Tennyson was charming enough to send me as a wedding gift a volume of his poems with a corrected verse.

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My husband and I were the guests of Lord and Lady Spencer at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin shortly after the Phœnix Park murder. Ireland seemed to be bristling with armed men. While my husband was dressing on the first evening, he was drawn to the window by his host's voice. Lord Spencer urged my husband to go down to the Guard Room and learn the password for the day and let him know it. The Lord-Lieutenant and some friends had returned by a bypath instead of the main entrance, and a sentry with a fixed bayonet forbade His Ex-

cellency and his party's entry without giving the correct password.

At an hotel in Fermoy another night a mad mob, returning from a meeting at Mitchelstown, amused themselves by breaking every pane of glass in the house. As shivering with cold, I tried to fix up a plaid to keep out the east wind, a stone whizzed by me and fell on the bed where I had been lying.

We stayed with several Viceroys. Some were exacting about their viceregal state. During one reign great state was kept up in carriages, horses, and servants, and the viceregal lady was more awe-inspiring than any Queen I have known.

Fortunately for Ireland, there were others. I also remember the Viceregal Lodge in the reign of a Lord-Lieutenant and his Lady who were as simple and charming in their hospitality as some of their predecessors had been pompous and tiresome. In this happier time, everyone was at ease.

The last time I stayed at the Viceregal Lodge is a pleasant memory of a merry party asked there to meet the present King and Queen, when they were Duke and Duchess of York.

As mentioned in a previous chapter, I was very friendly with Lady Georgina Churchill, a sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, who afterwards became Lady Curzon and later Lady Howe. I first met Lady Georgina when I had gone over to Ireland to attend the Punchestown Races. At that time Lady Georgina's father, the Duke of Marlborough, was Viceroy.

Perhaps the following story is worth re-telling to

show that there were those who admired my taste in horses in those days. I had drawn up my pair of steppers at the door of my house in town, when a man bowed and begged for a moment's talk. I saw that he was foreign so I excused him. He explained that he was a well-known millionaire's master-of-horse and said that his master had handed him a blank check for my horses. I was amused and said that I should want a lot of money, for I liked them very much.

"My lady," said the man, "put your own price on them."

"Oh," I said, "if you gave me a thousand pounds I should feel bound to take it but they are not really worth that as they are aged."

"A thousand pounds be it," he replied, and he immediately wrote out the amount and handed me the check.

Before cashing the check, I wrote to the millionaire pointing out the faults of the horses and telling him also how much I liked them. I had a charming reply to say that the horses would always be at my disposal. Their new owner only wanted them for a special occasion. I actually did drive them several times afterwards in Paris as leaders in his team.

It was common to see horses of quality such as I always rode knocked down at four or five hundred guineas a piece at Tattersall's sales of horses, held always on Mondays. On the Sunday previous to a Monday sale it was the fashion for Society to foregather at Tattersall's, and the gallery there was as fashionable as the Opera.

My love of horses did not prejudice me against the coming of the bicycle. When my glance pauses at an old photograph of myself on a bicycle, in the days when cycling was socially a little adventurous, I recall some thirty years ago being an amused onlooker while Lord (then Mr. A. J.) Balfour, gave the late Lord Oxford (then Mr. Asquith) his first lessons in balance on the wheel; truly an earnest teacher and an apt pupil. Both political opponents were our guests at a week-end Warwick Castle house-party.

Another memory of a distinguished guest at Warwick was the occasion when Sarah Bernhardt gave a performance of *Hamlet* at the Castle. I can remember yet the ring of her strident tones in the words "Être ou ne pas être!" Even the genius of the Bernhardt could not reconcile me to Shakespeare in French. Somehow Shakespeare, which in German sounds so fine, so natural, in French always seems to me to be slightly ridiculous.

I was hostess at an evening party—it must be nearly thirty years ago—given by a few friends in London to Sarah Bernhardt. Beerbohm Tree was deputed to give the address of welcome. He could speak French well, but in his anxiety to be correct, he felt that he must read his speech. So, phrase by phrase, looking now from his paper to the divine Sarah, and back again, he repeated what should have been a spontaneous expression of pleasure, like a child conning a French lesson!

There was a coterie that shot up in London in the eighties which for want of a better designation was called "the Souls." Although far too cosmopolitan

myself to belong to any clique, I was intimate with several of these young people. Those I best remember were Lady Brownlow, Lady Elcho, now Lady Wemyss, Margot Tennant, now Lady Oxford and Asquith, Mrs. Willie Grenfell, now Lady Desborough, and Lady Islington.

Lord Balfour was a sort of sun—illuminating the subsidiary stars that floated around him. It was about this time that three young men, all Tories, began to attract attention; they were George Curzon, later Lord Curzon of Kedleston, George Wyndham, later Secretary of Ireland, and Harry Cust, heir to Lord Brownlow, who became editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It was supposed that one or other of these men would lead the Tory party and become Prime Minister. Then there was Henry Cadogan, who was at the Foreign Office, a wonderful letter-writer and no mean poet. He went as Minister to Teheran and died there. There was also Evan Charteris, who might have loomed larger in politics than he has done. This little coterie of "Souls" loved literature and art and perhaps were more pagan than soulful. They were decidedly ambitious, clever, and well-read, and exercised great influence on London Society for five or six years. I think they sent us all back to reading more than we otherwise should have done, and this was an excellent thing for us. Indubitably "Arthur Balfour" was the thinker of the Society. He had always a touch of the philosopher in him, which doubtless accounted for his being a little detached from actualities. Before reading Bergson he had come to disbelieve in the individual reason, had come

to realize that there were intuitions which went deeper than reason. Like Dr. Johnson, he saw that "One good prejudice, Sir, is worth a score of reasons!" I hope he will forgive this dissertation upon a deeply interesting contemporary.

I do not know whether it is the reading of certain books or the meeting with certain men that influenced me most. Perhaps more important than either books or men were some of the circumstances of my life. I was compelled more or less to play Lady Bountiful at Easton. I got to understand the miseries that life brings to the poor, and I wished to mitigate some of those hardships. Bit by bit my eyes were opened to the dreadful struggle of the actual world, and I became aware—at first half-unconsciously—that life often presses hardly on the deserving.

The mention of Lord Curzon's name reminds me of a conversation that I had recently with an old friend who was deploring that great statesman's later unpopularity. We agreed about his genuine character and real charm. My friend recounted an incident showing how heroically the man struggled against physical disabilities that would have reduced a less noble character to a state of despair. Personally, I have the kindest memories of Lord Curzon, and am convinced that long years of suffering affected his nervous system, and accounted for any flaws in a man of great qualities.

Before closing this chapter it might be in place to recount a little story of the period that shows what a conscientious friend Queen Victoria was. The Queen had a genuine liking and admiration for Lord

A Family Group at Warwick Castle

Left to right standing: Lady Eva Greville; Col. Hon. Alwyne Greville; my husband; my father-in-law, 4th Earl of Warwick; myself; Hon. Louis Greville

Seated: My son, Guy; baby daughter, Marjorie; my mother-in-law, Countess of Warwick; Hon. Sir Sidney Greville

Rosslyn, and during his final illness, when he lay on board his yacht at Cowes, Her Majesty paid him a daily visit for about a week or more. The yacht lay out a little from the shore, and my mother remembers, as if it were yesterday, waiting for the Queen as she nimbly scrambled out of the little dinghy that always brought her to the side of the yacht. At each visit Lord Rosslyn presented the Queen with a gardenia. This favorite flower of the Queen was delivered daily at the yacht so that my stepfather with old-fashioned gallantry might have it in readiness to present to Her Majesty. The Queen was greatly interested in Lord Rosslyn's book of poems. He lived long enough to see it through the press and to present her with a special copy. When there was no longer the incentive of the book my stepfather seemed to accept his fate resignedly. He was only forty-eight when he died.

CHAPTER VI

HOUP LA!

LA CHASSE WITH THE ROTHSCHILDS—THE TSAR'S DAUGHTER—GLOIRE DE DINER—"THE WONDERFUL TIMES FOR EVER GONE"

SOME scenes and events of the crowded days of my early married life remain vivid and clear, as if they had just happened. Others perhaps more important at the time, have faded almost beyond recall. I cannot, therefore, hope to describe events in order of their significance, any more than in their relation to time.

My husband and I were the only English guests on one occasion in a large party invited by the French Rothschilds to the Château de Ferrières, which is about an hour's journey out of Paris. Our hosts were Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, the most lavish entertainers of their day in France. Baroness Alphonse was a sister of Alfred and Leopold de Rothschild. A draft of foxhounds from the pack at Tring, belonging to Sir Nathaniel, afterwards Lord Rothschild, were sent across the Channel in our honor for the *chasse*.

The *rendezvous* in the morning, near the Château, was a very pretty sight. The men wore red coats made in England, while the hunt servants were in green and gold. There was also a sprinkling of officers in full uniform, swords and all, from the neighboring garrison of Melun. Baroness Alphonse, who

hunted sometimes in England, and myself, were the only ladies in the saddle. The rest of the party, in char-à-bancs and victorias, drove with the *chasse* to different places in the vast woods where "obstacles" —a kind of hurdle covered with bushes—had been put up in the grass rides, to give the spectators a chance of seeing us leap them. They called out "Houp la!" in admiring tones, as if we had been performing in a circus.

M. Maurice Ephrussei, a well-known racing man who had married Beatrice de Rothschild, a pretty and charming girl, mounted me from his stable on a noted steeplechaser called "Braconnière," a chestnut with a wild eye, who very much objected to my habit, and with a snaffle in her mouth was a pretty handful for a young woman to ride. It kept me busy trying to hold this beast within bounds as we galloped after the hounds over cultivated fields intersected with wide drains, near which were hoisted large notices of "Danger," such as are seen at the weirs on the Thames, a somewhat disturbing signal for the boldest rider.

A broken collar bone and a broken leg were among the major casualties in the house-party that day. The "drag" had been well laid, and a veritable steeplechase took place at the finish before we arrived in front of a pretty chalet in the woods. For the dogs, the scent ended in a huge pile of food concealed under a wild boar skin. For us all, there was a magnificent *déjeuner* waiting in the chalet. It had been altogether an unforgettable and picturesque entertainment.

For the rest of the week, our days were spent shooting pheasants so fat that they rarely rose higher than a man's head, making the *battues* really dangerous, while our evenings were spent in flirtations—French style—and cards; a wonderful week.

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As my husband was a noted shot, we were sought after for all the best "shoots," and I remember an interesting visit on one occasion to Eastwell, where the shooting was renowned. Our host and hostess were the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, later Duke and Duchess of Coburg.

The Duchess of Edinburgh was long remembered for her unvarying kindness of heart by those who knew her well and still mourn her death, but she was never popular in this country. She had been brought up at the Czar's Court, an only daughter, and she was naturally haughty and had besides a somewhat abrupt manner. The absence of strict etiquette at the English Court must at first have been puzzling and trying for her. The Duchess had a lovely complexion, and a fine, commanding presence, but she was not beautiful. She did her best to make friends in her new surroundings, and I personally remember her with real affection. At the time of which I write, her three little daughters were most attractive, pretty, and charmingly brought-up children.

The Duke himself was not a popular figure. He lacked the genial manner of his brother, being shy and awkward in Society, although when interested he showed that he had his mother's charming smile. He

was musical, and was a warm friend of Joachim, of Madame Schumann, and of Christine Nielssen, and other notable musicians of that day. The Duke was an excellent violinist. Both he and the Duchess were at their best in their own home.

One evening during the visit of which I write, we all begged to see the famous jewels the Duchess had brought from Russia. Her jewel-room, opening out of her bedroom, had its walls lined with glass cupboards with velvet-covered shelves and stands. In these were displayed the most wonderful gems I have ever seen. Each vitrine held a set: sapphires, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, the sapphires probably the finest in the world. Every set had huge tiaras or crowns, with necklaces, pendants, and bracelets, *en suite*. Most of them had "stomachers" also—an out-of-date fashion by which the whole front of a corsage was covered with a mass of jewels.

There were heavy iron shutters to clasp over all the cases, and special watchmen were kept in the jewel-room day and night. It seemed to me that such portable wealth carried with it unenviable enbarrassment, not to say dangers.

The Duke and Duchess gave a county ball on the occasion of which I write, and the Prince of Wales was of the house-party. I wore a ruby velvet dress, *en princesse,* which was much admired, but on looking back I think it must have been a trifle old in style, and heavy, for such a young married woman even in winter time. The Prince asked me to dance, and sat out a long time talking with me in a corridor, but he doubtless found me shy or stupid, for he spent most

of the evening with Mrs. Cornwallis-West, then in the zenith of her beauty.

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I think it was the introduction of cigarette smoking immediately after dinner by the Prince of Wales that killed the claret habit in London. After the first whiff or two it was difficult to tell good wine from bad, and champagne speedily took the place of Bordeaux. Men began to follow the example set by the Prince, of leaving the dining-table almost immediately after dinner to join the ladies. In my girlhood, however, good dining was all-important. My stepfather was a connoisseur. I doubt if my mother ever ordered a dinner while he was alive. Immediately after breakfast the cook came up to hold a thoughtful consultation with Lord Rosslyn about the dinner. My stepfather not only decided about the bill of fare, but he could give sound advice about ingredients for sauces. The wine, too, was most carefully chosen, and an hour was spent after dessert, when the ladies had left the room, drinking the finest vintage clarets, ending up, perhaps, with a glass of "comet" port.

Old Lord Calthorpe, always a bachelor, was another noted connoisseur who not only gave Lucullus-like feasts himself, but, when he dined with you, would afterwards go over every item of your menu, appraising each dish with care. He once told me that he preferred summer to winter, because then he could have fresh Gloire de Dijon roses pinned to his pillow to waft their scent to him as he passed into slumber.

In those days there were London houses where it was possible to get the best dinners in the world, and every good house in London had a French chef. At that time there was probably not a single hotel or restaurant where a tolerable meal could be had. To-day there are women cooks in the best houses, and there are now a dozen restaurants where one can dine as well as in most private houses. The change is due to the coming of the Americans, and, coinciding with this, the various Health Reform movements which have substituted food faddists for gourmets at our dinner-tables. As a great many of the gourmets of thirty years ago and earlier used to suffer shockingly, and often died before they were sixty, the change is to the good. But some glamour goes with it, and a few may sigh when they remember the houses where you were "done well." The names of such delightful hosts as Leopold, Alfred, and Ferdinand Rothschild, whose social prestige lost nothing by reason of the renown of their excellent dinners, recur to my recollection.

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I was in Paris at the time of a famous *bazaar de charité,* and had promised to help the Duchesse d'Alençon at her stall. My visit to the capital was to include sittings for my portrait by Carolus Duran. The picture was finished, and one afternoon when I thought I was free to go to the bazaar, I received a message asking me to give the artist one more sitting to touch up something that did not satisfy him. As I left the studio, the newsboys were crying the news of the ghastly fire which burnt to death so many

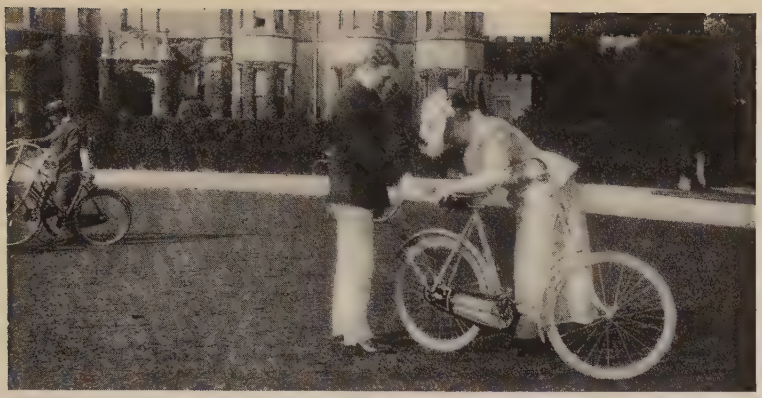
people at the bazaar, including the Duchesse d'Alençon and nearly all the helpers at her stall. Charred remains were all that were found of the beautiful Duchesse.

I first met the Duchesse when, at fifteen, I was traveling in Switzerland with my parents. She was there in company with her sisters, ex-Queen Marie of Naples, and the Comtesse Trani. Later I met also the fourth sister, the Empress of Austria. Queen Marie visited us afterwards at Easton and her husband, King "Bomba," accompanied her. She was a lovely being, tall, and with a tiny head weighted with masses of hair, that, when released, reached almost to her feet. She wore her hair in innumerable plaits circling her head, until it looked like a basket. She walked as only those with arched insteps and straight limbs can walk. I used to imagine this Queen cloaked in white, pacing the battlements at the siege of Gaeta, inspiring her soldiers to hold out in their hopeless fight. She loved me, and gave me, among many other presents, costly lockets and a St. Bernard dog.

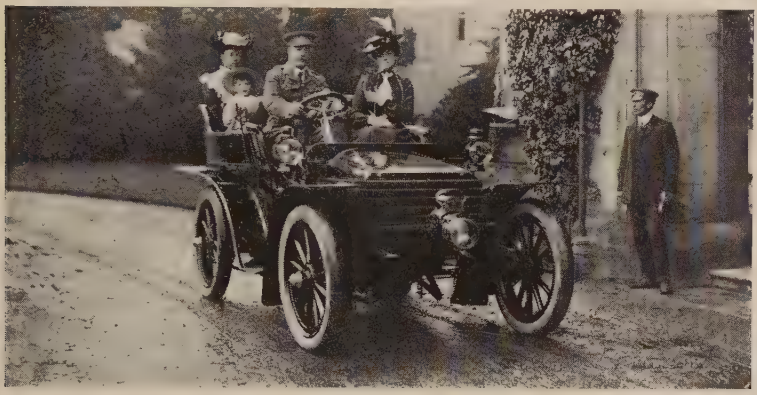
At the time of the bazaar tragedy, I had not seen the lovely Queen Marie for many years, and although she lived to a great age I believe it was horror of this accident more than all her other sorrows that really broke her heart.

. . . . . .

Among many brilliant women of my early days, I like to recall the names of Lady Wharncliffe (Lady Susan Lascelles), sister of Lord Harewood, Lady Cork and Lady Dorothy Nevill, all of them much sought after for their wit. In the Prince's set also was the



Myself and My Brother, Lord Rosslyn, and a Bicycle



Our First Motor-car

Myself and Children and Egyptian Donkey Ridden by Lord Charles Beresford in Sudan Campaign and Given Me by Him

beautiful Violet Lindsay (now Duchess of Rutland), one of my own bridesmaids. She played the violin and sang beautifully, and her pencil drawings and modeling were far above amateur attainment. I love her, and I love her children as if they were my own. Her three daughters are the Marchioness of Anglesea, Lady Violet Benson, and Lady Diana Duff-Cooper. Her son, Lord Granby, is the present Duke of Rutland.

I knew the Kaiser's sister well, Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen. How old-fashioned it sounds, but she was one of the first women I ever knew who smoked cigarettes, and this she did constantly. I found her once at Buckingham Palace sitting in her bedroom smoking at an open window, and letting the smoke disappear into the open in case the Queen should find out. Queen Victoria had absolutely forbidden smoking in any part of the palace, and to have found a lady smoking in her bedroom would doubtless have been horrifying to her.

My friendship with Princess Charlotte lasted for many years, in fact, until I joined the Social Democratic Federation, when she ceased writing to me; but she kept up her friendship with my husband until her death.

. . . . . .

Just before her death, Lady (Arthur) Paget, one of the most indefatigable hostesses of her time, and an American by birth, was driving with me down what was patently a changed Piccadilly. With an upward glance at the bow windows of the Turf Club, whence no longer the male rank and fashion of the eighties

and nineties looked out in criticism at the passing carriages and their fair occupants, Lady Paget laid a hand on my arm and said: "How glad I am that you and I lived in and experienced the wonderful times for ever gone!"

Whether or not I reciprocated that sentiment at the time does not matter. To-day I should certainly demur. The present times are to me incomparably more absorbing. Life is in reality more spacious than before, though individual wealth is passing from the control of the few, and for women at any rate, a new era has dawned. To the girl of to-day I would say: "Don't believe grandmother's tales of her unattainable conquests. You are healthier, saner, more alert than she ever was or could hope to be. You are better aware of the values and possibilities of the passing years. You have a wider outlook and greater opportunities."

Society in my youth walked like sheep. The sheep which attempted to follow a path of their own inevitably changed their hue. Women, and even some men, who were ahead of their times, experienced ostracism, for active ostracism followed verbal criticism as a blow follows a word among the hot-headed. Inasmuch as each succeeding generation has its own enjoyments and distractions, so no generation must regret those of its predecessors. This applies to the individual also. Had Lady Paget lived in the present day, it is pretty certain that she, with her active mind and gift for friendship, would have found some outlet for her abounding vitality other than the round of frivolous engagements and entertaining which

Myself in the 90's

My Husband in the 90's

formed such a large part of social life in England in the eighties and nineties.

Just as I regret the passing of the horse—even if you keep horses you cannot safely drive or ride them on the tarmac of which modern roads are made—so I find consolation in the fact that there are other things to be done than riding and driving, and other interests to cultivate than are to be found in the butterfly life of a Society queen.

. . . . . .

As the years passed by in continual excitement and gayety, what was I really thinking and feeling, what was my philosophy of life, or had I any? I used to retire to my garden at Easton sometimes for reflection, and I find myself writing the following in a volume published about my garden there: "As summer after summer we tell our beads, we are forced to the confession that this London season also has, like its predecessors, ripened only the Dead Sea apples; that while we have gone into it with a high heart, never doubting, yet we have emerged from it gladly, and with as much thankfulness that it is over as we can muster in our surviving state of mental debility. So we have come down to the country, asking ourselves, between gulps of regret and a happy repentance in this fair green world outside its gates, whether the game in town can ever be worth the candle, and whether it is possible to combine the pursuit of real pleasure with that of citizenhood."

If the style is somewhat involved, the meaning is clear enough. In the country I was at home, among real things and real people. It was during these rural

sojournings that I began my Friendship and Shakespeare Gardens—later to be perfected—in a secluded part of Easton Park, the same enclosure that was later enlarged and turned into a Sanctuary for wild creatures. The Sanctuary is fully described in another chapter. The place where the garden was made is full of historic memories. There are even fragments of Roman remains in the foundations of the old house to which the garden belongs. There are reminiscences of monastic occupation. There is a deep grotto built of stones, but no one knows how far these stones had been brought, for there is no stone in the neighborhood. It is a beautiful spot, and each generation of occupiers seems to have recognized its special charm and to have enriched it by leaving some mark of cultivation on the place. The enclosure is surrounded by a gorse thicket. Easton Park stretches all around, with red deer among the bracken under the ancient elms and oaks.

Elizabeth Woodville spent her honeymoon at the old Manor House, a few stones' throw away from the enclosure. Queen Elizabeth, with Cecil in attendance, rode down to Easton to stay at the Lodge for a night after the chase was over at Hainault Forest.

A sundial fashioned out of a yew-tree stands in the gardens; the figures which record the hours are cut out and framed in box. On its outer ring grows the legend: "*Les heures heureuses ne se comptent pas.*" Shakespeare's border contains all the trees and flowers and herbs mentioned in Shakespeare. There is a green-brown pottery butterfly in front of each shrub or plant and on its wings are the words of the

quotation, and title of the play in which that particular flower or tree is named.

When writing of the place some few years ago in the *Windsor Magazine* I described it in these words: "Opposite the timber fence border is my 'Garden of Friendship,' where the kindly gifts of friends are memorialized on heart-shaped labels. An apple-tree stands in the middle, up which a brilliant red honeysuckle twines, and around are hung mottoes and fancies redolent of the true friendship that poets sing of and that philosophers find so rare, but that, to my mind, still exists to help us out on the road that 'winds up-hill all the way—yes, to the very end!'

"Will you turn now to what I call my 'Border of Sentiment,' where herbs and flowers are labeled with the quaint meanings and emblems of bygone times? There are many labels, and each is a tiny swallow in pottery, with the flower-name on one wing and the emblem on the other. There is balm for sympathy, and the bluebell for constancy; the basil plant of hatred, the white clover for memory, the bay-leaves for glory, and the foxglove that spells sincerity; the wild yellow heart's-ease that means waiting, and the heath and the hemp for solitude and fate. Blue Salvia is knowledge, and the ear of wheat is intellect; the Veronica is fidelity, the violet is love. And so on, for there are many tokens planted here, and they make a brave show.

"We go on to the 'Rosarie,' where the flippant motto greets you, '*Peu de chose mais roses.*' Here in the center is my rose-tent, grown over by crimson

ramblers and *Félicité Perpetuelle,* and to sit inside with the thick-colored canopy overhead is a joy. All around, old-fashioned roses make the air fragrant, the Moss, the Damask, the Provence, the Bourbon, the China, and many more; while the standard fir-stems are covered with lovely climbing Pink Rovers and Fair Rosamunds.

"A winding shrubbery walk leads to the Rock Garden, bordered by star-like blooms of St. John's wort, with background of golden yews and golden elders, with here and there a graceful *Veronica,* the *Spiræa Thumbergii,* the shaded plum-colored leaves of the *Berberis,* and the white blossoms of the *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora.* The Rock Garden would take pages to describe, for all its treasures are labeled and stowed away on the steep banks; it lies in a hollow or grotto. A green slope, encircled by spreading chestnut-trees, is my 'Lily Garden,' with the quotations on pottery fleurs-de-lis; and round an old stone sundial, in reverent seclusion, is planted my 'Garden of Scripture,' where beautiful thoughts will be written from the world's greatest Book."

At this time I found an outlet for any doubts I may have had about life's inequalities, by giving way to recurrent fits of philanthropy, some of it wildly extravagant and mistakenly generous, but indulged in by an impelling desire to help to put things right, and a deep conviction that things as they were were not right.

In 1889 my husband was standing for the Colchester Division as Conservative Candidate. I can

EASTON LODGE IN 1600

remember how gayly I flung myself into electioneering. My Conservative "principles" found vent in the pleasure of driving a tandem of ponies round Colchester winning votes, and, on the day of the election, delighting in the fun of carrying all sorts and conditions of people to the poll. We won the election, and I note with amusement in an old copy of a local paper a paragraph announcing that "the new Member and Lady Brooke have gone to their villa at Beaulieu on the Riviera for the winter," and that "Lady Brooke's last act before leaving was to give a hundred pounds to be distributed among the poor of Colchester *without reference to their politics.*" Apparently I was already becoming vaguely conscious of the unfairness of economic pressure and had begun to realize that the "poor" were unfairly handicapped.

Of serious attempts at an ordered philanthropy, educational as well as social, I shall give some account in a later chapter. Meanwhile, I hasten to tell of events leading to what, in all truth, became the turning-point in my life, ultimately engaging my whole mind in the Socialism I now embrace. Before describing these events, however, let me give an illustration of the kind of efforts I made in what I may call the days of my unregulated giving.

"On Boxing Day the Countess of Warwick invited the whole of the employees on her Easton Lodge Estate and the village school children to a Christmas tree party at the Lodge. The handsome ballroom was used for the last time before being removed to Warwick Castle, and spacious though it

is, the company filled it. In the center was a large fir-tree, taken out of the park, and reaching from the floor to the ceiling. Many hundreds of toys, of all imaginable descriptions, together with a number of sparkling brilliants, were hung upon the tree; in fact the tree was so laden that its foliage could scarcely be seen. Around this huge and glistening Christmas tree were arranged a number of electric-light chandeliers. Along each side of the ballroom there were tables covered with useful articles to be given away. There were handsome fur-lined coats for the principal household servants, jewelry or trinkets for others, packages of toys, all of a costly description, for every child, fancy articles of dress or warm clothing for other servants, while for every man who works in the grounds at Easton there was a red woolen jersey. On a separate table was a collection of silver ware and jewelry, which the Countess had provided for each member of her house-party. At five o'clock the household servants, numbering fifty, left their duties in order to range themselves on either side of the ballroom, and then the village children were ushered in. Well might the little ones falter on entering, for the ballroom, with its white walls and Corinthian pillars, blue ceiling, and gilt chairs, was ablaze with electric light, and the scene was one which will long be remembered by all who witnessed it. The Rector of Little Easton, the Rev. A. L. Whitfield, quickly stepped forward to take the children in hand, and the Countess made her visitors feel at home at once. Behind the children entered one hundred outside workmen—gamekeepers, wood-

Warwick Castle

men, gardeners, estate artisans, stablemen, motormen, etc. The Earl and Countess of Warwick had a pleasant welcome for everybody, and Lord Brooke walked in in shooting costume. Lady Marjorie Greville assisted her mother in the distribution of the presents.

"The Countess of Warwick wore a beautiful dress by Doucet of Paris. It was composed of delicately painted muslin, trimmed with fur and turquoise velvet, and spotted over with little diamond buckles. The dress had a lace front, also trimmed round with fur and turquoise velvet, and marked with diamond buckles. Round her waist her ladyship wore a blue silk sash. She had a black picture hat. Lady Marjorie Greville wore a blue accordion-pleated *crêpe de Chine* frock, trimmed with fur, and a blue hat. When the packages had been distributed the little son of the Earl and Countess, the Hon. Maynard Greville, entered the ballroom perched on the broad shoulders of his brother, Lord Brooke, and from this position he began stripping the Xmas tree, giving the toys to the children. The little boy, who greatly enjoyed the gathering, was dressed in a pale blue suit, with white collar. At the close cheer after cheer was raised for the Earl and Countess and their family."

I have given this description in full because to-day I believe this is the wrong method of giving! It is a mistaken benevolence, an echo of our feudal past. The new order will lay emphasis on coöperation in work and wealth instead of sharpening the contrast between the rich giver and the poor receiver.

AND ALL WAS VANITY

CHAPTER VII

THE CLARION CALL AND TALLY HO!

FROM LORDS AND LADIES TO "THE STREET OF ADVENTURE"—A SOUL'S AWAKENING—MY ELEPHANT AND MY SANCTUARY

THERE was to be revelry in the Castle, but ten weeks of black frost had seen to it that hunger and want were the portion of many cottage homes. It was the cruelly hard winter of 1895, the year after I entered Warwick Castle as its châtelaine, the death of old Lord Warwick, my father-in-law, in 1894, having made my husband successor to the title. The year's mourning was over, and my plans for the house-warming celebrations included a fancy-dress ball—then something of a novelty—on a splendidly lavish scale. Dancing was to be in the Cedar Drawing-room, which is paneled with Vandykes. The fashion and beauty of London and the county gathered for pleasure. Neighbors had house-parties, and the whole district was filled with the bustle of preparation. The ball was spoken of as "the event of the winter."

Meanwhile, I heard continually of great distress among the poor. Work had stopped altogether in the building and auxiliary trades, and while working-class earnings were at their lowest, the need for food and clothing and fuel grew more and more intense. While my sympathies were roused by the dark side of the picture, I felt happy in the belief

that our ball was giving work to so many people who would otherwise have been idle. The festivities of the Lords and Ladies Bountiful were being translated into terms of meat and bread for the workers, and this thought allayed my troubled inward feelings.

Of course, the ball was a great success, and the newspapers applauded with great enthusiasm, all except one obscure sheet, by name the *Clarion*. This paper only reached me on the second morning after the ball, and my attention was called to its special article about the ball by an ominous black line. I read with indignation and amazement a violent attack on myself for holding idle junketing in a time of general misery. This "impertinent rag" said scathingly that ours was a sham benevolence, a frivolous ignoring of real social conditions. I was so angry that the memory of that anger is vivid still. I said to myself that the writer of the article was some crabbed, envious being who grudged the chance of work to the poor people who had had their share of the money spent on the festivities; someone who hated luxury because it was out of his reach.

In my bitter indignation, I forgot all about my duty to the guests who still lingered. I got up at once, told my maid that I was going to London by the earliest train, and leaving the Castle without a word of explanation to anyone, I was in Fleet Street by midday, searching for the editorial office of the *Clarion*. I found this office at the top of a staircase in one of the older buildings of the street, with the editor's name, Robert Blatchford, on the door. I entered unannounced, and there at his writing-desk

sat the man who had dared to attack us for indulging in legitimate amusement that had at the same time given honest work to so many unemployed. His coldly gazing eyes showed no surprise at the unexpected and abrupt vision in his dingy office of a young woman dressed in the height of fashion. He made no movement of welcome. I remembered thinking that the garment he wore, which was something between a dressing-gown and a lounge coat, was most undignified.

"Are you the Editor of the *Clarion?*" I demanded.

He merely nodded.

"I came about this," I went on, thrusting the marked page under his eyes. He made no reply, but his preoccupied eyes seemed to hold a question, and he waited for me to go on.

"How could you be so unfair, so unjust?" I said. "Our ball has given work to half the county, and to dozens of dressmakers in London besides."

"Will you sit down?" he replied, "while I explain to you how mistaken you are about the real effect of luxury?"

And then Robert Blatchford told me, as a Socialist and a Democrat, what he thought of charity bazaars and ladies bountiful. He made plain to me the difference between productive and unproductive labor. One phrase still lingers. He said that labor used to produce finery was as much wasted as if it were used to dig holes in the ground and fill them up again.

By this new standard I found that nine-tenths of the money spent on the Warwick ball had been wasted. Such elementary economics as that the only

useful labor was labor that produced useful articles, which in turn helped labor to produce again, was all new to me. Although I had had a vague idea that money spent on champagne and delicacies was wasted, I found that the Blatchford doctrine included cobwebby lace and similar useless and beautiful things in the same category.

My old ideas and ideals were all brought to naught, and it was late afternoon before this plain man with the big ideas had ceased speaking. We had both forgotten the lunch hour and the passing of time.

Of course I did not grasp all that was poured into my hungry soul, but before the end of the talk I did realize humbly that setting the poor, who themselves needed food and coal and decent housing, to build unnecessary rooms for an evening's enjoyment, to cook dainties for people already overfed, and to make clothes for the rich dancers, was idle work. The great ball, and all its preparations, I found, had not added one iota to the national wealth.

I was somewhat dazed when at last I left Fleet Street and got to the railway station, where I sat waiting for the train to take me back to Warwick. During the journey home I thought and thought about all that I had been hearing and learning. I knew that my outlook on life could never be the same as before this incident. I reached home just as my wondering guests were going in to dinner, and when I joined the party I made no effort to satisfy curiosity and explain my odd absence. I was as one who had found a new, a real world. The crisis I

was facing, or had faced, was emotional, and it would have been impossible then to frame such an experience in words. Indeed, it took much hard intellectual effort during several years before I could be said to have intelligently grasped that Socialism which I became persuaded was the only solution of the problem of poverty. I was, however, an apt and ardent pupil. Next day I sent for ten pounds' worth of books on Socialism. I got the name of an old Professor of Economics, and under him I started my period of study without delay. It would be idle to try to follow the often circuitous path I trod, but it was Robert Blatchford's honest talk on that memorable day that gave me a vision of how it would be possible to change and modify the unjust conditions of our modern life.

Socialism early taught me that charity and kind giving from above are no substitute for the right of each individual to have an independent self-governed life. I soon saw that class privilege must give place to individual freedom of opportunity. Distinctions between persons may continue, necessary variations of types there must be; but my eyes were opened to the fact that the present basis of classification is neither reasonable nor just. Not only is it unjust that in present conditions some people work hard from morn till night without a fair recompense, while others without laboring for it have more than they can use, but the present method is also foolishly wasteful of good human material. I had a deep desire to help to mend this injustice, to help to stem this waste. Henceforth, through good and evil re-

ports, I decided that Socialism was to be my creed.

It was a good many years after this incident that my thoughts were clear enough and my decision strong enough to enable me to make a political stand. But the following extract from a speech I made at Warwick comes in here as a fitting sequel to the memorable interview in Fleet Street.

The occasion was the first Socialist meeting ever held in Warwick town, at which Will Thorne, M.P., and Jack Jones, M.P., well-known Socialists, were present. I said:

"You know I have lived among you now for twenty years and in all these years I have tried my best to work with you honestly and with enthusiasm in all that appertains to the advantage of the town and neighborhood. Therefore do not judge me hardly when I tell you that the remaining years of my life will be given to Socialism. You know in this town when I first came here how many interests I tried to serve. For nine years I was elected to the Board of Guardians here. I worked with Church and Chapel and with all the various philanthropic societies in this town with enthusiasm and good faith, but I found them all—all sects, all religions—arrayed on the side of reaction, on the side of vested interests. I knew that if I went on for the next nine years, and for nine years after that, until old age crept on me, I should get no further—we should just be going on in the same way. The hungry children's cry is ever in our ears; the tramp of the unemployed is still heard, unemployed as many of them are by reason of physical deterioration which makes them incapable

of employment. There is still the sight of the aged behind the workhouse wall. Of what possible use is it to plaster this state of things with philanthropy? The biggest checks can only touch the fringe of all this.

"Have you ever thought it out in the kindness and goodness of your philanthropic hearts? Whatever you give is lost in the great swamp of charity which paralyzes so much effort in this country. We do not want Charity. The workers do not want Charity. We want people who shall have a pride in the glory of their country, and we have got to make it possible for them to have this pride. William Morris's words express what I would say: 'Go on living while you may, striving with whatsoever pain and labor that needs must be, to build up little by little a new day of fellowship, rest, and happiness.'

"Friends, that day is coming. We may not live to see it, but our children will. All over the world growing disquiet is manifest. Dismiss the thought as you may, salve your consciences as you may with religious maxims and philanthropic doles, you cannot evade the great coming of Socialism. Perhaps years hence, in old age, we may meet again and you will see that the people have gone on working out their own salvation.

"I thank you for listening to me. I felt that I owed some little explanation to Warwick town for being on this platform in a cause in which I believe and in which my life will henceforth be spent."

When I try to analyze the motives that led me to become a Socialist, I come back to the same thought.

There had always stirred within me a passion against injustice. My early crude efforts to alleviate the conditions of the poor people within my reach, convinced me that mere personal effort was almost useless. At most I could only help certain small groups during my own short life, and perhaps rouse the feelings and consciences of a few other people to do their part on similar lines. But the more I did and the more I spent, the more sure I became that bigger, more fundamental measures were necessary. The problem was not personal nor even political, it was economic. The Socialism of William Morris appealed to my idealism, but to ally myself with political Socialism seemed the only practical step to take to get anywhere at all in surmounting the apparently insuperable difficulties that beset the efforts of the philanthropist. All this is so old-fashioned that I should blush to put it into words, were it not that I feel that the present generation, instead of taking the changes of the past thirty years for granted, ought to know how the social problems of yesterday were faced by private individuals as well as by groups of political workers and thinkers.

In mentioning my hatred of injustice to human beings which has been an intense emotion that has had to find an outlet, there has always been included my deep love for animals and an ardent desire to help to safeguard them against cruelty. It seems natural, therefore, to tell here of another and an earlier "call" that made itself heard through the fog of youths' illusions. I am afraid it was with something of a wry smile that I was reminded of this as I read a very

old letter that I turned up recently. It was from that mighty hunter, Lord Willoughby de Broke, grandfather of the present peer, and Master of the Warwickshire Hounds for a lifetime. Commendation from the old M.F.H., is, in effect, my badge of honor as a horsewoman. The letter runs:

"Oh, how I wish that young B. had not headed that fox. You were going so well. I was at the very top of the covert when Tom halloaed the fox away and got a shocking start. But I kept my eye on you, and when I got up to you I did not try to pass you. I did not know whether I could have done so if I had tried, but it was such a pleasure to me to watch you ride. It is sad to think that our pleasant season is over, but as I told you, nearly all the pleasure to me consisted in your being out with me. I do hope we may have one or two more together before I get too old. I think the enclosed cutting from the *Sporting Times* will amuse you. Perhaps you will send it on to our mutual friend the Master of the Quorn.[1] I dare not . . ."

The letter goes on:

"Fancy that foolish old X got sky-larking on his way home last night and took a toss and broke his collar-bone. Old de S. (a French guest) got talking to R. C. last night about hunting dress and said he noticed people here wore what he called 'harmonium' boots. He meant 'concertina.'" . . .

I know well the thrill of galloping on a good horse over high Leicestershire at the tail of the hounds, with no thought of the little red beast's agony, or the sickening meanness of digging him out of his only

[1] Lord Lonsdale.

refuge, "mother earth." Remembering the place that hunting held in my life, it is not to be supposed that my ear was open in my youth to arguments against such an exhilarating pastime. The argument against hunting did come to me, however, and from a most unexpected quarter.

A certain lady was noted in my girlhood as a hard rider across country. She was renowned for horsemanship on seven stones weight. Suddenly to the surprise of her world, she left Leicestershire and sold her horses, and not long afterwards she died. I never knew the lady, but in her retirement she wrote to me an extraordinary letter. She said that I was young and in the hey-day of my influence with men, and asked if I would not use that influence on the side of the hunted creatures? I did not respond to that appeal, but it pricked me. After that, I was conscious of a little skulking consciousness during my three days a week hunting. The voice that for many years spoke unheeded, became too insistent after the War broke out. From the time that our first trainload of wounded reached the Red Cross Hospitals in 1914, I seemed to get a new insight into the motives that prompted that letter of the horsewoman of so many years ago. I have never willingly seen hounds again.

Perhaps I have not made clear my linking up this question with the War. If we have learnt anything from those years of carnage it is that life is sacred —a wonderful divine spark that no thinking being can ever again lightly quench for the pleasure of so-called sport. I am not alone in this feeling. Men

friends—themselves crack shots—have told me that although they formerly enjoyed the shooting season, they no longer can find pleasure in killing birds or ground game, from a new feeling of reluctance to take life of any kind.

As for women, there is joy to be had in attaining skill in sports that have no trail of blood, and pleasure and interest to be found in doing work that will help the world. For myself, I confess to having had a prick of shame even in my former thoughtless years when riding my horse home after the Hunt if I met tired workmen returning home after their day's work. My day's record was of precious hours spent in wasteful idleness, while these men had been adding to the productiveness of their country. I hope I make this confession without any trace of priggishness and that sister women will understand.

My feeling against hunting wild animals for pleasure eventually found voice. There is, of course, nothing in the argument that the hunting of the fox has extermination in view, for the creature is carefully preserved for sport. But worse still is the hunting of the red deer, one of the most beautiful creatures in existence. The horrid cruelty of this sport has been made plain lately and everywhere public opinion is vocal. I hope before long this evil thing will be forbidden.

It is scarcely a record to be proud of to to say that there are eight Women Masters of Harriers in this country.[1] The agony of the hunted hare is indescribable. The Bible phrase "my bones melted like water"

[1] Women Masters of Foxhounds, 7; Masters of Harriers, 8.

is, I believe, literally true of the effect of fear on this timid wild animal, for the bones of the hare in its death-agony are found to have become a soft, shapeless mass. How can any woman take the lead in such a sport?

Killing for necessity should be speedy and painless, but well-nourished followers of the Hunts should recognize that killing for pleasure is a form of Sadism. If they want riding for well-being they can easily enjoy this healthful exercise, as I enjoy it daily, without giving pain to some wild creature.

Nor did the false argument of the trade in horses, and in hay and corn, and the employment given at the hunting centers bear scrutiny. These are all in the same luxury category as that old Warwick Fancy Ball.

A Leicestershire farmer said to me last winter that there is no possible compensation to him for broken fences and trodden-down cereals and pasture, nor for the depredations of foxes in his poultry yard, nor for the cattle escaping through open gates. The Hunt invariably leaves a trail of destruction behind it, and for all this it merely flings a trifle to the "Poultry Fund." One thing is certain, many farmers can no longer afford timber for fencing, and the wire barricades that take its place will eventually do much to curtail "Sport."

For those who still enjoy the exhilarating gallop over fences, may I ask: "What about the Drag Hunt?"

When I get on the subject of protecting wild life I am reminded of a true animal lover, the late Sir

Harry Johnston. The first time he came to Easton, he went round with me visiting all my pets. When we came to the monkeys Sir Harry entered one of the houses and immediately the monkeys came crowding round him. He sat in their midst and monkeys scrambled all over him, played with his watch and treated him like a brother. Sir Harry said that it was the same with the wild monkeys in Africa. They never feared him nor he them.

My children were so accustomed to strange animals that they never doubted the advent of a new pet, however wild. When the Prince of Wales once happened to come to see us at Easton on a first of April, and sent a message to the schoolroom to Guy and Queenie, my two eldest children, to say that he had seen a bear in the garden and urging them to come down and look for it, the children made all haste to obey. They searched in vain for the bear, and on their return through the stable regions they met the Prince who enjoyed telling them it was All Fools' Day.

I had then a pet elephant which spent its time partly at Warwick and partly at Easton. When I bought the elephant it was a mere baby and very attractive and manageable. It would trot after me anywhere, even following me into the dining-room and helping itself to a roll from my plate. Little by little it grew until it was seventeen hands high. Then it became a danger. It rolled over upon and killed a little donkey that had always been its playmate. I feared some injury to the stableman who looked after it, so I gave the elephant to a retired animal trainer

who lived at Leamington and had ample accommodation.

It was this same elephant that gave a waggish visitor to Warwick his opportunity. There was a notice board at the entrance saying: "This way to the Castle," and someone prefixed the words: "To the Elephant and," making it read "This way to the Elephant and Castle." Londoners will know that the "Elephant and Castle" is the name of a famous public house in Camberwell which lends its glamour to a tram and bus junction.

Another amusing wild pet that I had was an ant bear. It would sleep on my bed at night and was very clean and tractable. It had one naughty prejudice. It could not resist the footmen's silk-stockinged calves. "Antie Bear," as we called it, might be curled up in its basket apparently sound asleep, but should a footman enter the room to put coals on the fire, the animal would make straight for the man's legs and give him a nip. Then down would go the coal scuttle with a bang and the man would be off. Silken calves were irresistible to Antie Bear. For the rest the creature was quite harmless and used to go with me anywhere. One day Antie Bear and I were out walking when suddenly the Quorn Hounds appeared. I was very much afraid that there would be trouble. I thought the hounds might tear the creature limb from limb. While I was wondering what I should do, Antie Bear made a quick decision and jumped into my arms. In a minute I was surrounded by the pack, the hounds

sniffing curiously at the stranger but no harm was done.

The idea of a Sanctuary came to me first very many years ago, when, an impetuous schoolgirl, I was delighted to get away from my long-suffering governess, jump on my pony, and canter off to the woods. Even as a child I hated the shooting season, and took no interest in the house-parties that assembled in the winter to shoot the coverts at Easton Park. I knew that if I lived I should some day have the deciding voice in these matters, and though I might not be willing to interfere with the sport of my husband and his friends, I would at least set aside a part of the park as a house of refuge for all the harmless things that men pursue. Perhaps the Cities of Refuge of which I read in the Bible had something to do with the idea, for if men who had committed crime should have a place to which they might fly, why should not the pheasants and partridges, hares and rabbits, that were quite innocent, have some corner of the woods to which even the head-keeper should be forbidden to bring his gun, his dogs, and his snares?

In rambles through the park I came across an old cottage of which the foundations were stone, a cottage with a high vaulted room. It was remote from everywhere save the little village of Canfield, a mile or more away, and only those who know the byways would find it through a maze of field-paths and hedgerows. Stone Hall, as the place was named, was a religious house in times of old. In all prob-

ability it suffered at the Reformation, as so many of our Essex abbeys and monasteries did. Even to-day, when some of the very spacious farm-houses are pulled down or rebuilt, their ecclesiastical origin is revealed. In all probability they were transformed in haste to avoid destruction. I should not have thought Stone Hall could have been discovered even by King Henry VIII's Commissioners; perhaps the building fell gradually into decay, or the monks or nuns found the people afraid to be helpful or friendly. I can picture them leaving for more hospitable shores, and all the more perishable part of their home falling gradually to ruin. But as the stones at least were invulnerable, and the oak paneling and beams enjoyed time's assaults, only the character of the place changed as it shrank in size. I think a hermit might well have lived there at one time, but my actual memory is of two harmless old ladies who passed the last of their quiet lives in that woodland shelter, and then an under-keeper succeeded, and after a time—at the age of nineteen, to be exact—I married and claimed my inheritance, and began to deal with Stone Hall in the light of my own long-pondered wishes.

In the first place the old character of the house was restored. The oak beams were stripped, the paneling uncovered, and a garden was taken from the surrounding woodland so carefully that no tree that might be saved was sacrificed, and to-day, in the summer season at least, you may be within a few yards of the house and yet not discover it. Having gone so far, I announced my further intentions. I

My Hungarian Team, by Lynwood Palmer

My Daughter and I on Goldfinch and Snowball,
by Lynwood Palmer

would have a Garden of Friendship and a Shakespeare Garden. Above all, the garden and wood surrounding it were to be complete sanctuary. I bought a badger and turned him out there, forgetting at the time, in my simplicity, that I should have bought a pair if I wished the harmless and much-persecuted animal to remain. Foxes, hares, and rabbits needed no invitation, and though I was very keen in those days on the hunting-field, loving everything but the kill, and my woods were open to the hunt, this sanctuary was inviolate. Not even the pheasants might be driven out for the benefit of a shooting-party, however distinguished. I wrote a book, or perhaps I should say an essay, on my Garden of Friendship more than thirty years ago, and I find, when I turn to it, that I mentioned the question of sanctuary there at a time when nobody seemed to realize either that wild life has any rights, or that a suitable place should be reserved for it beyond the reach of "sportsmen."

For my own part I confess to an ever-growing impatience with those who destroy life for amusement, and in so doing not only hurt the better part of themselves, but lose countless friends. I am in sober earnest when I declare that the wildest of wild things will give their friendship if we will proffer ours. The bird and the beast fly or run from us only because we persecute them. The first bird that comes to my mind in this connection is the wood-pigeon. In the country it will not allow you to come within shooting distance; men must hide to destroy it, or join "beats" over miles of country. But in St. James's

Park in London this wildest of wild birds is as tame as the pelican. I learned, as the years passed, that the shyness of beast and bird is not of their making, but of ours, and in the woods that I kept apart from "sport," wild life went its way with very little heed for the stray visitor whose only purpose was to watch.

Through all these years my Garden of Friendship grew until it was full of trees and flowering shrubs and perennials, each with its name-plate to tell of the donor; but in making that garden I had forgotten one significant truth—I had overlooked as we do when we are young, the swift passage of the years, the limits of our sojourn here, the chances of accidents in life. So it happened that when, after a few hours with my books in Stone Hall, I went to my garden at my favorite hour, the late afternoon, when all the birds are singing, I found constant reminders of dear friends who had passed on. In place of the peace and tranquillity, the keen sense of pleasure I had found aforetime, there came floods of sad memories, for Death had taken the young as well as the old, had stilled great brains and noble hearts, and had brought rarest beauty to the dust. Gradually I shrank from that garden, gave no instructions for its maintenance, and so for some years it fell into disorder. Perhaps while we are still young we are rebels; certainly as the journey lengthens, we tend to accept the duties and the troubles life imposes upon us with greater patience because we know that they are alike for all.

Something took me back to my garden one fine evening in late April, and I found that most of the

souvenirs had survived, though they were growing haphazard. The soil is fertile—the leaf-mold of centuries lies inches deep. I found, too, that I had new friends; the garden was alive with song. There were nightingales and whitethroats, blackbirds and thrushes—they had not left the memorials unattended. On the following morning there was a gardener at work, and I told him he was to let me know when everything was in order. I think it must have been a month later when I received the summons, and found the place as I had known it. The total casualties were not a dozen in all, and these were replaced. Then I turned to consider the best use to which the garden and the covering woodlands could be put, and the thought came to me to make a special sanctuary to which the real Nature-lover might have access, and with that idea I bought nesting-boxes and had them set up in places that seemed suitable.

It may be that birds are most interested in these boxes when they offer them a way out of a difficulty. If there be no suitable nesting site, a bird will gladly take to a box; but if every kind of natural shelter abounds, birds will reject the artificial ones—at least, this is my experience, and the experience of some of my friends. Every kind of bird to be found in Essex may be met in the woods here. Every migrant comes, but they prefer to choose their own homes, and it happens often that a nesting-box prepared for a rare visitor is taken over by a squirrel. It is only now and again that I am rewarded by finding that one of the houses holds the tenants for whom it was planned.

This reminds me that Bernard Shaw, after strolling around my Sanctuary one day, laughed at my artificial nests. He said that no bird would be fool enough to be taken in by such palpable fakes. He himself had once placed a most gaudy doll's house in a tree and found that it was coveted by the birds for nesting.

This unwillingness to nest is a small matter beside the confidence that exists between me and my friends of the wild. I think it is no boast—merely a statement of sober truth—that nothing flies or runs as I approach. The rabbits may cease from feeding and sit up for a moment with ears sharp-pointed, but they are soon at their ease again. The thrush does not cease his pursuit of worms, and will even come within a few yards to hammer the shell from an unfortunate snail which I am powerless to help. In the winter the pheasants stalk across the lawn and roost in the trees as though conscious that they are beyond the reach of guns. Sometimes the wild duck fly from the ponds in the park and feed with the water-hens and the pigeons, and all the smaller birds respond to my call and wait expectant when they see me coming from the house with a basket on my arm. In the springtime I can sometimes find the nests of our residents and visitors, and the mother-bird will remain on her eggs, a little mistrustful at first, but gradually gaining confidence. The missel-thrush is the only exception, and he cannot choose but chide.

To those who love the life of our fields and woods and hedgerows it is hardly necessary for me to talk

of the pleasure that is born of this confidence, or the sense of regret that so many people, who could share if they would, prefer to excite fear rather than confidence. I feel that if men and women would but enjoy the confidence that may be won, even for a little while, they could never turn again to weapons of destruction, they would rather be despised for their inability to take life than be praised for their skill with shot-gun or rifle.

When W. H. Hudson, the naturalist, passed, when that long life, lightened through many dark places by love for the younger brothers of humanity, came to an end, I thought it might be possible to establish the Stone Hall sanctuary on a more clearly defined basis. So, one sunny day in the summer some two years ago, a few friends came down from Town, and from the country round, and there, in the Garden of Friendship, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, who was one of Hudson's intimates, dedicated the sanctuary to the memory of the great naturalist. The weather favored us, the garden and its approaches wore their brightest colors in honor of the occasion, the birds sang with a good grace. Among bird friends who gathered that day there were the Massinghams, S. L. Bensusan and Mrs. Reginald McKenna.

Naturalists and Nature-lovers will be welcomed. There will be a collection of Hudson's works in Stone Hall, and I hope and believe that many students will spend happy hours in the sylvan seclusion where, in times long past, devotees gave their lives to God and their service to their fellow-men.

I have not written thus in order to deal in detail with my sanctuary, but rather to plead for more sanctuaries. There are few large landowners in England who could not establish one or more. Many have done so. But we cannot all own estates, and this is well, for they are becoming anachronisms, and have been for years past a burden rather than a boon. On the other hand, many of us have gardens, and there are plenty of public parks in which the establishment of a small sanctuary would serve a very useful purpose. We have to teach the young that it is an inglorious thing to rob a bird's nest, and we have to teach them, when they reach man's estate, that blood sports are indefensible; we can do this better by the aid of a sanctuary than by any other means. Let us interest the children, let us awaken them to a sense of the pleasures awaiting them when bird and beast welcome their coming and wait for their return. At present we have made a friend of the dog, the cat, and the caged bird, but how much better it would be if we had no birds in cages and all birds ready to hail us as friends!

No expense worth mentioning is involved in the upkeep of a sanctuary. When winter comes, I put up a few cocoanuts for the tit-mice, and spread a little corn. If snow is on the ground, it is necessary to increase the supply, because so many birds, too independent to visit me in ordinary times, forget their pride, and there is a scramble for the wheat, the maize and the breadcrumbs and scraps. There is much waste in the average household even to-day when times are difficult, but I think I may claim that

I have none. When a slice of stale bread will feed a couple of hungry rabbits or a dozen hungry birds, it must not be thrown away. When the spring comes, say from April on, wild life is self-supporting. With November it is necessary to be on the *qui vive*, and at the first sign of distress to render aid. Nobody knows how many of the birds we all love die of hunger when frost grips the land for a day or two. I know the number must be great, because I used to find the dead bodies when I walked abroad. It is a rare discovery to-day. Blackbirds, finches, robins, thrushes, scores of songsters that make our country life attractive, may die for a lack of a little help just because we are thoughtless. What is true of the country is also true of the suburbs and the towns, and if any householder who possesses a garden doubts what I say, let him try a cocoanut cut in half and hang up each piece by a string from a fairly high tree branch. Then let him watch his visitors. Tit-mice take quite a long time to eat a cocoanut. Of the other birds that haunt our gardens, the robin will come and eat out of your hand, and several kinds can be brought up to feed at your feet. I can remember how delightful the storks' nests are in Germany and Holland. Sometimes the birds build on the roofs of the houses. Very often a cart-wheel is set up on a pole to make a platform for their nest, and the children never interfere with eggs or young. It is thought a good omen if the stork sets up house with you. In the State forests of Germany nest-boxes are set up, and bird-nesting is practically unknown. Here, if a stork does venture so far as our

East Coast, the first fool with a gun shoots it and writes a letter to the local papers that all may know of his passion for destruction. In hard winters we get rare visitors. Few escape with their lives. The law about the protection of our rarer visitors is strict, but unfortunately it is not enforced with rigor, and in the case—the rare case—of a prosecution, our county magistrates appear to regard the offense as a trifling one, just as so many of them regard other forms of cruelty.

I fear we cannot educate the elderly; we must begin with the young. We must interest and instruct them; give them sympathy, and forbearance will come. I was advised that schoolboys might do damage in the park, and that the sanctuary might be desecrated. I am convinced that this is not so. I take a pleasure in the thought that, years hence, some who are doing their best to protect another generation of birds and beasts may say that they learned their first lesson in that duty in the sanctuary at Stone Hall.

CHAPTER VIII

INSPIRING FRIENDSHIPS

"THE SPLENDID PAUPERS"—W. T. STEAD AND THE PARISHIONER —THE PRINCE AND THE WORKHOUSE—MY VISIT TO AMERICA—LIVID SQUIRES—JOSEPH ARCH—H.R.H. HARANGUED

ALTHOUGH I like to flatter myself that I have always followed any line of thought and action that has seemed good to me, uninfluenced by man or woman, I am glad to offer grateful thanks for the amazing and splendid friendships that have been my portion during more than half a century of a vivid and absorbing life.

Among others, I like to remember my friendship with W. T. Stead, a remarkable man in his day. When his daughter, Miss Estelle Stead, was good enough recently to send me a bunch of my own old letters to her father, the re-reading of these after a lapse of about thirty years seemed to me to be something of a test of the nature of the friendship they expressed. In giving some extracts from this little bundle of letters, it will be seen that Mr. Stead and I were at that time mainly concerned with benevolently coöpting, commandeering, and enlisting the sympathies of the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII) in the various schemes we nursed for bettering the race, or the country, or of allying him with some cause or movement that beckoned to our idealism. These letters, incidentally, therefore, served to throw light

on that other, more important and equally true and interesting friendship, with which the then Prince of Wales honored me.

Mr. Stead had such unbounded faith in my influence for good that he said he regarded me as the priest of the parish, and always referred to the Prince in his letters to me as a "parishioner." [1]

Mr. Stead was ever the frankest of men. From our first meeting he took me to task for the frivolity of my life, until I found myself defending my position by asking him seriously what I could do other than slumming, giving to charities, and taking part in the various philanthropic activities that sought my patronage. He pointed out that useful, practical work could be done by women as school-managers, Poor Law Guardians, and so on. Shortly after this I put up for election on the Warwick Board of Guardians, and I remained on that Board, as I have said before, for nine years. I can never set too high a value on the experience I gained on the Board and on various committees, and I look back on at least two lasting reforms that my four fellow-women members and I worked for and got from a united and converted Board. One reform was to get trained nurses in the Infirmary at night. It had been the custom to provide nurses for sick inmates by day, but to leave the sick to the care of able-bodied paupers during the night. Another of our reforms was to remove from the workhouse the children past babyhood and to appoint foster mothers to care for them in private

[1] See *Life of W. T. Stead*, by Frederic Whyte, Vol. II, p. 10, for the account of Mr. Stead's meeting with Lady Warwick and the Prince of Wales.

homes in Warwick and Leamington. These "homes" have benefited hundreds of children who would otherwise have been labeled paupers from their infancy, and would have missed the care of a home "mother."

On being asked on one occasion if I regretted my work on the Board of Guardians my reply was:

"Regret it? It is one of the delights of my life. There is nothing that has given me more pleasure than to feel that I am able, even in ever so small a way, to help in the responsible discharge of the duties to the poor and infirm among us. It used to be heartbreaking to go into the workhouse and see the old people living there, unemployed, or without anything to amuse them, day after day, week after week, and year after year. The Brabazon scheme was very excellent, and has since been extended and developed. At present it has greatly benefited the old people, some of whom have found quite a new joy in life since they have learned to knit, and to do all manner of things which bed-ridden persons can do, but there is still a great field for the benevolent, both in visiting Infirmaries and in taking a personal interest in some of the sick people, whether they are old or young. It is no good dealing with humanity wholesale; you need to grapple with each case, taking individual by individual."

How little any of us could have foreseen then the introduction of the miracle of wireless. Installations are so common in our Poor Law Institutions now that the long days of boredom may be said to have been chased away for ever.

Mr. Stead's counsel was always disinterested. His zeal for good causes was so genuine that he attracted everyone within his ken who had an atom of public spirit, and inspired them to do their best. His interest in spiritualism found me much less sympathetic, but the following is interesting as it shows that Mr. Stead believed that he had telepathic communication with me and that I had supplied him with a phrase, the "Splendid Paupers." He wrote thus: "In the 'Splendid Paupers' I had the advantage of a first-rate title which I owed to the Countess of Warwick in the famous auto-telepathic interview which took place between us when she was at Dunrobin and I was at Dover. There was a fine audacity about the phrase which only an aristocrat could have displayed. Nor could my title have more happily suggested the central idea in the author's mind. The threatened disappearance of the old order, which at least paid some deference to the maxim *noblesse oblige*, and its supersession by a new brood of plutocrats who owed no homage to anything but the dollar, seemed to me an unblessed consummation, the full developments of which were but imperfectly realized by those among whom the change was actually in progress."

When Mr. Stead wrote to me on the subject, I replied as follows:

Dear Mr. Stead,

I am very much interested in what my hand wrote to you, and should much like to see what I *did* say. At the same time I cease not to apprehend that your communication with "spooks" will interfere with the pleasure of your earthly friends, and I mistrust Julia. There are pleas-

ant people staying here. My sister Blanchie Lennox, Lord Houghton, Mr. H. Chaplin, Lord Stalbridge, and Mr. George (N.) Curzon. My other sister, the Duchess, has written a little story which has been accepted by the *National Review,* written under the name of "Erskine Tower."

You have enthused me by what you told me formerly of your daily paper and imperial federation idea on a grand scale. Now can we not put it into serious practice and become the regenerators of our age? When you have finished your Christmas story, I would suggest your going to America to find a millionaire who simply wants a motive given him for spending his hoards. I feel sure you could stir up a wild ambition in some man of millions to help to found an ideal union between the whole English-speaking race. You are kind enough to say that I could do the part of reigning over the social side. We should have the background of Warwick Castle—a place reverenced by Americans. (My husband wholeheartedly agreed with me that Warwick Castle should be used for greater than personal ends.) This would aid the scheme in the eyes of your millionaire. For a millionaire we must have, as money is the one thing needed in this grand idea. The paper will cost a great deal for the staff must be of the best. You yourself will be the mainspring of the whole thing. For the remaining years of our lives we can make history. No one else has had such a scheme, for the men of brains are too poor, and the men with the money are either too stupid or lack the social position which alone can perfect the scheme.

Mr. Stead did ultimately bring his great daily paper scheme to fruition, but even his enthusiasm was not enough to make the paper a success. There were too many difficulties to be met and his strength was not equal to the effort.

The next letter shows how inspiring Mr. Stead was as a recipient of letters in which I tried out my various educational and other schemes. He was always a serious, critical, and encouraging counselor.

DEAR MR. STEAD,

This week I am going to Cowes to spend a few days with the invalid (Parishioner). Probably there will be no chance of our meeting before I return early in October, so I am going to try to talk to you on paper, to lay before you the great scheme for making this Castle the center and meeting-place of all *workers* in the English-speaking world. It would be my share in the progress of the Empire as understood by the "secret Brotherhood" we know of. I like Mrs. V. very much. She is earnest and sympathetic, enthusiastic and able, and all this counts for much, doesn't it? Her impressions of Englishwomen were interesting. Now for the three schemes of the past six months.

1. My technical and science school near Dunmow for the rural population is answering so well that I have given a large country house as a boarding-house for boys *and* girls between 12 and 16 years old. The house will hold 50. We have a lovely garden and farm and the agricultural and horticultural side will be developed and bees and poultry and butter-making will go on after lesson hours. It is to me an ideal colony and I shall send you the prospectus. It has taken a lot of work.

2. My agricultural scheme for Women is developing rapidly on one side, viz.: a hostel in connection with the Oxford University Extension College at Reading and I found a house holding about 50 boarders with charming garden for experiment. I have secured the support of £200 from Lord Wantage, and the Huntleys, Palmers, Suttons, all Reading people have come forward with sympathy and support, and money, and we hope to start off

at the beginning of next term with a dozen earnest students. Mr. Sutton has given the free use of his wonderful seed trial grounds for the students, which will be invaluable, and there is a splendidly equipped dairy too. I enclose you copy of my Agreement with the College, if it will not bore you to glance at it. The "settlement" part of the scheme will be evolved from the "Hostel" later. Do you approve?

3. My "Needlework School," of which the Depôt in Bond Street is the outward and visible sign, has grown so much, and I have so many people wanting to apprentice girls to learn embroidery, dressmaking, millinery, that I am opening more workrooms, and taking a big house to board all the girls under one roof, with a sympathetic matron to bring a happy influence to bear on the side of life other than the mere workaday part for these workgirls. Then I am hoping, once this house is established, to get County Councils and Boards of Guardians to send me girls to train and teach. Some of my old girls are now earning £1 a week and two of them 30s. so you see it pays them well.

Besides all this, I have my usual "Guardian" work here, my Cripples' Hospital, and endless small things that I manage. So you see I have not much leisure and I cannot write to you as often as I would like to do.

The "Parishioner" bears his enforced idleness well. I have been to visit him and the Princess at Marlborough House. A Minister has asked me to use what influence I have to inducing him (the P.) to make a "rapprochement" between the German Emperor and the Royal Family here if possible. I really think we ought to ally ourselves with Germany, as clearly Russia means to snub us, and France will follow suit and we ought to have an ally in Europe, and until America gets together an Army and Navy our alliance with her is mere sentiment. But the "Parishioner" loathes the German Emperor. What do you think of G. C.'s appointment? He knows the East and the Eastern

question well, so ought to do better than xxx. The appointment to xxxx is ridiculous, a real "job." They are just Society people like the Blanks are, without their money.

Where is Madame Novikoff? I want to know John Burns. May I use your name as an introduction? What a lot of questions. How splendidly Mr. Rhodes is doing. He ought to win. Now sit down and write me a long letter for I deserve it, don't I?

My baby boy is such a treasure. He is quite beautiful, with large blue eyes and long black eyelashes and lots of fair hair. He is 2 feet 7 inches high, and weighs 15 lbs., and is 4½ months old, and has 4 teeth ready to come through. Ask Mrs. Stead if that is not a wonder!" (The baby referred to here is my second, now only surviving, son, Maynard.)

The following letter was written after the luncheon I arranged for the Prince of Wales and Mr. Stead referred to before:

50. South Audley Street, W.,
25th Jan.

Dear Mr. Stead,

What must you think of me? Well, I was very ill indeed after I saw you at our luncheon-party here, and I had to rise up and do all my Christmas duties (as Mayoress) and for a fortnight I did nothing but work to make the festive season pleasant for *others,* and five Christmas-trees in addition took much arranging. The Workhouse inmates, tenants, employees, servants, postmen, tramwaymen, railways people, cabmen, school-children, mistresses and masters of schools of all denominations, Sunday School scholars and teachers, added to the proper entertaining of the Municipality, and one's own family and

Easton Lodge Today (North View)

Easton Lodge Today (South View)

neighbors and friends, makes Christmas a horror to me. But it all had to be done and I then fled to Easton to repeat the same (in a milder form) *there*. Then a large party of friends came last week for Hunt and Hospital Balls. All this will tell you how impossible quiet times have been in which to write to a friend like yourself. I was in London a week ago, and sent down to your office to see if by chance you were there, but no such luck for me. However, I hope ere long that we may arrange to meet again.

The "Parishioner" wrote me the day after you lunched here thanking me for giving him the opportunity of meeting a "remarkable man who made a far more favorable impression on me than I ever believed possible." He added, "Some day I hope to hear from you the impression *I* made on *him*." I am so glad that you both mutually pleased each other, for I mean that that mutual feeling shall grow into a mutual friendship some day. I shall be up in London again about the 11th and would like to see you and I have a lot of advice to ask of you. I am off now to Warwick. Write me there and believe me always to be

Yours in sincerest friendship,
F. E. WARWICK.

Unfortunately the replies to these letters were destroyed in the Easton fire, but even a one-sided correspondence serves to give an idea of the subjects that interested thinking men and women of that time, and the following letters from Mr. Stead speak for themselves:

The Countess of Warwick, Cannes.
April 10th, 1896.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

First and foremost, I earnestly hope that, if you are

not able to compel your Parishioner to go to the Coronation,[1] that you will see to it that his eldest Son accompanies his Uncle. I am afraid that the good position which your Parishioner gained at the Funeral of Alexander may be sacrificed at the Coronation of Nicolas. I am uneasy about how things are going between Russia and England. The Russians are uneasy about this advance to Dongola, and the more active spirits are casting about for opportunities to make trouble in India and Afghanistan. I heard to-day that the Russians believed we were going to send 30,000 Indian troops to Suakim, and that, in order to check this movement, the Tzar ordered the extension of the Central Asian railway through Persia down to the neighborhood of Herat. Further, the Russians are said to be meditating an intervention in Kaffristan, the inhabitants of which country are sending deputations to St. Petersburg, and, generally opening the way for Russia to intervene, although Kaffristan lies altogether to the South of the line agreed upon between Russia and England as the boundary of their respective spheres of influence. Of course, I do not think that the Russians will interfere with Kaffristan. If they did, it would practically be equivalent to a declaration not of war, but of hostility, which might at any moment terminate in war. Our true policy, it seems to me, would be to strengthen and widen the good understanding arrived at between your Parishioner and the Tzar at the funeral. This might be done in two or three ways: (1) by a frank exposition of our desire to work with Russia, and not against her, (2) by a proposal to negotiate a commercial treaty for drawing the two countries more closely together. It may be all of no use, but I think that it is well worth trying, and we have a better chance now than we are likely to have hereafter. I know, of course, how difficult it is for your Parishioner to go to Moscow, but he might, at least, send his eldest Son. I should much prefer if he could go himself.

[1] I hear that the mother-grandmother will not hear of anyone going but Connaught.

It may be the last opportunity he may have of visiting the Tzar in his own capital, and he could never do so under better auspices.

Yours sincerely,
W. T. Stead.

Holly Bush,
Hayling Island,
Hants,
March 11, 1897.

My dear Lady,

I was so very, very sorry to read in the evening paper last night the news of your second accident.

Really, I think I was right when I told the Parishioner that for the good of the Commonweal we ought to interdict your hunting.

But perhaps it is impossible in any other way for the restless energy of our Lady of Warwick to be dammed up for a season. Some horses can be checked with a silken thread—others have mouths like iron and wills like Lucifer.

I do wish that in steering you for a quiet haven where you can be for a little space of time alone, Providence did not have to break a limb or dislocate a joint.

But these things are in wiser hands than ours. And I can to this extent sympathize with the Higher Powers. If the only way in which they can get a *tête-à-tête* with Lady Warwick is to throw her while hunting—well, there is some excuse for them. At least I fear I should not be proof against that temptation! Am I not selfish?

Seriously though these enforced resting-times are not the least useful periods of our life. You must need many fallows for you live so fast and use up your energy so recklessly. You cannot be always cropping even your own field.

What I am afraid of is that this elbow will not be sufficient to lay you up properly! That it will be only a painful worrying cripplement without compelling you to "lay

your deadly doing down" and be alone for a season with the Invisible and Higher Self.

I have not been in London now for two months and as things are I feel in no mood to go.

But the Spring is here and the larks sing my matin-song every morning as I lie awake for I am all by myself alone in this cottage near the sea.

I have not seen Rhodes or anybody. I commend to your notice the third article on the Queen and the article on Crete in the *Review of Reviews*.

I am busy with the Queen as Defender of the Faith—from a quite new standpoint, viz., that as Sex is the Sinai of all religion the Family is the original Church of the World and the Queen as wife and mother has set an example which entitles her to be regarded as Head of the Church! There! That is enough for to-day. If you are ill enough I will write you every day. If not I will not trouble you.

I am, Yours ever gratefully,

W. T. STEAD.

WARWICK CASTLE,
May 19th.

MY DEAR MR. STEAD,

I really feel that some dreadful thing is going to interpose—a fate—or a fury—to prevent us from ever meeting again. Months of pent-up ideas I want to discuss with you; months of arrears on *your* part—of your schemes and plans and hopes—to relate to me, and never a day have we found to renew the friendship that has been so firm between us for so many a year. Happily, though needing renewal, our friendship is never likely to be extinguished. This week was a real disappointment. I returned from a busy time in Essex to find the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry in possession of this house—every room filled—and my husband entertaining them royally. Your wire asked could you "rely on a quiet evening with *me*." Well, I couldn't truthfully reply yes, and I did not

feel justified in luring you all this way when we should *never* have had time to discuss all the many things that interest us both. This "soldiering" is over on Saturday, and now I must really fix up a date on which to see you, *please,* my dear friend, or I shall feel that matters are becoming really serious. The worst of London is that the "Parishioner" claims so much of my time during the rare visits I pay there now, and I see him so seldom that I feel generally obliged to fall in with his leisure time. I have written him asking when he is free. I cannot get to London till Monday night. I fear the "Parishioner" goes racing all day Tuesday and will therefore wish to come that evening. Could you therefore manage luncheon. If not, could you come and spend Bank Holiday—Whit Monday or Tuesday *here?* Think over all this, dear friend, and wire me. I will not write of other things. I want to say them.

Yours ever sincerely,
F. E. Warwick.

Then come two letters which seem to fit in, the one being a reply to the other:

Holly Bush,
Hayling Island,
Hants,
August 15, 1898.

My Lady of the Castle,

I have been troubled in mind and spirit about you of late. I don't know exactly why. I have heard rumors of your illness and I "sense" a general trouble and disturbance which you ought not to have without sharing with me.

And now August is passing and we have never met! Can you not write and tell me about it, whatever it may be.

Remember our friendship sprang out of trouble, and sorrow is the dark-robed angel that has ever brought you near to me.

Do you not trust me any more? Or why all this silence and reserve. Or is it something so dismal you cannot even tell it to me.

Whatever may be the cause, I feel it is something that ought not to be, so I emit this plaintive little bleat.

And now to business, for if you have no longer need of me I have need of you.

The situation between England and Russia is so strained and promises to be even more so that I feel sure the time has come for me to go to Russia to see if I cannot straighten things out. You know that I went in 1888, with the happiest results. If the old Tsar had been living I would have gone back at once. For he bade me arrange for my return whenever the relations between England and Russia seemed critical.

You may remember I strongly urged the Parishioner to go to Russia every year to keep up his strong personal influence on the Tsar Nicholas. This has not been found to be possible. But do you think that the Parishioner could find it possible in his graciousness to do me the great kindness of ascertaining whether the young Tsar would be glad to see me for the same kind of straightforward friendly talk which I had with his father? I have spoken to M. de Staal about it and he thinks it would be very useful for me to see the Tsar. Of course, I do not want the Parishioner to give me a letter of introduction or anything that could cause him the least complication, or bring F. Knollys into it. All that I want him to do, if it be possible, is for him personally to let the Tsar know that I want to come to see him as I saw his father before him, and that it is of no use my coming for a mere formal audience. I think such a talk might help to remove misunderstandings. They certainly need removal, and my success in 1888 leads me to think I may again be helpful in the cause of peace.

I am your obedient and devoted Servant,

W. T. Stead.

WARWICK CASTLE,
Aug. 26th.

MY DEAR MR. STEAD,

I asked the "Parishioner" about the Tsar. (This was a reference to Mr. Stead's proposed visit to Russia, to interview the Tsar.) He said that though he personally liked his nephew, he was a young man, as *weak as water,* and entirely under the thumb of his Minister "M.," a subtle intriguer of the old Russian school, whose *one* idea is to oppose and thwart England.

The Tsar, he fears, has no character, and would not be the slightest use to you. His father was a very different sort of man. But the "Parishioner" wishes you success and suggests you seeing Staal and getting some sort of introduction through him. All this, *please,* dear friend, is *strictly private* between us as the "Parishioner" must be so guarded in all he says personally of his relatives. Am off to Scotland with my children as we all need a change.

Yours always sincerely,
F. E. WARWICK.

WARWICK CASTLE,
Nov. 5, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. STEAD,

Thank you so much for the pamphlets and all the literature you sent me.

I shall be curious to know what answer you receive from the Prince of Wales, but I do not think he will treat it seriously.

I must say one thing, which is, why did you not publish your pamphlet in the Jameson Raid five years ago, when it might have done Chamberlain harm? Now it cannot affect him at all. In fact, I believe he is the most popular man of the hour, or will be, if we annex the Transvaal through his instrumentality.

Then, again, why did you not publish your pamphlets against the war months ago. It is a wrong war and a bad

war, but it is too late to draw back. We have got to see it through and for the honor of our army we have got to conquer. Therefore, I fear no expostulation is of any avail now, but you might have done so much good had you published all this earlier, before all these horrors were upon us, which must be wiped out now for the honor of England.

Miss Susan Anthony interested me more than anyone else at the Congress—a wonderful old lady.

Many thanks for your letters: do let me hear what you are doing. One can think of nothing but the developments of this tragedy in the Transvaal.

Yours very sincerely,
F. E. WARWICK.

PERTH, N.B.,
Sept. 3.

MY DEAR MR. STEAD,

Thanks for your letter. I sent the excellent article you enclosed to the "Parishioner" to read. His letter to me is the following:

"As regards the Tsar's idea of disarmament throughout all nations, it is the greatest rubbish and nonsense I ever heard of. The thing is simply *impossible*.. France could never consent to it—*nor We*. It is some new dodge of that sly dog—M. who put it into the Tsar's head. I think the article in our Press on the subject is good."

This is, of course, private. I certainly never imagined the Tsar meant "disarmament." I take it he means a decreasing and non-increasing of the great standing armies that are crushing progress of the world at present.

I should suggest your writing *direct* to the German Emperor on the lines you propose. He knows you by name and is very "easy" to get at. However, I wrote of your mission to Lord X who is out there. Do let me hear more. Is it true, as papers say, that we are making an Anglo-German alliance?

Yours as ever,
F. E. WARWICK.

PERTH, N.B.,
Sept. 6.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You are sending me most interesting letters, I cannot but feel that the German Emperor will see you. It would be a good thing, for I think we *ought* to be friends with Germany.

As for *my* views, dear friend, they are too insignificant to put on paper, I fear. But I realize the great importance of our friendly relations with America, and as Shakespeare's country is the Mecca of the Yankees, so do I wish Warwick Castle to be their "hostel" by the way, a link between the old world and the new. Even as it was the center of war-like history in the past, so it may be the center of the peaceful alliance of to-day!

About the Queen, would not Lord Rosebery, A. Balfour, or Lord Rowton help you as to the Queen's views?

Thanks for all your kind words. I only regard money as a means to an end. Being a woman and thus cut off from public life which is open to men—worse luck—one's power is only in personal influence. Now if I was *Russian*, I should be employed by the State and prove most useful. Do let me know if you hear from Germany. Is the Editor of the *D. News* [1] a friend of yours? I hear he is such an interested person in social work and schemes.

Yours ever,
F. E. WARWICK.

The following unrelated letters are good examples of Mr. Stead's characteristic letters to me.

Oct. 29, 1895.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

I do not want to send you my Story until I have got the proof revised, but I do want to see you very much, as soon as you are at liberty. About the "Parishioner," that

[1] A. G. Gardiner.

may come, or it may not, but, as you know, I care precious little about him beside yourself.

It is very curious the way in which everybody endeavors to get you to do things. Here, for instance, is a letter which I enclose, in order that you may understand the nature of the application. The good lady came to see me with an introduction from X, and should you have any natural opening for saying a word to "O," I should be glad. But do not think that I send you on her letter as endorsing her calm request.

Yours very sincerely,
W. T. Stead.

Jan. 6, 1896.

My dear Friend,

The Times does not seem to have published your letter but it will probably appear to-morrow. Of course, I do not know what you have said, but I am sure whatever you have said, it cannot but be useful as the sincere expression of a tender and loving heart. I think we shall find when full information comes that Dr. Jameson's justification will appear much clearer than at present we can even imagine it to be. But I am distressed over Rhodes' resignation.

I am, Yours sincerely,
W. T. Stead.

"The Review of Reviews."
Bank Buildings,
Kingsway, London, W.C.,
September 17th, 1909.

The Countess of Warwick,
Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex.

Dear Lady Warwick,

Have you sent the documents relating to your motor-car accident to Sir Oliver Lodge? If you have not done so I should be glad if you could let me have them, or copies of them, for the American Psychical Research Society.

What I am afraid of is that the matter will pass over, and there will be no real record kept, and a very remarkable case will be forgotten or will be declared to be entirely an hallucination.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

W. T. STEAD.

Mr. Stead had given me warning through his spirit handwriting not to go in a motor-car for one week, on the advice of a friend long since passed over. This letter was misdirected and did not reach me until after a terrible motor accident which completely wrecked my car and from which I had a marvelous escape.

Before the Great War, and before the winning of the suffrage for women, I was tempted by an invitation to go to America on a lecturing tour. I took a great deal of trouble to prepare a number of serious lectures about women's suffrage and the position of women in England. There can be nothing original in my impressions of America, and I would not even record the visit except to tell of the disappointment that came of it. The first trial that faced me was the odious way that I was beset by reporters. They did not even wait for the arrival of the liner, but scrambled on board from a boat and swarmed around me. It was plain that whatever I said would be exaggerated, and I was warned by friends that if I said nothing these men would write up sham interviews and supply me with opinions. On landing I had a feeling of impotence as I saw the contents of my carefully packed trunks being turned out

higgledy-piggledy on the quayside. My clothes were re-packed anyhow and I was swept away by a friend who had been waiting to receive me.

The Carnegie Hall was crowded for the first lecture, but I soon discovered that my audience was lusting for Society gossip and were in no mood for serious subjects. They wanted to hear anecdotes about high life and royal palaces, not about women workers. They had paid big prices for their seats and I had to do my best to satisfy them. After that experience I hurriedly sketched out a few talks on Society with a big S, and gave five lectures in different cities. But this was not what I had come to America to do, so I took legal advice and broke my contract.

It was not all failure. I was received with lavish hospitality by many kind and delightful people. One of my most charming hostesses was Mrs. Benjamin Guiness, who entertained all the interesting literary and artistic people of the day at her beautiful house in Washington Square. "Mr. Dooley" was one of the lions then, I remember. I met the Julian Hawthorns, a very charming couple, and went to see them at their flat on Riverside Drive. I enjoyed the marvelous views over the Hudson. The Hawthorns' scheme of life interested me immensely because of the practical labor-saving devices that were used in their block of flats. In the suite of rooms that they occupied, there was not a servant to wait on them except the nurse for their child. The dinner or luncheon or whatever meal was served was prepared at some far-off central kitchen and was taken out by the nurse from a hole in the wall. The cleaning

staff of the great block did all the necessary work for the various floors. Everything was done that could be done to minimize service. The Hawthorn child played on the roof-garden with other children of the block. In those days such a way of life was, if not unknown, little practiced in England. That visit made a great impression on me.

New York did *not* impress me, in spite of the many pleasant people I met, but I did admire their Colony Club. Our women's clubs in London were then of the dingy order with mean bedroom accommodation. The Colony Club was built in palatial style with bedrooms and bathrooms of the utmost luxury. I remember in particular a vine-decorated swimming-bath with bunches of carved purple grapes hanging in festoons from the roof. The building had been designed by Stanford White, the architect who was to be the victim of murder in the famous Thaw case.

I met Nicola Tesla in New York. It was Tesla who first made use of high-frequency currents of electricity which can be passed through the human body at pressures which would prove fatal at lower frequencies. His discovery made possible curative methods in hospitals that were before impossible.

It was Tesla also who was the pioneer of "wireless."

I remember what a fairy-tale it sounded when he said to me: "The day will come when you will walk down Piccadilly with a tiny watch-like apparatus in your hand, while I, walking down Broadway, will be able to converse with you."

I went to Washington, where I was very kindly

received by Mr. Taft, but the impression he left on me did not fit in with my idea of a great statesman.

I liked Philadelphia best of all the cities I visited. Its architecture reminded me of some of the beautiful old cities of Germany. I met several delightful families there of Scottish descent. I shall always remember one house where I was lunched. The first impression was of an ordinary middle-class suburban home, but the family silver in use at the luncheon was a complete service of genuine Queen Anne, so beautiful that I cannot remember in my life ever having seen such a service in any private house. The family had brought it over with them from the old country.

I returned to London in a very discouraged mood. My friend, Mr. Stead, was just then preparing to go to America. He came to see me the evening before his departure to bid me good-by and he listened sympathetically to my tale.

"Never mind," he said. "Good stuff is never lost. Give me your lecture notes." As he gathered up the notes he said, "I'll give the lectures for you and be glad of the mission."

That was the last time we were ever to meet. The quenching of the ardent and courageous spirit of Stead perhaps touched more lives than the loss of any other single soul that went down with the *Titanic*. The death of Mr. Stead lost me a true and inspiring friend. As for the notes of my seven undelivered lectures, they went down with the great liner. Their loss relieved my conscience of any need to renew the effort of trying to use them. With tragic swiftness, it now seems, the War followed, and with it came the

granting of the suffrage to women. If I could recover those old lecture notes their sentiments would be as out-of-date as the frocks that were disgorged so unceremoniously from my trunks on the quayside when I reached New York.

. . . . . .

It might be appropriate to add here a note about another friend of mine about this period, namely, Joseph Arch, the farm laborer who founded in 1872 the first Agricultural Laborer's Union in England. He was one of the bravest men I ever knew. It is always inspiring to come in touch with such character, vision, intelligence, pertinacity, and unselfish public spirit as were shown by Arch in his pioneer work. When I came to Warwick to live I discovered Joseph at Barford, a village just outside the gates of the Castle. He still bore traces of the warrior spirit that made him such a doughty fighter in the lonely days of his youth when he had the local powers of Society and Church arrayed against him. He was ending his days in the little cottage freehold that was the proud possession of his family. The story of its purchase and of the events of his crowded life may be found in a book entitled *Joseph Arch,* published by Hutchinson & Co. in 1898, which I may say I inspired the old man to write. I edited it for him, and I also wrote the preface for it. I had been so interested in the stories of Joseph's struggles and victories that I felt it was only right that the world should know at first hand what it owed to the faith and courage of a remarkable laboring man.

My friendship with Joseph Arch was a big griev-

ance with some of my high-placed Warwickshire neighbors. To the "County," Arch was a wicked old man, a reprobate, an agitator, and, worst of all, a Radical. These neighbors disliked and feared him, and they were scandalized that I not only made him my friend but on one occasion took the Prince of Wales to visit him.

It was during one of the early visits of the Prince of Wales to Warwick that I told him about Joseph Arch. As Joseph had been a Norfolk M.P., the Prince had at one time been one of his constituents. He said that Joseph had done a great deal of good among the Norfolk laborers, and he was interested to hear of him. He said, "Let us go and see the old boy." The Prince and I accordingly went together one day to have tea with Joseph. I hoped that the old man would tell his story in his usual dramatic, fiery way, but that day he was rather dull, and instead of talking in an interesting fashion, he harangued us. The Prince was sympathetic, however, and I felt that it was worth while to bring together, over a cup of tea, the two extremes of Prince and Peasant.

"Radical" was a devastating word in my childhood and for many years was potent to stir up anger. I remember how the word would cause a storm of abuse at luncheon-tables in my girlhood when coupled with the name of Joseph Chamberlain. I thought Chamberlain must be the devil, for I used to see country gentlemen become livid with rage at the mention of his name!

Another offender was Jesse Collings. One of the

chief offenses of the Radicals of that day was the passing of the "Hares and Rabbits Bill." Luncheon-table talkers became apopleptic over this theme. The measure, it appeared, merely gave farmers the right to kill rabbits and hares on their own lands where presumably these animals lived off their crops! If a Bill that recognized the rights of farmers was able to rouse country gentlemen to spluttering fury, it can be imagined with what terms of abuse they would characterize Joseph Arch and his Union. Such men thought that agricultural laborers had no rights. They were slaves of the land, and Arch was the Arch-criminal!

I give the following extracts from my preface to Arch's book to show my own attitude towards the Agricultural Laborers' Union thirty years ago:

"The National Agricultural Laborers' Union was remarkable alike in its inception, progress and achievement, and in the social history of England it must fill a prominent place. I know of no movement *working always within the four corners of the law* which has accomplished so much in so short a time. A handful of laborers, a hurried meeting under an old chestnut tree in the gloom of a February evening, and an agitation was set on foot which permeated the length and breadth of England. We have only to compare the conditions of the agricultural laborer before the Union started with his condition to-day to see that its fruits are manifold. Bread was dear and wages down to starvation point. The laborers were uneducated, underfed, underpaid. The cottages were often unfit for human habitation, the sleeping and sanitary arrangements were appalling. In many a village the condition of the laborer and his family were but little removed from that of the cattle they tended."

"The agricultural laborer of those days (the sixties) had few friends. He had no organization; the Trade Unions left him alone; he had no money, the professional agitator ignored him; he had no vote, the politician passed him by. Agricultural depression could hardly be urged as an excuse for at the time when wheat was dearest and land most valuable, the lot of the agricultural laborer was at its worst. The laborers were crying for a man to lead them, or organize them, to voice their needs. The man came. Fortunately he was an honest and law-abiding one. Arch was no firebrand, but rather a village 'Hampden' who put the welfare of the cause he espoused before any personal ambition. The Union was his and he led it, and I think we owe him gratitude, not the laborers only, but everyone connected with the land, that he led it wisely and well."

"The supreme achievement of the Union was the franchise for the agricultural laborer. The laborer has now political power. He must be helped to develop himself. Education, elementary and technical, is what he now needs to teach him to improve his position. Local owners and occupiers of land can help him. Allotments, small holdings, dairies, poultry, gardens, bee and pig-keeping, and so forth, as well as industries and crafts, should be fostered. Coöperation on the basis of mutual goodwill is what is wanted. But everything depends on individual effort. The man must help himself if he is to help others. Joseph Arch fought his way up from the plowtrail to a seat in Parliament and he won his way without any of the advantages that surround the agricultural laborer nowadays, advantages which he has been so largely instrumental in securing for them."

Cardinal Manning was one of the few outstanding men who showed sympathy with the struggles of Joseph Arch to free his class. The following words

of Manning, which I quote with approval in my preface to Arch's books, may reveal to the reader more clearly than any words of mine, how strong class feeling was less than half a century ago. The unconscious condescension in the Cardinal's kind words make clear how great were the difficulties that Arch had to face. It must be remembered to the credit of Cardinal Manning that he took Arch's side in the days when the Union was fiercely assailed. He wrote: "To couple my name with that of Joseph Arch gives me no displeasure. I believe him to be an honest and a good man. I believe, too, that the cause he has in hand is well founded, and I confide in his using no means to promote it but such as are sanctioned by the law of God and the law of the land." And what if those hungry laborers had somehow misinterpreted the "law of God and the law of the land"?

There is an interesting reference to Joseph Arch in this letter from a Russian agriculturist unknown to me:

Madame la Comtesse,

Ayant les années dernières manqué d'occasions d'écrire en anglais, je prends la liberté de vous adresser ces lignes en français.

Portant un intérêt passionné pour l'instruction primaire et technique des classes rurales, j'ai beaucoup admiré votre franche simpathie pour Joseph Arch et son œuvre.

L'aristocratie dans les pays, où elle a conservé un peu d'autorité, ne pourra exister qu'en se mettant au travail pour relever les classes rurales. Votre préface, Comtesse, dans le livre de J. Arch est un programme; je l'ai lu avec

beaucoup d'intérêt et suis en train de lire tout le livre, malgré mes occupations fort nombreuses.

C'est fort triste que vous soyez, dans votre beau et grand pays, portés à envisager ma patrie avec défiance et à nous traiter un peu trop en barbares; nous sommes cependant, comme pays et nations nés, je dirai plus, destinés pour nous entendre. Je ne cesserai jamais d'espérer qu'un jour viendra, où Anglais et Russes, comprenant enfin leurs vrais intérêts politiques et moraux, s'entendront, non en amoureux d'un jour, mais en amis serieux se jugeant, réciproquement à leur juste valeur, et basant sur l'estime leur amitié.

Veuillez, Comtesse, excuser ces lignes venant d'un inconnu et agréer l'assurance de mon tres profond respect.

DROUTSKOY.

St. Petersbourg,
Kovensky Péréoulok No. 2,
17-29 *Janv.*, 1898.

CHAPTER IX

"LADIES OUGHT NOT TO BE JINGOES"

A COUNT MÜNSTER INCIDENT—CECIL RHODES' YOUNG MEN—RHODES HIMSELF—LORD ROSEBERY, WINSTON CHURCHILL, AND LORD CURZON—LADY RANDOLPH—MR. CHAMBERLAIN ENTERS SOCIETY

THE incident of the Jameson Raid and the terrific pother it created in London, make a faded tale nowadays, and this book is not a history of my time. It does, however, seem worth chronicling something that befell me in consequence of the Raid excitement. The world was buzzing with talk about the German Emperor's unfriendly attitude towards England, of which the famous telegram to Kruger was the climax. It was well known that the Prince of Wales and his set were personal friends of Jameson and the other raiders. Slander found it easy to concoct a story about myself, as I was one of Jameson's friends. The story was circulated that I had written directly to the German Emperor, taking him to task about his political indiscretions. The first I heard of it myself was from a letter which Count Münster,[1] then German Ambassador in Paris, sent to his sister-in-law, my mother, Lady Rosslyn, in which he said: "What an unfortunate affair that Jameson affair is! I hear Daisy has written a most impertinent letter to the Emperor. She ought to have dressed in black, and held her tongue and her pen."

[1] Lord Rosslyn's brother-in-law. See Chapter I.

My mother was most indignant about this uncalled-for attack. For myself, I only laughed, and would have written a chaffing reply to His Excellency about my imaginary correspondence with his Imperial master. As it was, when I told the Prince of Wales about it, he was furious; much more indignant even than my mother had been, and he insisted that I should write to the Count repudiating his censure. The Prince would not even trust me to write the letter myself, but in his own handwriting set me a model letter to copy. I give the draft letter in full herewith, which I duly copied and despatched as he desired. The draft letter ran:

DEAR COUNT M.,

Mamma (or my mother) has shown me your letter in which you state you hear *I* had written an impertinent letter to the German Emperor. I cannot get over my astonishment at so unwarrantable a statement, which is likely to do me harm, and from one who has known me since a child it is doubly hard to bear.

I have not the honor of His Majesty's acquaintance nor is it likely I should write to him, and I certainly should have thought you would have been the first to disbelieve so palpable a lie!

This is, however, not the first time you have said unkind things about me to Mamma, as a few years ago you asked her at Homburg when I was going to be divorced!

I feel your unkindness very deeply, so much so, that should I be passing through Paris I shall be obliged to give the German Embassy a "wide berth."

Believe me,
Yours truly,
F. E. WARWICK.

My mother very soon had a most affectionate "family" letter from the Count in which, among other things, he said:

"I am glad to hear that Daisy has not written to the Emperor, as it would have been a great want of tact if she had done so, and I was perfectly justified to make the remark I did, but I retract if there is no letter. But I must say I found her letter about Jameson to *The Times* uncalled for. Ladies ought not to be jingoes.

In this letter he sends his love to my sister but not to me, and his postscript runs: "I wonder that the report I heard from somebody at the Court about Daisy's letter was not correct." There seemed even then to be some lurking doubt in the Count's mind, but slander was having it all her own way just then, and my husband, after taking up the cudgels on my behalf, got the following letter from our Colonial Office:

My Lord,

I beg to say that there is no truth in the story that Lady Warwick called at the Colonial Office to enquire about the dead and wounded of Dr. Jameson's force, and that I mistook her for a well-known actress. The story has reached my ears on two or three occasions and I have contradicted it emphatically.

I much regret that any annoyance has been caused to you and Lady Warwick in the matter.

I am, etc.

Naturally my friendship with Cecil Rhodes found me many friends among his South African young men. I give here a letter sent me from one of the

young men of Cecil Rhodes' group which is typical of many letters that I received from South Africa at the time. In its frankness and honest patriotism it gives a clear picture of the British mind of the day, and is worth reading for that reason. Only brave men with a somewhat narrow outlook would have made suitable pioneers in extending the Empire. If one concedes that the aim was worthy, then better men could not be found. The majority is always surprised at opposition to their staunch belief that government by a European power is much better for anybody than self-government can ever be. This letter shows what a stiff and courageous fight the natives of Matabeleland made, and how hopeless the opposition by primitive man always must be before the superior weapons and mechanical force of a modern power. The letter runs as follows:

Sir F. Carrington's Camp,
Matoppo Hills,
Matabeleland,
23rd July, 1896.

My dear Lady Warwick,

The dear old Doctor was too impatient, and even then, bad as it all looked, everybody would have got off scot free if it had not been for that *terrible* box of Bobby White's, and the incriminating papers which it contained. It does seem such insensate folly to take a box like that into such a business! and the contents were chiefly papers which ought to have been torn up directly they had been read. It was a terrible pity that it didn't come off right, for it delays the inevitable end.

I must say I never anticipated for one moment, when I left England in December, that it would be anything

but a success, and never was so annoyed in my life as when the "Scot" broke down, for I had made up my mind that I should have got to Africa in time.

The one cheering sight in all this is the splendid way in which Cecil Rhodes takes it all. He is a magnificent fellow and never says a word against a soul, no matter what mistakes they have committed. He is playing a fine game in which he knows he is going to win.

Then I determined to come up to this Country to look after my manifold interests here, as most of the *principals* were in jail! and I am very glad I did. It is a glorious Country, and will in the near future beat every other State in Africa to fits. The most magnificent climate you can imagine, which, I think, I can justly say when I tell you that I have been sleeping on the ground in the open (no tents or anything of that sort) every night, with the exception of ten nights at Buluwayo, since *3rd March,* and never felt more fit.

The Matabele rising was a great surprise to everybody; to nobody more than to the Native Commissioners, who ought to have known. The secret was marvelously well kept by the ruffians, and the rising was simultaneous all over the Country. Personally I was extremely lucky not to have been murdered that week in March, for I was up country on the Sebakwe River, all amongst the Natives, and I hadn't the slightest warning. It was quite by luck that I heard of it all and was able to get to a place of safety.

There is no doubt that if one studies the history of every State in South Africa you will find that the Natives always have one good try to get back their Country after it has been occupied, and it was therefore bound to come. Added to that the Country was never *really* conquered in 1893. The Matabele in many districts were never touched at all, and it was in reality the greatest cheek the way in which the White men inhabited isolated parts of the Country; or rather, I suppose, one should call it an instance of British pluck.

I have been lucky enough to see seven engagements up to now, one or two of them pretty hot ones, and have had the luck not to be hit up to now. I hope and believe that the War is nearly at an end, and that with one or two more good lickings they will come in and surrender. Sir Frederick Carrington is a *Clinker*, and thoroughly understands his job, but he has got a difficult place to tackle in these Matoppos. You never saw such a terrible country to fight in in your life. Endless high granite kopjes full of caves, and covered with huge bowlders, afford protection to the Natives, which they take every advantage of.

The fight at Tabat Amamba was a very nasty job, but it was a most conclusive victory, for we captured 1000 head of cattle, 3000 sheep and goats, and 600 beautiful ladies and children—all of which we carried off in triumph. On Monday last we had a very nasty fight. We had two Columns marching into the hills and both were attacked. One lot fought for five hours, and the other Impi, which attacked Laing, for three. Of course, in the end we took their position with a loss of 70 killed and wounded, and between 20 and 30 horses killed; a big list of casualties, but in such country it is marvelous that we did not lose more. The worst of it is that it is so unsatisfactory in these endless hills, for as soon as they are knocked out of one position they retire to another equally bad, and I fear that if they do not surrender soon we may have a considerable loss of life before the hills are cleared; and when I tell you that these hills extend for about 60 miles deep and 50 miles broad you can realize to a certain extent what the job is.

Frank Rhodes had his horse killed that day and he himself had a very narrow squeak. It is a new experience to me to hear bullets singing about, but one gets used to it after a bit, and finds that it is no good "ducking" your head!

Albert Grey is doing splendidly as Administrator; there could not have been a better appointment, as with Rhodes

here to consult, it would all work splendidly if the Home Authorities would leave them alone.

This will probably reach you at Easton, or possibly in Scotland, where you will doubtless be going to recruit after the hard work of the London season, which I hope will be an enjoyable one. It was splendid the Prince winning the Derby, and I hope he will pull off the Leger, too. I sent him a cable of congratulation, and he was kind enough to send me a reply. So kind of him.

Ronney Moncrieff is here, enjoying himself, I think, also Freddy de Moleyns, the latter on Carrington's staff, and the former doing odd jobs for Plumer. Baden-Powell, 13th Hussars, is Carrington's Chief of the Staff, and a right good man, too. The Kaffirs call him some name which signifies "All Eyes," and he certainly does not miss seeing much.

I hope you are getting a good lot of horses together again, and intend having a dart in Leicestershire next season? If all goes well, and the war is over, and I am not picked off by the Niggers, I hope to get down South in time to sail from Cape Town on Sept. 23rd, in the *Norman,* so I should be home early in October, and hope to have better luck pursuing the fox than I had last season. You will have to come and see this country some day when there is a railway to Buluwayo, which should be after the end of next year with luck! at present 560 miles is too long a drive to the station!

Good-by, and the best of luck to you. Remember me to Brooke, Harry Rosslyn, and any enquiring friends.

Yours very sincerely,

X.

I met Cecil Rhodes through Stead, on one of his rare visits to England. Stead's admiring friendship for Rhodes became almost a cult. Cecil Rhodes was

that strange unmistakable thing, a man of genius. His big ideas lifted him right out of the common, well-worn paths. As sometimes happens, too, there was nothing in his appearance or manner to suggest on a first encounter that in him was a man of giant imagination. Cecil Rhodes had a genuine liking for me, and I reciprocated his friendship with all my heart. I shall always remember the last week I spent as his guest at Loch Rannoch in the autumn before he died. Rhodes was too ill to shoot, and when the others of the party—Dr. Jim, Sir Charles Metcalf, and Winston Churchill—went shooting, my host and I would have two hill ponies saddled and go out on the moors. There we would dismount, and let the ponies wander, while we sat and talked, he telling me of all his wonderful ideas, while before us stretched the beautiful Loch, and the heather-covered hills beyond glowed and deepened with sunshine or cloud. It was in those memorable talks that Cecil Rhodes told me all about his Will, and how his fortune was to go to educational work in the form of the now famous scholarships to the Universities, the aim being to build up Citizens of the Empire. His dreams, as he outlined them to me, went very much further than can be guessed now when the Rhodes Scholarships are a prosaic working reality.

When it began to get cold, as it does so quickly on those lovely Highland moors, I would catch the ponies and bring Rhodes' one near to some big stone, that he might mount easily, for the slightest exertion made him breathless. Alas, I could see that he was a doomed man, but Dr. Jameson used to buoy him up

daily, and Rhodes himself had such faith in his mission that he would say in a touching, child-like way, that he was sure that God would not let him die before he had done his work, and his work he conceived to be, to bring about the Union of South Africa.

When I left Loch Rannoch I had an inward feeling that I should never see Rhodes again. He was godfather to my younger son, Maynard, as also was Lord Rosebery, who sent me the following letter when I wrote to him about the child's name:—

38 Berkeley Square, W.

My dear Lady Warwick,

By all means. But—

1. Why not have him "Maynard" only?

2. If you really wish to add one of those two names let it be Archibald. Otherwise he will be considered as vowed to the League.[1]

3. Anyhow, let me know the finally decided name.

Yours sincerely,

R.

Princess May, now our Queen, was godmother to this son. Her kind note, dated April 24, 1898, says how glad she will be to be godmother and sends kind wishes to the infant and myself. It was the coming of this son that brought me the following characteristic letter from Lady Dorothy Nevill:

45, Charles Street,
Berkeley Square, W.

My dear Lady Warwick,

Only a line to give you every hearty good wish at the favorable ending of your trouble. How lucky of you to

[1] Primrose is the Rosebery family name.

manage what all mothers are dying for—a son!!! I am always hearing of your labors and pursuits—you are indeed a wonderful woman but I do not care for Arch. I hope I may see you when you come to London. We do indeed live in wretched times, nothing but sorrow and misery. First poor Bill and then this ghastly story of Madame X. Did ever anyone pay so dearly for vanity and the world's delights—if there is delight in the world. Now do let me hear how you are and let me hope it may not be long before we meet.

Yours very affectionately,
D. Nevill.

Lord Rosebery was always an infinitely kind friend to me. If it had not been for his great wealth and also that his health was indifferent, there is no doubt in my mind that he would have filled a big place in history. He had the quality, too, that makes a man a personality in Society. How much I wish that the fairies' gift of wealth had been denied him! But Lord Rosebery will not thank me for such a wish, and must feel glad, doubtless, that no witch's malevolence was there to counteract the lavish fairies who surrounded his cradle. I append two amusing little notes from my old friend that carry with them something of his charm:

The Durdans,
Epsom.

My dear Lady Warwick,

At last you have listened to the voice of my complaint, and I see my noble "Vanity Fair" once more, enriched by a grateful and witty inscription. I breathe again, and with gratitude. I have been truly sorry to hear of your confinement to a couch. Honestly, I think that women at-

tempt too much in these days, and a proof is afforded by the invalids of Easton Lodge and Stafford House.[1] I hope they will soon recover, and learn the lesson that not even the most superior woman can do the work of ten men.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
R.

38, Berkeley Square, W.,
Dec. 10, 1897.

My dear Lady Warwick,

I send you a little umbrella to shield you from the weather when you listen to the nightingales, with all good wishes for your birthday.

Yours sincerely,
R.

Speaking of Lord Rosebery reminds me that during the Boer War English people were so much hated in Paris that even the drivers of cabs would not knowingly take an Englishman as a fare. I happened to be in Paris for a few days at that time and I met Lord Rosebery who was then staying incognito at the Hotel Bristol. He asked me to share his box at the first night of Sarah Bernhardt's impersonation of *'Aiglon* and were together *tête-à-tête*. During the *entr'acte* I noticed that the attention of the audience was directed to our *loge*. While the people were looking up at us a menacing growl was going round the theater, and I tumbled to the fact that my companion was recognized as the English ex-premier. Very soon there was a tap on our box door and the Chief Inspector of the Paris Police came to warn us

[1] My sister, Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland's, town house.

that it was not safe for us to leave the theater by the usual way. He had brought with him an escort of police to protect us while we escaped by a back way before the crowd could realize that we had gone. By this time the whole theater was calling out: "A bas les Anglais! Vive les Boers!" We got out with as little ado as we could. It was a nasty moment.

On the visit to Loch Rannoch of which I write, Winston Churchill discussed quite openly his political position. He had just been on a visit to Lord Rosebery, and he said that he was inclined to leave the leadership to Mr. Balfour, and proclaim himself a Liberal. He wanted power, and the Tory road to power for a young man was blocked by the Cecils and other brilliant young Conservatives, whereas the Liberal path was open. Cecil Rhodes was all in favor of Winston turning Liberal. I found their discussions amazingly interesting. Those who know only Winston Churchill's political vagaries, have no notion of the large place he holds in the affections of his intimates. He is a loyal friend, and has sweetness of temperament and real gentleness.

Speaking of Winston reminds me of his clever and charming mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, who was very popular in her day. Winston not only inherits the ability and attractiveness of both parents, but has added to it something of his own, greater intellectually than either parent possessed. Winston's father, Lord Randolph, in his day was one of the most entertaining men imaginable and a welcome visitor everywhere. I hold him in very pleasant remembrance. Lady Randolph was one of the three

clever American Jerome girls. Her marriage to Lord Randolph Churchill brought her into the heart of English political life where she was a welcome addition. She was witty and an excellent conversationalist.

It was at one time one of Lady Randolph's amusing foibles to be regarded as literary. It was during her "literary period" that she started, in conjunction with a literary young man friend, a magazine that was called the *Anglo Saxon Review*. Lady Randolph canvassed all her friends to become subscribers at a guinea a year, but the review only ran for some months. I have the set somewhere still. The most important feature of this review was its gorgeous binding. This may have accounted for its short life. Nobody, even the most literary, could have lived up to such a grand binding in a mere review! The first number was a thing of splendor, and its contents almost equaled its binding. It had about one hundred illustrations, portraits, and autographs. Here is the list of its proposed contents sent me by Lady Randolph before publication. I still have the scribbled little hand-written draft of this.

1. Frontispiece: Portrait of the late Duchess of Leinster. By the Marchioness of Granby.
2. The Childhood and Youth of the Prince of Wales.
3. "Jane: A Social Incident." By Marie Corelli.
4. "Willow-Willow: A Study." By Marcus Stone.
5. "My Pleasaunce" (with full-page portrait by Mendelssohn). By the Countess of Warwick.
6. "Lad's Love: An Idyll of the Heather." By S. R. Crockett.

7. "On the Marmora" (a poem). By Lady Currie (Violet Fane).
8. "How I Served my Apprenticeship." By Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett.
9. "Consolation in a Garden." By the Duchess of Somerset and Mrs. Kelly.
10. "A Fragment of a Letter." By Sarah Grand.
11. "In Time" (a story). By F. Frankfort Moore.
12. "The Cycling Craze for Ladies." By Mrs. Lynn Linton.

(The following is the Permanent Department, sub-edited by Ladies):

(*a*) London and Paris Fashions. By Mrs. Pritchard and others.
(*b*) The Home Beautiful. By Mrs. Haweis.
(*c*) Incomes for Ladies. By Mrs. Cochrane.
(*d*) The Great World. By a Peer's Daughter.
(*e*) The Mirror of Venus.
(*f*) The Temple of Venus.
(*g*) Bon Mots.

The following characteristic notes have survived this lapse of time:

25A, GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE, W.

DEAREST DAISY,

I hope your head is all right again. I *must* write and tell you how much I enjoyed myself at Warwick. It was delightful and everyone thought so.

"Anna Deym" [1] was full of your praises last night. "Ach! but she is a wonderful woman!" Fancy Eddie Dudley [2] never turned up at my little dinner and Consuelo M.[3] had no cavalier. Four pages from Rachel [4] this morning, who forgot to remind him.

[1] Countess Deym, then Austrian Ambassadress.
[2] Earl of Dudley.
[3] Consuelo Duchess of Manchester.
[4] (Rachel) Countess of Dudley.

Will you be an angel and let someone send me from your cook the recipe of your Cumberland sauce for the "Wench" of my kitchen? Give my love to Lord Brookie. Tell him I have designs on him when he comes to London. I will write to you from C.

With love,
Yours ever,
JENNIE RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

ROSETTA, COWES,
August 12th.

DEAREST DAISY,

Do forgive my not having answered your letter sooner. I have been sailing every day and my little house is full of people, and I never seem to have a quiet moment. Many thanks for remembering the receipe for the sauce. I am so glad to hear how much better you are. Rest is the only safe cure for everything, I think. I hear you look lovely and about 16! I am going to stay here until the end of the month and then shall be in London for a few days. I should love to go to see you for a night. I will write and propose myself if I may. I have been racing so much my head is quite giddy which will account for my scrawl.

Dearest Daisy, I am *not* going to marry anyone. If a perfect darling with at least £40,000 a year wants me *very much,* I might consider it. Do write to me again and tell me if you have heard anything of poor little Johnnie.[1] Au revoir.

Yours affectly.,
JENNIE R. C.

I wish your nice brother-in-law S.[2] would ask me to Dunrobin.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston was a statesman who often got less than justice in his lifetime. As I have

[1] Sir John Willoughby.
[2] The Duke of Sutherland.

said before, much of the unhappiness in his official relations was due to his bad health. He suffered continually. I remembered Lord Curzon arriving one evening at my little house in Park Lane where I was staying. He begged me to let him have a little rest and refreshment. He was a Member of Parliament at the time, and was on his way to some remote place in the East End where he was due to give an important speech. He was obviously in great pain and the only thing for him to do was to lie down and have a little brandy. I tried my best to dissuade him from going out. This was before the days of the tube or the motor-buses, and he dreaded the jolting of the horse bus. He was too poor to travel by any other means. I could do nothing less than order my brougham and horses to drive him to the hall. I was struck by his fortitude, and by the sense of duty that made him keep the engagement. As a friend Lord Curzon was most charming. The following short notes may give something of the George Curzon his friends knew and loved:

St. Ermins Mansions,
Westminster, S.W.,
March 1, 1895.

Dearest Days,

Though you never loved me much you have always been sweet to me so that I should like you to learn from my own lips the news that I am to be married to Mary Leiter, an American girl of whom you may have heard, and whom I have known and been fond of for years. Perhaps when she comes you will be good to her.

Yours ever affec.,
George.

Crag Hall,
Wildboarclough,
Macclesfield,
Aug. 13, 1909.

My dear Days,

I had such an extraordinarily vivid dream about you last night—so clear and so pleasant—and so prolonged that I feel it is a summons to me to send you a line in order that we may realize that we are jointly living and have not altogether forgotten old days. You were in a long simple white dress with a band round your waist.

I have not seen you for 2 years. But I always think of you with warm and unaltered affection.

Yours Affecy.,
George.

The Priory,
Reigate,
Aug. 29, 1898.

My dear Daisy,

Thank you for your affectionate letter. Though we seldom meet you are securely fixed with much of the tenderness of by-gone days in my heart and in thinking of you I often reflect by what very small accidents the relations of people and the course of lives are determined.

I hope we shall not all be quite as "old" as you seem to fear when we come back; and that the long-deferred meeting with my Mary may then take place.

Good-by, sweet old days. They were happy old days!

Your affectionate
George.

At Warwick Castle, in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, we entertained the first group of Colonial Premiers and members of their Governments that were ever officially invited to the Mother Country.

I found Sir Wilfred Laurier the most charming man of the group, but the ablest and most far-seeing statesman was, in my opinion, Mr. (later Sir) Edmund Barton, then Premier of New South Wales. Mr. Barton was full of the Imperial idea, and was eager to rouse the people of this country to take an interest in the Dominions. We had many long talks on this subject, and the result was that at the earnest request of Mr. Barton I took him to see Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at Highbury, where the two men could talk free from the restraints of Whitehall.

Mrs. Chamberlain and I entertained each other while the men spent the day in talking. The outcome of this little conference was the birth of Mr. Chamberlain's Empire movement, and the development of this, as the world knows, was his chief enthusiasm until his death.

It is interesting to remember not only that I had this slight contact with Joseph Chamberlain the Empire-builder, but that I can also remember the most important turning-point in that statesman's career. I was staying at Chatsworth with the Royal party on the first occasion that the Duke of Devonshire had asked down Joseph Chamberlain. This was at the time of the Gladstone-Chamberlain split, when the introduction of the Home Rule Bill had the effect of changing the old Tory Party into the Unionist Party. There is no social contrast sharp enough from which we can judge of the effect upon the Society of that time of the advent in their midst of the once-hated Radical who had spoken of "ransom," had supported the sacrilegious "Hares and Rabbits Bill," and had

backed the plea for three acres and a cow for farm laborers! The flutter among the fine ladies and gentlemen at Chatsworth cannot be imagined. Some of them scarcely expected him to know how to behave at table. We were all assembled before dinner when our host, the Duke, came in accompanied by the dapper, smartly dressed, well-set-up figure of Joseph Chamberlain, with the well-known eyeglass stuck in his eye, and looking in no way perturbed to find himself in such fine company. Indeed, he was more at ease than anybody else in the great drawing-room. The Duke was very pleased to present him to his friends and give him an honored place at dinner.

I have in my possession now only one of Joseph Chamberlain's letters to me:

COLONIAL OFFICE,
6 April, 1900.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

It is very good of you to think of asking the Australian Delegates to spend a day at Warwick Castle, and I think that it would be an invitation which they would very much appreciate.

I enclose a list of their names and addresses and if I may say so, I think it would be best if you were to invite them individually. They are making separate engagements so far as I know and it would probably be difficult to find a a day on which they were all disengaged. Perhaps the best plan would be if you were to decide on a day convenient to yourself and then let my Private Secretary, Lord Ampthill, find out whether most of them would be able to come before you sent out your invitations.

I am,
Yours very truly,
J. CHAMBERLAIN.

The most interesting letter I ever had from Joseph Chamberlain was one in which, in acknowledging my *Warwick* book, he assured me, that, Radical though he always was at heart, no one had more profound veneration for the historic importance of the ancient families of England and their homes.

CHAPTER X

THE HEART OF A FRIEND

"Le Cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point."

KING EDWARD: SOME CHARACTERISTICS—A VISIT TO PARIS—QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER SON—HOUSE-BREAKING IN ROYAL COMPANY—THE PRINCE AS LETTER WRITER—HUMBLE-MINDEDNESS—SENTIMENT IN FRIENDSHIP—LAST WORDS—THE TECK FAMILY—ROYAL MATCH-MAKING AT EASTON

OF lovers, admirers, friends, truly I have had my share, and of all the men I have known, including my husband—who was ever a leal-hearted gentleman in the old-fashioned use of that beautiful word—no friend of mine was more loyal in friendship than King Edward.

"Put not your trust in Princes!"—King Edward was a Prince on whose word his friends might safely rely. In what is a Prince different from other men, except in his having an undue share of temptation to vanity, to self-ignorance, to a special kind of pride and blindness? A Prince's indiscretions are magnified into deeds of evil, all his follies become sins. Slander, velvet-shod, waits round every corner, and malice sees to it that her agents are kept busy.

I had known the Prince well during the whole course of my married life, for as I have said, he signed the register, along with his brother, at my wedding, and for many years I had an intimate and dear friend in him. His belief in my judgment was such that

my championship of a person or a cause always had his ear and invariably his support. There was one great exception. He had no sympathy whatever with my enthusiasm for Socialism. At no time could I arouse the Prince's interest in this, to me, all-absorbing subject. He would listen with the utmost patience to my endless philanthropic schemes, and to please me put himself out to meet Mr. Stead, whose name before they met was anathema to him—anything, everything, but not Socialism. The word made him shrug his shoulders. He had no belief in any leveling up. "Society grows," he would say: "it is not made."

He took the keenest interest in my public speeches and in my attempts at making something more serious of social functions than mere amusement, and he used to twit me that my parties would one day vie with the parties of the days of Ladies Jersey and Palmerston. At other times, when he imagined that I was becoming too pronouncedly political, he would write urging me to be warned by the example of certain well-known women whose style he did not admire. He praised all philanthropic and educational efforts but expressed himself plainly on the subject of public women who seemed to ape men in their utterances. He would say that God put women into the world to be different from men and he could not understand why women did not recognize this instead of trying to copy men's pursuits.

The Prince had great fortitude and no man ever made less of physical pain. In all the many references in letters of years to troublesome coughs and enforced

KING EDWARD VII, WHEN PRINCE OF WALES
From a study by George Frederick Watts

"cures" he never pitied himself, and he had great sympathy with suffering of every kind. I remember once when I was driving with him a carriage door slammed on his hand and bruised it badly. He refused all sympathy, and, with a face blanched with pain, went on talking as if nothing had happened.

Another example of this unusual pluck is worth recording. I was on a visit to Waddesdon, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's place, when the Prince was also a guest there. Waddesdon, like the Château de Blois on the Loire, has many towers and round staircases. I was running down one of these spiral staircases to breakfast, when I heard someone groan, and a moment later I came upon the Prince lying at the bottom of the stairs.

"I think I have broken my leg," he said. "Please, get someone to help me."

I flew to the breakfast-room, and soon helpers came running. A couple of men lifted the Prince up and put him on a chair. He was ghastly white, with beads of perspiration rolling down his forehead. Yet he would only speak of his regret at putting our kind host to inconvenience. He hated the trouble he was giving, although we were all only too anxious to do what was possible. We tried to persuade the Prince to rest at Waddesdon and let a London surgeon be sent for, but he would not listen to this, and made the journey to town by special train. Such was his self-command that until the country doctor told us that he had broken a knee-cap and would always be lame, we had not realized in full the agony that the Prince was suffering.

I have always blamed this accident for shortening his life. With a damaged leg he could not take sufficient exercise so he became corpulent and his heart weakened. Many years afterwards when he was recounting to me what even he called a "busy day," he said that his knee ached because he had had to stand for an hour and a half at a Levee; all the Warwickshire Yeomanry had gone by; he had attended an R.A. Society Meeting, a Military Tournament, and, in the evening, had presided at the First Guards Club Dinner with 160 people present. There was no chance to rest on such a full day, but even this reference to an aching knee as a handicap was unusual.

An instance of the personal courage of the Prince came out clearly in a letter I had from him from Copenhagen in 1900. This was in response to a letter of sympathy from me about an attempt on his life. In his letter he described how the train was moving quietly out of the station at Brussels. He said that he was somewhat surprised to see a young man mount on to the step of the carriage and put his hand through the open window and then fire a couple of shots deliberately at a distance of about two yards. There was no condemnation in the letter, only a tolerant dismissal of the would-be assassin as a victim of hate propaganda. The Prince apparently had shown no fear other than a natural concern for the safety of his companion. His comment otherwise was that he didn't see how the fellow could have missed him and what an uncommonly bad shot he must have been! He went on to say that the journey finished quite comfortably, and he referred to the

political aspect of the incident. At that time the Continental press was full of propaganda against England. The Prince deplored this and, as he often said, he had no more to do with the affairs of the Transvaal than the babe unborn.

One of the happiest memories I have of pleasant times when the Prince of Wales was of our party, was of a visit to Paris in the early years of my married life. Those were the days when the Prince enjoyed nothing better than trips to Paris. Yet I remember some years later when he was bidding me good-by and wishing me an enjoyable time before I left on a visit to that city, he added a little bitterly that, whereas he had once thought Paris one of the most enjoyable cities in the world, now he did not care if he never saw it again.

On the occasion of which I write, however, the Prince, Colonel Sir Stanley Clarke, my sister, and I were a thoroughly happy party. We went to all the new plays together and saw also a farce at the Palais Royal that was as shameless as it was funny. The titles of these various entertainments I have long since forgotten. One evening Coquelin the elder gave a supper-party at the Comédie Française in honor of the Prince. Many of the great artists of the day were there, Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, Jean Granier, and Jane Hading, besides a number of distinguished men. The room in which we met made a lovely setting, with pictures and busts of great writers and actors. On a central table I remember a mass of yellow Allamandas.

My husband joined our party a few days later, and

one day we all went to the Tour Eiffel. In M. Eiffel's room, where we were refreshed by a tempting collation, we met Edison. Opening out of this room there was a little outside staircase which led to the flagstaff of the tower, and the Prince insisted on climbing this to the very summit. It was a wonderful view from the top of the tower with the whole panorama of Paris below.

Another day we all visited the studio of Detaille, the well-known painter of military subjects, who was then painting a large portrait of the Duke of Connaught. We had a variety of quiet little dinners at famous restaurants, such as Paillard's Voisin and the Café Anglais. The Prince always ordered the menu, and we had the choicest of everything. We all shopped, and my sister and I were almost afraid to admire anything, for gifts were showered on us on the slightest excuse.

The following letter is from one of my own best friends in Paris, Paul Deschanel, for years President of the Chamber, and later, President of the Republic:

CHAMBRE DES DÉPUTÉS,
CABINET DU PRÉSIDENT,
PARIS,
le 11 *Juin*, 1898.

Oh! que votre dépêche m'a ravi; J'ai gardé de vous un tel éblouissement!

Vous viendrez à Paris avant le mois d'août, n'est-ce-pas? Je vous attends avec une impatience anxieuse!

Pensée fidèle et dévoués hommages,

PAUL DESCHANEL.

Comme ce serait gentil, de m'envoyer un mot, en attendant! (Et de venir un peu aux eaux, cet été, en France!)

Paul Deschanel was exceedingly good-looking, smart, and debonair when I first knew him. Consumed by political ambition, he lived and worked with the sole aim of attaining the highest office in the State. The last occasion on which I met Deschanel was in 1915. It was on the eve of the French Government's flight to Bordeaux. The outlook was very black. In the hotel where he had come to call on me, Deschanel sat with his head in his hands. He seemed a broken man. The story of his tragically short Presidency and his untimely death needs no re-telling. He told me with shame and horror of his belief in the treachery of a colleague and of the departure of that colleague from the country. He said that the faithless one would never show his face in France again. But the wheels of time have revolved. Deschanel is in his grave, and the other not only returned to France but gained high office.

Among the Prince of Wales' best friends in Paris in the early days of which I write were General Gallifet and his wife, the Comtesse de Pourtalès, and the Marquis and Marquise de Jaucourt, the Standishes and the Marquis de Breteuil and his wife. The Breteuils wanted to take our party to the Races with them one Sunday, but the Prince refused. He did this not because he did not want to go, but in deference to the Queen. He knew that Queen Victoria

would not like it. The Queen never really appreciated how much her likes and dislikes influenced the Prince's conduct. If Her Majesty had not been such a stern judge of what she conceived to be her son's weaknesses, if she had only opened her heart to him when her husband died, she would have found an unexplored depth of feeling and character in him. She would have aroused those lovable qualities known to his intimates that through her own repressive sternness were unknown to her. The Prince's youth would have been much happier if his jealous and capable mother had not so rigorously excluded him from affairs of State. He had a breadth of interest greater than her own, and a high sense of duty that equaled hers.

Indeed the Prince was like his mother in many ways. It was from her that he inherited his sentiment in friendship. I was always surprised by his accurate memory for the smallest incidents of our friendship. At our very last meeting, just before he left for Biarritz, he reminded me of events that had happened many years before and recounted each one in the minutest detail. This seemed to betoken sincere feeling. In a life so filled by external things, he cared for and was able to discriminate between the trivial and the real. Like the Queen, too, he had a profound sense of religion, and firmly believed in an after life that would bear some relation to the merits of men.

Intelligent people to-day do not take themselves so seriously as we did forty years ago when we were taught to be careful of each other's dignity and

My Mother-in-law Drives the Prince of Wales to Kenilworth Castle

dignities. Those who flouted convention did not miss the penalty due. This much I say before recounting how my husband and I once helped in a house-breaking adventure in company with the then Prince of Wales. When among friends with whom he felt safe, the Prince was glad to give way sometimes to a madcap element. While on a visit to Easton he wanted my husband and myself to take him over to another part of the county to see a beautiful show place belonging to a neighboring peer. It was, I need not say, before the days of motor-cars and telephones. I knew that Lord X was not in residence, so telegrams to various likely places to ask the owner's permission to view the mansion would have taken too long. Besides, the day was fine and the Prince was urgent. A change of horses was sent on ahead, for we had an eighteen-mile drive before us. We had carriages brought round, a luncheon hamper packed, and off we all set in gay mood. When we reached the mansion we pealed and pealed the front door bell in vain, and an assault on the back door was equally unavailing. My brother-in-law, Sir Sidney Greville, slim in build and a good sport, was prevailed upon by the Prince to wriggle himself through a tiny open window within reach. After doing this, he unbarred the door for the rest of us, and the party entered and inspected the beauties of the great house. At a refectory table in the hall our luncheon baskets were unpacked, and a merry party sat down to eat. The Prince, who had overridden any scruples my husband and I might have had, was leader, and in the highest spirits. While still at our

meal, an austere housekeeper in official black silk suddenly appeared on the staircase, and her scandalized and indignant expression checked our hilarity. She had to be "royally" appeased. I myself wrote to Lord X afterwards with our apologies. I fear we had offended deeply. Lord X would naturally have preferred to have received the Heir Apparent in his beautiful ancestral home with due dignity and ceremony. It was an impertinent invasion in those days, and I do not seek to defend it.

I was in close touch with the Prince of Wales throughout the whole period of the Boer War. In relation to the Great War the Boer War may now seem but a small affair, but at that time it was significant enough and caused deep anxiety, heart-searching and sorrow in many quarters. At no time did the Prince of Wales feel more keenly his enforced inaction. He kept in touch with all his friends who had fighting men in the field and suffered with them in their losses or rejoiced with them when there was word of success.

During that time he closely followed the doings of my son Guy, then a boy of seventeen. When he knew that my son had run away from Eton in his anxiety to join the army and had gone off to South Africa on his own, the Prince wrote to me deploring his folly and making many helpful suggestions about what had best be done. The boy was finally given the post of galloper to Sir John French and served throughout the campaign. My stepbrother, Lord Rosslyn, also did plucky service in the campaign as a press correspondent, but I was glad to have the Prince's support

in strongly opposing my husband's wish to serve in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry.

In referring to my son Guy "taking the bit between his teeth," the Prince said that he thought our English fashion of letting boys become men while they were really only boys was deplorable. It was true, as he said, that mere boys of seventeen were little use in a campaign. They have not done growing, so they lack stamina and only help to fill the hospitals. The Prince said that he thought that the Germans managed this problem better with their more systematized courses of study. In commenting on my son's action he said that he thought the boys of the day did not show much heart or feeling although he greatly admired their pluck. Yet this is just the comment that was passed on his own youth by his elders, and it is exactly what is being said to-day of the modern girl, if not of the modern boy.

The Prince's letters about the Boer War would have to be quoted from, or given in full, to get their flavor. He went into detail about a visit he paid to Netley, the efficiency of which he greatly admired. He shared the general feeling of contempt and annoyance at the actions of a group of silly Society women who went out to South Africa, ostensibly to nurse the wounded, but only managed to make themselves conspicuous for their general incapacity and for dressing up in Cape Town as if they were at Ascot or Monte Carlo. It was good to know that some of them were speedily ordered home again.

This reminds me of another absurdity that I observed at Warwick about that time. The Warwick-

shire Yeomanry were being reviewed at the Castle before setting out to fight in South Africa. It was the first time in our history that Yeomanry were to take part in active service. The troop had listened to various more or less improving speeches—we were all feeling very proud of our fine-looking countrymen—when some benevolent ladies who were anxious to show their appreciation of the brave fighters went round among the men distributing toothbrushes. There may have been other gifts, but I distinctly remember the toothbrushes. It struck me as very funny as I watched this distribution, that these lads, most of them mere country bumpkins who had probably never used toothbrushes in their lives, should be provided with this accessory for use on the field of battle! The packets of Woodbines, chocolates, and socks—even if the socks were not always too good a fit—that were showered on the men in the Great War were a better expression of patriotic goodwill.

One little incident that happened during the progress of the War was a friendly gesture of the German Emperor who had been in rather bad odor in England about that time. When the Prince of Wales was returning from Copenhagen, the same visit during which the attempt was made on his life that has been already referred to, the German Emperor went all the way from Brussels to Altona to meet his uncle. This was taken by the Prince as a kindly action and he commented on it in a letter he wrote me.

If there was little love between uncle and nephew,

the Empress Frederick, the Kaiser's mother, next to Princess Alice, was King Edward's favorite sister. One of the most touching letters he ever wrote me was after the death of the Empress which affected him deeply. She died only six months before Queen Victoria.

When the time comes that King Edward's letters that may survive official biographies and minor accidents are published, it will be found that the writer of them will be given his proper niche. They reveal qualities that are none too common in any class, but rare indeed in Royalty. They were essentially unselfish letters. The writer always makes light of his own troubles and discounts his own qualities and ability. He was, if anything, too humble about himself, and was always ready to praise other people and willing to believe that they were better than he. He would give the most detailed care to the consideration of other people's problems and troubles, was always ready to help and was full of wise counsel. Every letter reflected a kindly, generous, loyal nature. He gave to his private friendships the practical insight that might so well have served the State.

But he was a thwarted man for many years. His was a practical mind bored by inaction. One has only to glance at the freedom allowed our present Prince of Wales to deplore the fretting restrictions imposed on King Edward while he was Prince of Wales. King Edward was by far the most democratic monarch who ever sat on the throne of England, and this liberality of mind was due probably to his prolonged nonage. Long after he came to

man's estate he would go to no end of trouble and make elaborate plans to meet some friend or go somewhere secure from stupid interruption and surveillance. This care was not due to cowardice on his part. Quite the reverse. He was always indifferent to his own safety. The precautions were taken to spare other people's prejudices or feelings, or pride.

There was left to King Edward one outlet of which he took full advantage. He would brook no interference in his choice of friends. He insisted on making friends of men quite outside the usual Court circle and he would stick by such men even when his loyalty put him in the wrong.

Nothing would have pleased the King better than to have known of the freedom accorded our present Prince. He fondly loved his grandchildren and he would have been the first to applaud the opportunities given the Prince who has to suffer so few of the restraints that have ever been the portion of Princes. Thirty years ago it would have been inconceivable to imagine any Prince being allowed freely to enter the trenches during the war as our present Prince did constantly at the risk of his own life. He has taken part in Canadian ranch life; has visited every Dominion, knows America, has paid surprise visits to the East End and South London; in fact has everywhere probed beneath the surface of life. He has, as it were, literally and metaphorically always seen to his own stirrups and girths.

Much as King Edward would have enjoyed such freedom, the England of his day was not ready to bestow it upon him. His travel was restricted, and

visits even to friends were duly heralded and prepared. Even when he sat on the Housing Commission—at the time considered to be a daring innovation—there were many things hidden from him.

I shall always be glad that I was able to do my share in helping him to see things as they really were. I did everything that was in my power to let him know the truth about such places as workhouses and prisons, and I told him all I knew of the lives of the poor whom he would one day govern. In all this King Edward was a willing learner.

No appeal was ever made in vain to his good feeling. He wanted to tear away the veil of conventional decorum and this sincerity in his nature made him one of the best friends anyone ever had.

King Edward's discontent with things as he found them, was not because he believed he had reason to complain of his own lot. He was always ready to acknowledge his share of the good things of life. He was never ungrateful, but he longed to take a man's part in life and he wanted an outlet for his superabundant emotions. This made him at times unduly sentimental. Not being a bookish man, study did not attract him. Like some women he gained his knowledge of affairs from constantly meeting clever and able men and women and listening to their discussions. Nor with all the various social functions over which he had to preside, had he time for any serious study. He had to give his mind to the small things of life.

This is why he delighted in anniversaries. I smile now when I think of our earnest exchange of birthday, Christmas and such-like tokens. Probably some

of the calendars and cards of our day would raise a smile on the faces of certain sophisticated young persons of this generation. It may be that these clever young people lose something in being too scornful of sentiment which often carries with it romance and poetry. A gift is not less valuable by reason of its being made a symbol. Even when King Edward sent me on one occasion a traveling clock, the clock was chosen because of a certain little gadget that added to its sentimental value.

I remember, too, his pleasure in receiving gifts that had been thought out with care. I had the happy thought once of having a picture painted of his Derby winner, "Minoru," and this gave great pleasure. He was equally pleased, too, to let the artist, Mr. Lynwood Palmer in whose work I was interested, have it made known that he had had the commission. Such things seemed somehow important then in a way that is all out of focus to-day.

Judging from the red plush and innumerable framed photographs of the King's own private rooms, he could not be said to have had good taste in decoration even in his own day, but he had a keen eye for beautiful places and never failed to comment on the points of beauty in the various country seats he visited, noticing quite small changes with an unerring eye.

He had, too, an extraordinary appreciation of physical beauty. In the briefest notes that I have had from him when he was only telling of some race meeting or ball that I had missed he never failed to say who were the prettiest women present.

He could be very cutting also, in a few dry words, when he was warning me against people whom he thought dangerous. He was always telling me that my careless good nature would be sure to deceive me about the true character of many who claimed to be my friends. He had the exact measure of many of the women of his day who would have been surprised had they known how little effect their beaming smiles had on the prince they delighted to honor.

Nor was he a bad judge of men, and he was always tolerant. He was too big-minded a man to take undue advantage of his social prestige. When he showed the cold shoulder it was not without good reason. One or two letters stand out clearly in my mind as revealing the heart of the man, notably one that touched on a broken friendship of mine that he had long desired to heal. It was written with an almost feminine desire to put things right in a seemingly irreconcilable emotional situation. It shows the writer's affectionate nature but it also shows his limitations as a psychologist. It was as if he believed that his own deep desire for harmony would suffice to put things right.

He wrote me a charming letter reminding me of the tenth anniversary of our friendship. His advice would read a little old-fashioned in these days. There is an avuncular note in it. Every point is touched upon, including various phases of my public work, the members of my little family, the future, and the opportunities of life that were still available. But the main theme was the reality and sincerity of our friendship which he averred nothing could alter. The

sentiment was never mawkish. It rang true because it was true. What faults of character the King had were caused by reason that the man was in fetters. He was forced to lead a life that would have bored the dullest mind, and the lack of an absorbing job drove him back on social duties, so-called, and amusements. He suffered in the measure that he was a man and not a puppet.

My enthusiasm for work within the Labor Party gradually weaned me from Court circles, and I saw less of King Edward in his later years, but the warmth of our friendship remained unimpaired. I used to meet him latterly at my brother-in-law's house in St. James's Palace and at my mother's.

The last time I ever saw the King was on the eve of his departure for Biarritz when he was very ill and depressed, and greatly changed. He complained of the effect of the injections against influenza that had been given him, but it seemed to me that a diagnosis would probably have discovered influenza germs present, for he had a racking cough.

Our talk that day is a treasured memory. He was retrospective, and reminded me of many incidents in our long friendship. He was due to dine at the house of an American friend that evening, and I tried to persuade him to cancel the engagement for he seemed too ill to go out. He said, "How I wish I could give it up, but I do shrink from disappointing my host." This was typical. King Edward always thought of people's feelings, and this habitual courtesy of mind even placed him at times in situations that caused unjust criticism.

I had several short notes from him from Biarritz, and the troublesome cough, alas, was often alluded to. In his last letter he spoke of the pleasure he felt at the prospect of meeting Mr. Roosevelt in London. King Edward greatly admired the President. He had never met him, and he never did meet him. The fatal chill and illness set in immediately on his return to England. For his true friends the loss was irreparable, and England discovered that King Edward's comparatively early death was a cause for deep national mourning. The impression left of his short kingship was one of unqualified success.

Among my most treasured souvenirs of a great sovereign and a "very perfect gentleman" is a plain gold ring. On the inside are inscribed the words: "To Bertie from his affectionate parents A. and V.R., July 9th, 1860," the date of his confirmation. On the outside is engraved "Gott mit Dir."

CHAPTER XI

WHEN NANCY CHANGED HER FANCY

THE ENNOBLING OF NANCY PARSONS—RODIN IN HIS NIGHT-CAP—CLEMENCEAU: A PRE-WAR INCIDENT—THE EARLY AEROPLANE—SPECIAL TRAINS

IT is not so many generations ago that in the minds of a large number of people the words *actress* and *demi-mondaine* were synonymous terms, and were interchangeable in common usage if not in reality.

I was thinking of this the other day when showing a friend the picture of "Nancy Parsons," by Reynolds, that hangs in the oak dining-room at Easton. Nancy Parsons and Kitty Fisher were actresses and no better than they should be, but they were beautiful, and so thought Sir Joshua and Gainsborough who painted both "painted ladies."

Nancy lived for some years with my great-uncle, Charles, Viscount Maynard, who was a boon companion of George IV. In due time Nancy cajoled my old uncle into marrying her, but her social triumph was short-lived, for, like many of her kind, she quickly changed her fancy and eloped from Easton with a Frenchman. Unfortunately, she carried all the Maynard jewels with her. I need not owe her a grudge, for poor Nancy's dead body was shortly afterwards found in the Forest of Fontainebleau, whither she had been lured and murdered by her faithless lover, and he, in turn, made off with the

gems. None of the jewels were ever recovered by my family, but my mother tells me that when the Empress Eugénie's jewels were sold in London in the seventies, connoisseurs recognized among them the well-known "Maynard Rivière!"

Nancy Parsons must have been a clever woman. Not only did she manage to marry Lord Maynard; while she was his mistress she was also the mistress of the Duke of Grafton. Lord Maynard and the Duke were close companions and friends, yet neither of them knew of Nancy's relations with the other. The incident says something for the honor of the men. Gentlemen in those days, apparently, did not give away even a cocotte; and the two were great gentlemen in their day. With the frankness of to-day such a secret three-cornered relationship would be impossible. One of the men would certainly boast or blab.

A beautiful old lady, a member of the Maynard family, came to me in distress when she heard that my youngest daughter who had become an actress had adopted "Nancy Parson" as her stage name. It made no impression on my dignified relative when I told her that my young daughter Mercy had been advised to follow a stage career by no less a personage than dear Ellen Terry, and that when I attempted to reason with my daughter, she had countered my feeble objections by reminding me that I had always preached to her the necessity of work instead of idleness, and that in becoming an actress she was merely following the profession that attracted her. The dear old lady would not be consoled and again asked me how I could let my girl take the name of a woman

who had been such a scandal in our family in a former generation. Cornered, I could only reply with a smile: "Well, dear cousin, Mercy must have taken the name because Nancy Parsons was the only actress in our family!"

My daughter Mercy has since married Basil Dean, the theatrical producer, but she still keeps her stage name of "Nancy Parsons."

Family enthusiasm for the drama was roused and maintained some years ago when I gave up one of our big Essex barns and had it converted into the well-known "Barn Theatre." On the stage of this theater I was even persuaded once to appear myself, as the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. This, I may say, was my first and last appearance on the stage, and it must be agreed that I was in wonderful company for our dear friend Ellen Terry was Juliet. The district was buzzing with the pleasure of having a close-up of this much-beloved figure in English theatrical history.

The Barn Theatre has long been a center of joy for the young people round us, among them at one time the Wells boys (sons of H. G. Wells) and the Blumenfeld children (children of R. D. Blumenfeld of the *Daily Express*). At the time when these young people were about, Shakespeare plays were nearly always their choice, and we still remember with pride that Bernard Shaw used to come sometimes from Welwyn to be our dramatic critic. Now these young actors are scattered and most of them married, and my own daughter is the only member of the group who took acting seriously and made it her profession.

I believe the idea of our Barn Theatre and village

dramatics must have dated back to an early eye-opener that I had of the educational value of the drama in country places. I am one of the favored mortals who visited Oberammergau in the days when it was unspoilt by the world's favor.

The Oberammergau villagers came to the wayside station to meet the train that arrived by the single line of railway. My baggage was shouldered by "Joseph of Arimathea," and I thought as I followed him to the hotel that I was going to be amused by seeing something very primitive and—quaint was the word then much in vogue.

Primitive the dramatic performance was, in the sense that nature herself is primitive, but the experience was stupendous and soul-searching. The performance had the perfect naturalness of great art.

Everybody is photographically familiar now with Oberammergau and its players. It was all new to me then—the wonderful setting for the stage with the amphitheater open to the skies except for the covered stage and the glorious hills beyond—a perfect scene for the peasant figures.

From midday we sat watching the whole of the gospel tale unfold, every scene so natural that it was hard to believe that these carpenters and fishermen taking the various parts were not actually the Galilean and his disciples. The play went on all day with short intervals. When it came to the scene of the Last Supper, with the little group sitting at a rude oak table pretty much as it had been in the original, and one saw, in the drama, the simplicity of that last meal shared by a group of friends, one wondered at

the sacerdotal distortion that nearly every Christian sect has evolved from such a simple ceremony. From priestly misreading of the Last Supper have come terrible wars—misnamed "holy"—with a consequent trail of sectarian bitterness and hate.

There was an extraordinary dignity throughout the whole drama. I cannot forget the beautiful young face of the Christ actor or the expression of Mary the Mother. Every part had been rehearsed for years. The girls and youths of the village were always eager for the honor of being cast for the principal parts. The girl on whom the choice fell to play the part of Mary lived apart for several years until she was considered good enough. It was the same with the girl who was chosen to play the part of Mary Magdalene, and the Christ part had to be supreme. No matter how often this peasant drama has been described and praised it has never been overpraised. But, as I say, that was in the days before the oncoming of the American tourist or the movie man.

To say "American tourist" is perhaps unfair. Desirable American travelers have never lacked reverence and understanding of the dramatic achievement of Oberammergau. As there are, as everybody knows, numerically more travelers from America than from any other country, there is a preponderating number of merely idle and vulgar rich who flock to any place that offers a show. The presence of large numbers of such people year after year must inevitably spoil the simple life and character of the villagers, which were the essence and core of the artistic success of Oberammergau as I remember it.

My Eldest Daughter, Marjorie

My Eldest Son, Guy

The formal critic whose taste is offended by the scrap-book nature of these memoirs will find this chapter the most faulty of all. It is a mere record of unrelated incidents that occur as the spotlight of memory touches figures on the stage.

I sat to August Rodin for my bust the year before the War, and recall many delightful hours in his studio in the rue de l'Université. Rodin's mind was a storehouse of fresh delight, and the thoughts and ideas tumbled out as he worked. As is well known, Rodin came from the people and his education was limited, so his vivid conversation did not depend on book knowledge. He was an old man when I knew him, and he spoke mournfully of his early struggles. His youth had been a battle against prejudice and jealousy. Fame and success had come too late to compensate him for early deprivations. But it was an amazingly sweet smile that lit his rugged face when he told of his youthful dreams and longings to travel in Greece. Poverty had denied him this. I think we may rejoice in any cause that kept Rodin from fulfilling his dream. If he had gone to Greece to study, it is probable that he would have been overpowered for a time at least by classic traditions, instead of developing his own rugged and original genius. No doubt he would have worked his way out of any "school," but in being forced to feel his own independent way in search after truth and beauty he had the less to unlearn.

I think that Rodin gave up all hope of English taste when he came to London to advise about the placing of "The Burghers of Calais." He told me that his

desire was to have this piece of sculpture placed on the steps leading to St. Stephen's Hall, or some other approach to the House of Parliament, or other great public building—each figure on its own step. The "burghers" would thus seem to be descending the stairs after their long march. Rodin's other suggestion was to place the piece, as was done in Copenhagen, where a replica of it stands in an open square, directly on the pavement. Rodin returned to Paris deeply disappointed that his advice was not followed. I am so glad to note that Rodin's friend, Colonel Arthur Lynch, M.P., is able to corroborate the fact of Rodin's disappointment. So badly is this fine piece of sculpture placed that it is hard to realize, at first glance, that the perched-up group of figures on a hideous pedestal in the little garden near the House of Lords is a masterpiece of perhaps the greatest sculptor of his generation.

It was in Rodin's studio that I met Anatole France, who, I loved to observe, always addressed Rodin as *Cher Maître*. Would that I might recapture for the joy of my readers the scintillations of wit that enlivened my fortunate sittings, but this I can say, I *did* appreciate being in the company of those great men.

I remember at one of the memorable meetings in the rue de l'Université Anatole France confessed that he had never in all his life known happiness. On comparing notes, the three of us agreed that in this life there *is* no happiness. Pleasure, yes—but pleasure is not happiness. Whatever may be reserved for us in some future life, our hope of happiness is cer-

tainly not based on the experience of this present state of existence. I note that the great Edison recently says, "There is no such thing as happiness."

The original clay model of my bust is among the Rodin collection bequeathed to the nation. The marble portrait has been bought for the Rodin Gallery in New York.

Another peep of Rodin comes to mind as I write. Not long after I sat for him in Paris he came to pay us a visit at Roquebrune on the Riviera where we were staying for a time. There arose suddenly in the middle of the night one of those violent storms that sweep the Mediterranean coast with such fury. My bedroom door banged open in the wind and in the passage outside I saw the old sculptor in night attire topped by an inimitable French nightcap that fingered off absurdly in an elongated tassel—a comical picture. He seemed to be in trouble so I got into my dressing-gown and went to him at once. He was like a frightened child, and said he could not go to bed in such a gale. He wanted a cup of *tisane*. Together we descended to the kitchen, but the household had gone to bed and the fire was out. I set to work to light the fire and blew it up with all patience until I got the kettle to boil. My old friend then produced a screw of dirty newspaper in which he had the *tilleul*. I made his *tisane* and he drank the soothing cup and then the old lamb went happily to bed.

To most English people the world Impressionism does not convey what it actually was—the name applied generally to an Art movement in France in the seventies, associated with the names of Manet, Monet,

Pissarro, and other painters of original genius. The word is used loosely by us to express certain fashions in painting and decorative art, literature, and even fashions in dress that gradually superseded the old school of sentiment and romance and the detailed portrayal of nature that limited the horizon of our immediate predecessors. To the elderly the word is a reminder of repeated shocks given to the academic world of painting in and about 1878, rousing reverberations of Whistler's withering response to Ruskin's "pot of paint in the face of the public!" Those seemed to be very significant and stirring days not only in the world of Art, but of philosophy, literature, and science also. Such names as Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley were signposts in their day; even the melodramas of Marie Corelli and plays of Pinero such as *The Gay Lord Quex* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* rouse echoes of old controversies and surprises. There were conscious revaluations of artistic and social modes.

I remember an old lady giving me a vivid picture of the new worlds of beauty that were released by the teachings of William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites who roused and stirred the generation immediately preceding my own. But never again would that world be so easily overthrown. When Post Impressionism, Futurism, Cubism arrived they excited ridicule or fervor according to the attitude of mind of the circle they interested, but most people were mildly indifferent. There was engendered by the end of the century undiscriminating greed for new sensations, a thirst for the bizarre in art and fashion

My Youngest Daughter, Mercy

My Grandson, the 3rd Earl of Feversham

that covered many extravagant phases. It needed no accompanying philosophy. Paris took the lead, and the term Art Noveau covered a multitude of absurdities.

I first met M. Clemenceau when he was Editor of the Conservative paper *L'homme Libre*. Mr. Hyndman, who happened to be in Paris at the same time as I, gave a little luncheon at a boulevard restaurant to Clemenceau, the ever-lamented Jaurès and myself. Sparkling indeed was the wit that flowed.

Some years later I had to play the novel rôle of interpreter between M. Clemenceau and Sir John French. The great Frenchman was then Prime Minister of France. Sir John, as Lord Roberts had been for many years, was obsessed by a premonition of the coming European struggle, and this dark vision haunted him day and night.

Having no knowledge of French, he went to stay at a pension in the village of Le Bouillet, near Rouen, to study the language. I was traveling in France at this time, and went out of my way to call on the General, who was an old friend of mine.

He was full of the idea of the future war, and remarked to me how much he would like to meet Clemenceau. As I knew the Premier well, I was able to arrange a meeting between the two men in Paris.

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My account of what took place at that interview has been CENSORED!

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Let it suffice to say that if what goes on behind the scenes were revealed history would be written differently.

But as to another conversation showing the truth of this my lips are not sealed.

I recall a luncheon party in the spring of 1914 at a friend's villa at Beaulieu on the Riviera. My husband and I had been asked to meet a distinguished semi-royal Russian General. It was a small party and the conversation, in limited French, as the Russian did not speak much English, was somewhat dull. After luncheon, however, the General entered on a long talk with me on the need for Russia to get to work to counter German plans. He said that the Kaiser's pet scheme at the moment was to win over France by making friendly concessions to Alsace and Lorraine, overtures to the President, a sensational entry into Paris, and altogether to become such a determined peacemaker that even the memory of 1870 would scarcely shine through the haze of good fellowship. The great man went on to say that this was all very annoying to the Russian Foreign Office. The diplomatic ties of France and Russia must be strengthened. On the military side, with their immense Russian army and internal storms brewing, a campaign against Germany was imperative. While all this was being poured into my somewhat bored ears, I could see that my hostess was a little uneasy that her luncheon guests were being detained beyond polite limits, and, somewhat abruptly I had to end the *tête-à-tête*.

I remembered it vividly later when German pris-

oners began arriving in England. My knowledge of the German language made it easy for me to have access to the prisoners' camp at Dunmow. The German soldiers always said that they had been told when war began that Russia had crossed the German frontier. These men, mobilized from all over the German empire, were unanimous in saying that the rank and file had no idea that they were fighting England until they were actually in the field. The German hereditary bogey had always been Russia.

My own war work comprised helping the Red Cross and other ameliorative agencies. I used to feel that if ever I could get this story told, and by the telling of it help in a degree to stop another war, how gladly I would tell it. I can say this with a clear conscience for my eldest son was in the fighting line, my only other son gave up Cambridge to enter the Flying Corps, and my son-in-law, Lord Faversham, was killed while on active service. Like other people, I lost many relatives and friends.

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My first view of an aeroplane was at Newport in Wales, where I had gone to open a bazaar. As I entered the ground of the house where I was to be a guest for the night, my hostess, Lady Llangattock, a little lady of sixty, came towards me over the grassy slopes of the garden, with a parcel in her hand. She had been shopping in Newport, having been taken there and back in her son's aeroplane from which she had just alighted. Her son, the Hon. Charles Rolls, was the inventor, with Mr. Royce, of the famous Rolls-Royce engine, which I understand has never

been surpassed. I believe I am right in saying that as yet no woman had ventured up in the air, and I thought it showed amazing courage—and faith in her brilliant son—for this elderly lady to have taken such a jaunt. Alas for that mother; she lived to suffer the bitter experience of the loss of her son in the untimely crash that ended his career.

In the summer before the War, while entering Switzerland from Germany, our train suddenly stopped near Lake Constance. The engine drivers, guards, passengers, all of us, got out on the line, and one of the earliest Zeppelins, flying quite low, passed over our heads like a great bird. The trainload of Germans shouted and applauded until it disappeared from sight.

The next time I saw a Zeppelin was from my window at Easton in the autumn of 1914. I had been roused by its whirr, and I watched, with strange misgivings, the silvery cigar-shaped air-monster in the clear light of the moon, pass on its way to a then unprotected London. It reminded me of another incident.

Once in a Munich railway station I was waiting to join the night express to Paris. A huge crowd mostly of women carrying bouquets of roses stood at the platform gates. Further along I could see a rose-decorated and brightly-lit saloon carriage. I thought that the Kaiser at least must be traveling, but presently when a little, elderly man in a big fur coat appeared, and the crowd overwhelmed him with flowers and shouts of welcome, some enthusiasts even em-

bracing him, I found, on enquiry, that it was "our Count Zeppelin!"

One of the most telling differences between the world of the nineties and to-day is the remembrance of how light-heartedly people used to charter a special train. I remember, for instance, once when I was coming from Cowes on my way to Warwick, I found when I reached Basingstoke that I should have to wait there a whole hour for the connection I wanted. Without hesitation I immediately ordered a "special," which, of course, meant that a train carrying me alone had to be made way for on two different lines of railway. I cannot remember what I paid on that occasion, but the cost of a special train in those days was only a few pounds, rarely as much as £10, and we tipped the engine driver perhaps £1, as it meant extra duty for him. To-day such a thing as hiring a special would be impossible even with a fee of £100. In any case, to-day the motor-car obviates any such necessity, and for ambitious people there is always the Moth!

CHAPTER XII

A FRIENDLY CATECHIST AND THE AUTHOR

ON BREAKING THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT—WHEN A SCANDAL BECAME A ROMANCE—FREEMASONRY OF CONDUCT—WHAT IS A "GENTLEMAN"?—A PRIME MINISTER ON HIS KNEES—THE PRINCE AND THE SHAH—SOCIAL MENDACITIES—THE QUEEN BEHIND THE CURTAIN—ALONE IN LONDON WITH SEVENPENCE—"FROM ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED MUCH AND FORGIVES ALL"

ONE whom I shall call the "Friendly Catechist" has put into dialogue form some disjointed talks that she and I had one winter day as we sat by a window overlooking the Chelsea Embankment. She reminds me that a few days before our talk the Thames had broken bounds in a surging tide of cold and dirty desolation seldom before equaled in London. After speaking of this, we fell to discussing the way in which an equally irresistible flood of change had almost wholly swept away our old social codes. I give the dialogue in full, as in it is expressed briefly my own views on some vital problems that are touched on in this book.

F.C. There is more than a gulf of years fixed between the way your generation broke the Seventh Commandment and the extremely modern method. The young men of your era would have died, I believe, rather than have dishonored a girl of their own class, but they fixed their eyeglass in the other eye when the woman was married, or when they "looked after" a maid of low degree!

AUTHOR. That is perfectly true. I remember smart young men about town who had no profession other than perhaps soldiering, and to my mind soldiering makes for stagnation. The Blues and the Guards mostly supplied London ballrooms with eligibles. Society girls, if not as innocent as they were "pure," were often unbelievably ignorant even of the physical facts of marriage. Marriage—their goal, their destiny, their desire—was all in a rosy haze. Afterwards, as wives, they accepted without question the code of their day as unchanging and unchangeable. Nearly all the young men had mistresses, so most bridegrooms had a second establishment to pension off or maintain. The only thing that mattered was that there should be no scandal; everything was all right if only it was kept quiet, hushed up, covered. If a Society woman met a man—even her own brother—in the park or in a restaurant, when he was accompanied by his mistress or an actress, he would not raise his hat to her. He cut her, and she understood.

F.C. Yet, to-day, as often as not, the girl is the aggressor! The new method does at least save the mother from being such a frantic match-maker as her predecessors were. We have forgotten all about the innocent maidens who used to bedew their pillows with tears when tyrannical parents or guardians threatened to sacrifice them in loveless wedlock. I heard the other day of a young woman addressing her distressed mamma thus: "I've been week-ending with So and So for the last year. You won't like it because he is not one of 'Us.' I don't want to upset

you so if you will give your consent we can have a smart wedding and all that. If you don't, well—I'm very sorry but the respectabilities don't worry me." When the mother found that tears and bribes were unavailing, she said: "My darling, I don't mind the respectabilities, as you call it. I can overlook everything, but I implore you not to marry a man out of your own class. You will be so unhappy." It was the mother's social sense, not her moral, that was shocked. There, it seems to me, lies the root of the trouble.

AUTHOR. Not altogether! Anyhow, from my point of view, there is no Society nowadays. When I came out, social prestige meant something. There was a definite aristocratic society of the landowning families. These families owned then practically the whole of the land of England. It was difficult to enter that Society from the outside, and impossible unless Royalty approved. The Prince of Wales was broadish-minded and inclined to welcome some of the professional class. A few artists and doctors were accepted. Sometimes a rich manufacturer might be able to poke his nose in, but he caught it for his temerity no matter how rich he might be. Political people were included, and any outstanding man or woman, say an explorer or a musician, but brains were rarely appreciated and literary people and intellectuals were not welcome. As for newspaper men, their entry was unheard of. Society did not want to be made to think.

F.C. I suppose some of the incomers helped to change things but it was the thinkers—the men and

A Shooting Luncheon at Easton, October, 1895

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; Mrs. Ralph Sneyd; Lord De Lisle and Dudley; Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn; Mr. and Mrs. Menzies; Col. Mark Lockwood, M.P., and Mrs. Lockwood; Lady Lilian Wemyss; Lord Rosslyn; Lady Angela Forbes; Col. Sir Arthur Paget; Lord Herbert Vane Tempest; Miss Muriel Wilson; Mr. and Mrs. R. Woodhouse; Sir Walter Gilbey; Sir George Holford; Myself and my husband

women of literature and science outside who made social changes inevitable. They were the real social leaders. We women certainly owe our social freedom to Bernard Shaw more than to anybody else perhaps, and before him Hardy had been making people think.

AUTHOR. Changes, long imminent, came rapidly after the death of King Edward, and with the War they were so overwhelming that it was exactly like the Thames overflowing the Embankment the other day and drowning the people in their beds. Now I cannot see any social distinctions at all. The Society I used to know, say in the eighties, has wholly disappeared.

F.C. Is that for better or for worse?

AUTHOR. It is unpleasant for some older people, but I think many things are better than they were. Speaking merely of the changed attitude towards sex, I think modern frankness is much better than the old hypocrisy. It was all wrong that the working-class girl was free prey to any man about town. And for professional girls, with their meager earnings and limited opportunities, life must have been very cruel.

F.C. The so-called fast or smart set may have led the fashion, but they were not the whole of Society. What of the highbrows and the philanthropic women?

AUTHOR. There were many of them, but I think that the other counted most as social leaders, and some of them were philanthropic and public-spirited too. Speaking personally, if I may, from the time that I began to think about social conditions I cared very much and tried hard to help to change things.

But I remember after my memorable talk with Robert Blatchford in Fleet Street in 1893, that on my return to Warwick I could not think of one of my many guests in whom I could confide my thoughts with any hope of understanding or sympathy.

F.C. Perhaps there were some who would have understood among your employees or amongst the servants. You certainly had courage, and in many ways you were ahead of your group. For the moment, my mind was reviewing social changes from the angle of sex rather than economics. I think the changed attitude on this vital subject socially, professionally, and domestically, concerns women more than anything else does. It was the bar of sex that used to be the excuse for every kind of inequality and injustice. I remember vividly how indignant I used to feel at the hypocrisy that condemned a woman who made assaults on the Seventh Commandment and condoned any man who did so. Animality was mistaken for virility by some people.

AUTHOR. The sex thing sloughs off naturally. It doesn't seem to me to matter.

F.C. It does matter, but not always in the way people think. Sex experience is something more than a personal affair like bodily cleanliness, and a broken commandment unfortunately involves with it some other costly breakages as well.

AUTHOR. What a pity Moses ever wrote out those tiresome Ten Commandments. Then people couldn't have broken them! Everybody wants to do a thing if they are told "Don't." As you seem determined to discuss this subject and I have praised the frankness

of to-day, may I say what I think of another aspect of it? My generation loved, or thought they loved, with a big "L." To-day I hear the girls in their twenties talking Freud instead. They don't give themselves for the sake of love, but because of an "urge" to do exactly what they want to do. They disclaim all personal responsibility.

F.C. Yes, there is a tendency to think out clever, bawdy names for the homely spade. I wish I could see where the changes are taking us. Frankness is all very well, but simple goodness seems to me to be the most difficult thing to achieve, and progress is impossible without that.

AUTHOR. Goodness is never simple. I cannot say whether this generation is better than mine, but I do prefer their frankness to the old hypocrisy. Pretense must be wrong.

F.C. Is frankness always admirable? Who was the old French philosopher who said that hypocrisy was the tribute that vice paid to virtue? Was the hypocrisy you deplore to be found in every class? What about the servant class who were enjoined by their Prayer Book to look up to their "betters"? Did they pretend too, and did they never gossip?

AUTHOR. I remember servants who were as much a part of the household as any member of the family. As far as I know they would as soon have thought of criticizing their "betters" as they would have thought of criticizing God. Masters and mistresses were "different"—a race of favored beings. It seemed to be a point of honor with that class of servants to cover their employers' misdeeds, and lie

for them, and stick by them. I must say that great liberties were taken with such loyalty, but the servants I have in mind were of a different breed altogether from those of to-day. They had pride, too, and an obstinate snobbery. They were often more conservative and greater sticklers for etiquette than their masters and mistresses were. There are a few survivals; but, generally speaking, the servants that I remember in my girlhood have vanished as completely as the bus horse.

F.C. It would seem that there are new loyalties in every class and a changed conception of love. The grand passion that was supposed to excuse all has gone, and with it has gone also the halo round the word "romance."

AUTHOR. A scandal was a romance until it was found out! I remember one romance that was old when I came out. The lady was a duchess. Her husband, the duke, was a rip. A noted politician and the duchess were lovers, but they loved with the utmost propriety. She always addressed him as Lord So and So, and he addressed her as Duchess. Never by a word or movement of an eyelid did they give themselves away. Yet Society knew and sympathized with their romance. They were asked together to dinner-parties and treated like an engaged couple. As a girl, I remember listening eagerly to their conversation when I met them out, hoping to hear something romantic; but everything they said was of the most ordinary kind. The politician's father died, and Lord So and So became a duke. At last the lady's husband died also. The Duke was

elderly, even old, when they married, but they had some years of wedded bliss, for the two remained lovers and friends to the end. The Duchess became vastly respectable, never countenancing irregularities in sex affairs, though far from straitlaced in other ways. This well-known romance of the Duke and Duchess was condoned by Society because it was managed with such care. If it had become public, the position of the pair would have been impossible.

F.C. Your own romances were probably more interesting. But you are reserved. You have no vanity.

AUTHOR. I have nothing to be vain about. Things just seemed to happen to me. My life was crammed full. I enjoyed every minute of it, and had no time to think about myself. I never analyzed things as you do.

F.C. The women of your circle have one supreme advantage over women of the middle classes. You can afford to have friendships with men without exciting comment. On visits to each other's great houses, at your hunting parties, yachting, racing, no matter what it is, you have thousands of opportunities of making friendships that never interfere with the comradeship of a true marriage. This breeds tolerance and dignity. People of the middle classes have neither the space, the leisure, nor the privacy to cultivate many friendships with the opposite sex. Although, even while saying that, when one thinks of it, friendship between men and women that spring from comradeship in work are perhaps the most lasting and intimate of relationships.

AUTHOR. I have had wonderful friends. I often feel grateful for it. I do not say that my best friends have always been men, for I have had and still have true women friends, but one or two of my men friends stand out very clearly. One day I shall tell you about my best friend among all the men I have known. That deserves a separate chapter. As for tolerance, I can talk of that too. I know what it means.

F.C. One would imagine to hear the talk of some people to-day that tolerance was a new-born virtue. A friend wrote me only yesterday saying, "I rather loathe these days of emotionalism let loose from principles. Much of the so-called New Thought is as old as sin!"

AUTHOR. You drive me back to my own generation. There was plenty of tolerance for both sexes but it was not so diagnosed perhaps. In my circle there was a kind of freemasonry of conduct. We could be and do as we liked according to the code. The unforgivable sin was to give away any member of our group. That was class loyalty, I suppose, but we had no name for it.

F.C. In fact you could break any commandment in the decalogue if you did it in a ladylike or gentlemanlike way; the divorce of good manners and morality, shall we say? Did this mean that there were lesser loyalties—domestic loyalties, for instance —that were overlooked?

AUTHOR. Not exactly. It was rather that certain people recognized—just as your ultra moderns recognize—that men and women with strong pas-

sions may disregard law and yet remain delightful people. They are charming to begin with, for indeed it would seem often that the most lovable ones are the tempters or are the most tempted.

F.C. Love-making is charming in youth, selfish, and sophisticated in second youth, and merely pathetic and comical in the elderly.

AUTHOR. My generation did too much of it, but that Society was wiped out in 1914. I do not doubt that the same old game goes on to-day. Life is just as exciting and as frivolous. Perhaps there vanished with that Society something good, too. The men that I remember were at least "gentlemen," a term that to-day is almost an apology.

F.C. When you say the word "gentlemen" I think instantly of your husband. He was truly a "gentle" man, and I am sure he was tolerant, was he not?

AUTHOR. Yes, one of his common expressions was, "I always see both sides." And it was true. He had an understanding nature. I suppose I took his tolerance as a matter of course, as he took mine, I hope. From the beginning of our life together my husband seemed to accept the inevitability of my having a train of admirers. I could not help it. There they were. It was all a great game.

I remember a charming thing my husband did that will show you how understanding he was. It was the first time that I was really conscious of the "gentle"-ness if you will call it so. I had gone to Paris, and during my absence a man that my husband knew was very fond of me was killed while

hunting—broke his neck. I had not seen any English papers and knew nothing of the accident. In the middle of the night following the accident, while asleep in the hotel in Paris, I heard myself called by name. The voice was so insistent that I jumped up. I thought immediately that something had happened to one of the children. I could not sleep again. Early in the morning I telegraphed to the butler at Easton to ask if the children were all right. The man wired back that all was well, but I was not satisfied. When a copy of the *New York Herald* came into my hand that day, I read an account of the fatal hunting accident and I knew who had called me in the night. The man truly loved me and had tried to communicate with me. I could not stay longer in Paris but prepared to return home at once to be in time for the funeral. When I landed at Dover I found my husband waiting for me on the quay. As I knew he was booked for a fishing-party, I was amazed to see him there. His words of greeting were, "I knew that you would be so upset at X's death that I felt I had better come to meet you!" It was one of the sweetest things he ever did. But he was like that. My husband never judged people harshly, and nothing that happened ever changed his loyalty and affection.

F.C. Charming! I have often remembered what that somewhat ardent novelist said to you at Easton one day as she folded you in an ecstatic embrace: "Daisy, did any woman ever have as many lovers as you?" She meant by "lovers" people of both sexes who adored you. What a wall of illusion you must

have had to break through. I wonder what helped most to clear your vision. Did you ever have your heart broken?

AUTHOR. Yes—once—and suffered torment!

F.C. Did it interest you at any time to be a wire-puller, I mean in political affairs?

AUTHOR. There were times when I enjoyed a certain sense of power, but the best incidents have always to remain secret until they cease to matter to anyone. I remember one rather amusing happening that may bear telling. I must have cared about the human side of it only, for I have forgotten the political incident completely. It would be an effort even to recall the year. I was due to lunch with a certain Prime Minister who was a delightful person and a great friend of mine. He had one weakness. He was sensitive to newspaper criticism though people did not know this. When I arrived at his house I found him in the library on his knees turning over in a helpless sort of way the day's papers in which there was an account of his brilliant and dependable second-in-command having come out boldly against the policy of his Chief. The younger man was taking such a decided line of his own that the affair threatened party cleavage of a disastrous kind. My friend was troubled, and my sympathies were instantly roused. I declared that I could get the other man to climb down and make friends again so that party unity, and incidentally several "faces," would be saved. "But X has gone to Blank to speak. You will never be able to get hold of him in time," the great man said ruefully. "Yes, I will," I said, "I

am going down to Warwick. I shall continue my journey and see him. Leave it to me." Full of my peace-making mission, I landed at the place where the Rebel was speaking, but, alas, when I found him he was surrounded by a cluster of chosen spirits who were only too ready, apparently, to shine in the effulgence of the new political star. There seemed no chance of getting a private word, so I sent him a note saying that I wanted to see him urgently, and asking him where we could have a talk. His reply was that he was going on to speak that night at another town. He would stay the night there, but had to be back in London next day before luncheon. He was reluctant to disappoint me, he wrote, but the only time that he could suggest, and he hesitated to propose it, would be an hour between two London trains, if I could meet him at Leamington station. I replied that I would do this, and next morning I descended on the Station-master at Leamington at nine in the morning and told him that I must have a private room where I could have an hour's talk with the distinguished politician. The Station-master offered me his own room, and there the Rebel and I sat for an hour on the bare deal table dangling our legs and having the thing out. I may add that the Rebel was a man who was always willing to listen to the plea of a pretty woman! "You must make it up," I said. "You must propose yourself for a week-end to so and so." "But I'll only get horribly snubbed," he protested. "No, you will be welcomed. Take my word for it," I assured him. I won my point. The two men made up the quarrel and the

party was saved for a time at least from an inevitable break.

F.C. Tell me one of the most awkward social dilemmas you ever found yourself in. I mean any public occasion when you "put your foot in it," if you were ever guilty of such a thing!

AUTHOR. Undoubtedly the time when old Lord Salisbury held a garden-party to welcome the Shah. When I read in these days the accounts of the triumphal progress in Europe of Eastern monarchs such as the King and Queen of Afghanistan, and see pictures of them in the press wearing ordinary European dress, I find it difficult to explain the effect on the public of the first visit of a Shah in Victoria's reign. The garden-party at Hatfield was an important event at which the Prince of Wales was specially invited to meet the royal guest. When I arrived, the Prince caught sight of me, and with scarcely a moment's pause, bore me off to have a talk. The uncounted moments fled swiftly by, and I had no idea that an anxious host was on the look-out for the Prince. It was only when we joined the main party, and I caught a glimpse of a gold and gem-decked Shah wandering aimlessly around like a lost comet, that I became horribly conscious of the breach of etiquette of which I had been an innocent accomplice. When I try to recall the affair, all that I remember of my talk with the Prince is that we fell to discussing some of my many educational or philanthropic schemes. The Prince made some laughing reference to that incident in one of the last letters he ever wrote me. His was a far worse plight than mine.

I remember another occasion when I nearly got into very hot water indeed but some kind fairy saved me. I was expecting a visit from an august lady long since in her grave. I had arranged a suitable party to meet her over the week-end. Everything was planned for decorum and stateliness. She was much older than I. A few days before the visit I heard of the return to England of one of the most entertaining men of the day, now long since gone. There was no one whose society I enjoyed more. He made a success of any party and he was a frequent visitor to our place. I wrote to this man saying how delighted I was to hear of his return, and in my note I suggested a week-end. But "don't come this week-end," I said, "as I am entertaining —— and have asked a lot of dull visitors to meet her. Come the following week-end, when I shall have some chosen spirits invited for you."

This man had been away from England for over a year. I had heard rumors of his being ill mentally, but I had not attached much importance to this and supposed that he was now all right again. On the morning that my august visitor arrived I met her at the station and as we drove up together she said, "I met —— [mentioning the brilliant man] yesterday, and he showed me your note to him. He did not know what it meant. He was not sure if he was to come here with me or not." I felt myself turn cold within, and I wondered what lie I could possibly invent to put a semblance of decency on the letter. I had one or two terrible moments while I vainly

tried to think of something to say. The lady continued, "I saw quite well why you had written to him as you did. I could see that you did not want to have him here with me. He is so 'ga ga' that he would quite spoil our party. I quite understood." I realized that it would never occur to the lady that her company could be regarded as dull, and I also realized that my old friend was done for. He never recovered his mental balance, and he did not live very long after that.

F.C. What was the story that Lady Rosslyn referred to the other day when she accused you of having been "very naughty" at Windsor?

AUTHOR. Oh, it was only the old story of the morning when I left Windsor before breakfast to attend the Essex Hunt Races. Emily Paget, who was then in waiting, was a great friend of my mother, and she told her that Her Majesty got out of bed and stood in her gown peeping from behind a curtain to watch me go off. It seems that when I appeared and entered the carriage wearing my scarlet hunting coat, the Queen professed to be very shocked, and said to Emily, "How fast! How very fast!" This made a deep impression on my mother who still talks of it seriously although she is now nearing her ninetieth year!

F.C. Odd word "shocked" when misapplied. It makes one feel that it would be rather good fun to shock such a protected personage. It seems as if the human invention of "royalty" and "aristocracy" and other "peculiar people" differentiates certain in-

dividuals from their fellows as much as the Queen bee is differentiated from the rest of the hive. However much we may emphasize that the common bee has only to be segregated and differently housed and fed and a special job assigned to her to become a Queen, the fact remains that a Queen bee in the end is different from other bees. It is not the fault of the Queen bee but of the common bees. It always interests me to see how you have broken away from your own particular cell of class inhibitions or whatever you may call them, and are instantly ready to react democratically. The War did this for many people, but you seem to have had an understanding of lives removed from your own long before the War.

AUTHOR. I seemed bent on breaking down barriers, I enjoyed the fun of it at first, and then it became absorbing to me. I remember one queer predicament I found myself in one hot August many years ago. I was trying to economize at the time and had left my man of affairs to administer my estate, allowancing myself with a certain sum monthly for my own personal needs. At the time I had a pet monkey called Patsy of whom I was very fond, and to my distress she got ill and died. I had been feeding her with fruit only and it seemed that she was carnivorous and I ought to have given her a mixed diet. I was heart-broken. The man who gave her to me had found the monkey during his travels in the wilds of South America. I wrote to him telling him of my sorrow, and begged him to find me another Patsy. He replied that monkeys of Patsy's breed—she was black with white rings round

her eyes—were only to be found in a remote region of the Amazon. The traveler was setting off again to South America, but he said he could not go up into the wild region for this particular monkey unless he had extra funds. I asked him how much he would need and he named the sum. It was just about the amount of my monthly allowance which was due in a day or two. I arranged to see the traveler in town and hand over the cash. I put up at my mother's town house, which was empty except for a caretaker. A friend who was in money trouble called there on my arrival and begged me to lend her some money. I gave her the sum she asked for. She promised to return it, but never did. I went to Liverpool Street on the appointed day to meet the traveler. I remember so well counting out the bundle of notes into his hand. I never saw the man again. Probably he was killed, for there are wild tribes in the regions where he was to have gone. Anyhow, having given him the cash—a largish sum—and said good-by, I turned towards the London I knew, and found that I had exactly sevenpence in my purse. I realized that I should not be in funds again for a whole month. Everybody I knew was out of London. I had not so much as would hire a cab. It was evening. My mother's house was on the other side of Regent's Park. It was the days of the horse bus. I had never been in one and there seemed to be such crowds of people pushing into the various buses that I preferred to walk. I shall always remember that long, dusty, hot walk, and the dreary-looking shops on the Euston Road. I had not

even enough money for a meal and I was frightfully hungry. I walked until I was very tired and then I went into a shabby-looking eating-house and bought a penny bun. I sat at a marble-topped table and ate the bun and drank a glass of water. I felt that I must keep the sixpence to get some breakfast next day, for I could not borrow from the caretaker. I did not regret the money for Patsy one bit, but it was an odd experience going to bed hungry. Next morning among a pile of letters that came to me there was one announcing the sale of a hunter with a check for £160 in it, so my troubles were soon over. The impression remained, however, and I often wondered how it must feel to be really penniless and hungry in London with no resources. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton describes it wonderfully in a recent book.

F.C. Tell me of some beautiful incident that stands out clearly in your crowded life, some fine action by a man or woman.

AUTHOR. I think instantly of a woman. Through a strange tangle of events I had seemed to have earned the censure of a certain woman, and I despaired of righting things. Just before the arrival of one of my children I was inspired to write a letter in which I was able to clear up some of the difficulty without blaming anybody. In writing the letter I had put aside my own pride, for I had not been the aggressor but was rather a victim of gossip. I felt glad to have written the letter even if it should never be answered, but the answer came fairly soon, and

it touched me deeply. This woman, long since in her grave, had set aside her pride also. She sent me a small crucifix wrapt in a piece of paper on which was written these words: "From one who has suffered much and forgives all."

CHAPTER XIII

THE FRIENDLY CATECHIST CONTINUES

GOOD BREEDING AND BAD—MANNERS AND MANNER—STATESMAN AND GOVERNESS—"I AM OF THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN"—ANGLERS' HONOR—AT A SHOOT IN THE EIGHTIES—THE GOWNS THAT WERE—"FAST" BUT RESPECTABLE—A LOST LATCHKEY—MY MIDDLE-CLASS PERIOD—GOOD SPENDERS—"MORTAL RUIN"—GOOD MR. LEWIS—TRYING TO GIVE MY HOME AWAY—A GREAT LOVER

F.C. When we were discussing "breeding" the other day we both agreed that it implied courage, but—!

AUTHOR. It was a servant girl who saved most people at the risk of her life during the recent Thames floods!

F.C. If we can recognize breeding, we can describe it.

AUTHOR. It would be easier to describe bad breeding! I can think of one man who is a thoroughbred. If he entered this room you would find him charming and a gentleman, but if you left the room with your purse lying on the table, the purse would probably be gone when you returned. He is a thief, a liar, and ever so many kinds of rogues, but he has breeding. Can you give me an illustration of what you consider to be breeding?

F.C. Yes, I think I can. Not long ago a woman described to me one of the best examples of breeding she ever saw and you yourself were the principal in the tale.

AUTHOR. How exciting! Do tell me.

F.C. This woman was your guest at Warwick. It was tea-time and you were entertaining some friends with a description of the merits of your favorite hunter, "Prince Charming." You had lent it that day to a relative. You were speaking of the almost human intelligence of this animal. While, with shining eyes, you gave a glowing description of the favorite, a man crossed the lawn and came towards the Castle. His head hung, his shoulders were loose and drooping. He looked as a man can only look who has had a horse killed under him. As he entered the room you divined what had happened and said to him, "Prince Charming is killed!" He bowed without speaking, and your only remark was: "Oh, Algy! How dreadful for you!"

AUTHOR. I don't see what else anybody could have said. I have forgotten the incident completely, but I do remember the horse. I am sure you could get as good an example of breeding in a Deptford slum. I have heard wonderful slum stories from Margaret Macmillan. I can give you an example of bad breeding in a story that is told of a statesman whose name will go down to history. I always found him one of the most charming of men, but a dear woman, much loved in my family, found him otherwise. She had been recommended for the post of governess to his little motherless girl, and called by appointment at his fine town house. She was told that his lordship was at breakfast, and was left standing in the hall. When she was shown into his room, she found the statesman stretched out in a deep arm-

chair. He neither rose nor asked her to sit down. His manner throughout was insolent, as if he would let her know with what contempt he regarded a governess. This to a woman who would be supposed, if she took the post, to fill the place of mother for a time to his little daughter. Needless to say, the noble Lord had to advertise again. Had he but known it the woman he treated so rudely belonged to an older family than his own.

F.C. Snobbish pride in the well-born is so ugly that it proves that we expect something better of them, whereas pride of family in a governess may be almost a virtue.

AUTHOR. I remember at a luncheon-party at Warwick many years ago my husband and another man were talking of their pedigrees. My husband was proving his descent from the king-maker through the female line, and the other man was bragging that his family was older still for he was directly descended from the Plantagenets. The rest of us were much impressed if a little bored by the vehemence of the Plantagenet's descendant. Presently a faint voice from the far end of the table piped, "I am descended from Benjamin!" For a moment there was silence and all eyes turned on the speaker. It was Guggenheim, the copper king. Then the party rocked with laughter. English earls, even Plantagenet descendants, seemed trumpery moderns compared with the claims of the old Jew.

F.C. I remember once finding a descendant of the Plantagenets on her knees with mop and pail scrubbing the hall of her little suburban villa. She

Warwick Castle by Canaletto

could not afford a char but she could point to her family tree on the wall of her sitting-room with proof of her descent from Edward III. I must confess that this did not save her children from having noses with an upward slant!

AUTHOR. If we deny the well-bred any claim to superior morals or physical beauty—a glance at royalty will disprove the latter—of intellect—the House of Lords has never been the House of Brains —and even of good manners—we have not yet stripped them of all. They have an air! The middle classes may have manners but they have no manner.

F.C. Shall we not rather say they have a manner but it is sometimes a bad one!

AUTHOR. Jesting apart, I like to think of the old feudal days when the overlords and their ladies really did have manners, and a real care for their dependants. *Noblesse oblige* did mean something. You cannot live in Warwick Castle for years without coming to believe that there were days of old when knights were knightly and the ladies of high degree deserved their place in song and story. Yet, I have often found the very qualities that we call well-bred in an inmate of some lonely Highland shieling, or in a laboring man or woman on my own estate.

F.C. If it is not impossible for some kind of aristocrats to be gentlemen, it sometimes seems difficult, just as it is difficult for a very poor man to be quite honest. Tell me of the worst breach of manners that you can recall in a group of well-bred people.

AUTHOR. It was in the eighties. I had not been long married. My husband was a noted fisherman,

as he was expert at most sports. We had gone to Gordon Castle, the Duke of Richmond's place on the Spey. Every member of the party was a fisherman or fisherwoman except myself. I had never fished for a salmon in my life. After dinner the Duke sent for a ghillie and told him that he was to take me to what was called the Ladies' Pool—supposed to be the worst pool, but good enough for such a novice. So next day out I went with this ghillie. I had no idea how to throw flies, so I just dangled my fly in the water and looked at the landscape. Suddenly I hooked a fish—a really big salmon! I was so excited that in the commotion of reeling in, the reel came off the rod and fell on the ground. The salmon tore away down the river with the reel, I tearing after it and the ghillie after me. I got my reel. I held on to my salmon till the man gaffed it. I forget how much the fish weighed, but it was not an ordinary one. It was really big. Very much elated, when evening came I rushed up to the group in the drawing-room before dinner with the news of my catch. My story met with frowns and black looks from everybody in the room. There had never been such a blank day. Instead of each person having got their usual fine catch, nobody had had a rise. There was just this fool who had got the only salmon of the day. I ate my dinner almost in silence. After dinner I sat and stitched with the duchess. Nobody came and spoke to me. I took good care to make an excuse not to go fishing any more. Instead, I remained with the older ladies.

F.C. How dull such parties must have been for the women who were not interested in sport.

AUTHOR. Intolerably boring! It was just as bad at a shoot. My husband was such a crack shot that we were asked everywhere, Blenheim, Chatsworth, and all the great places. The average party might number sixteen, as too many guns spoil the shoot. We began the day by breakfasting at ten o'clock. This meal consisted of many courses in silver dishes on the side-table. There was enough food to last a group of well-regulated digestions for the whole day. The men went out shooting after breakfast and then came the emptiness of the long morning from which I suffered silently. I can remember the groups of women sitting discussing their neighbors or writing letters at impossible little ornamental tables. I never could enjoy writing at spindly-legged tables. I like plenty of elbow room and a broad expanse. We were not all women. There were a few unsporting men asked—"darlings." These men of witty and amusing conversation were always asked as extras everywhere to help to entertain the women; otherwise we should have been left high and dry. The "ladies" then were not like the women of to-day. They rarely took part in the shoot, not even going out to join the shooters until luncheon time. Then, dressed in tweeds and trying to look as sportsmanlike as the clothes of the day allowed, we went out together to some rendezvous of the shooters. A woman who was very bloodthirsty and sporting might go and cower behind some man and watch his

prowess among the pheasants. But there were very few even of those brave ones. After a large luncheon, finishing up with coffee and liqueurs, the women preferred to wend their way back to the house. They would spend the intervening time until the men returned for tea once more, changing their clothes. This time they got into lovely tea-gowns. The tea-gowns of that day were far more beautiful than the evening gowns worn for dinner. We changed our clothes four times a day at least. This kept our maids and ourselves extraordinarily busy. I remember one tea-gown that was thought to be beautiful. It was of *eau de Nil* satin, draped with gold-spangled *mousselin de soie*—the georgette of the day—with gold waist belt and bands of fur at the hem and at the neck, and with large angel sleeves; the whole effect of green and gold and white looked very fine. Imagine a woman of the present day descending to five o'clock tea in such a garment! When I think of all these gorgeous gowns round a tea-table I fancy we must have looked like a group of enormous dolls. Conversation at tea was slumberous. Nobody woke up to be witty until dinner time with its accompanying good wines. The men discussed the bags of the day and the women did the admiring. With the coming of bridge in later years the hours between tea and dinner were relieved of their tedium. It used often to be sheer boredom until seven when we went off to dress for dinner.

F.C. It must have been something of a feat to carry around such ample wardrobes. What was your luggage like?

AUTHOR. Oh, we had mountains of trunks—roofed trunks. Whenever I see men or women to-day going off for a week-end carrying their own neat suit-cases, I remember with amusement the mountains of luggage that were landed at a country railway station when one of our parties broke up. I wonder how the good-tempered porters dealt with it. The whole platform from end to end seemed to be piled with luggage with any number of gentlemen's gentlemen and ladies' maids in attendance. The maid always carried her lady's jewel-case and put it down on the seat of the third-class carriage where she sat, no doubt making eyes at some valet meanwhile. It speaks well for the thieves of that day that so many jewel-cases escaped! It would be impossible for a maid to carry such a thing in a third-class carriage to-day and she and it both survive. The thing would be gone before you could say "knife!" Robberies of the kind were rare in those days. Kleptomania had not become a fashion! The large coronets and conspicuous letters on our mountainous trunks made interesting reading for the country crowd. Rubbing shoulders with their luggage was the nearest they got to rubbing shoulders with the aristocracy! I hope my quondam hosts, if any of them survive, will forgive me for saying that after some experience of such parties I used to try to get out of invitations and let my husband go alone. I knew that this was no hardship, as a few odd men always help to make a party merrier. I preferred to remain among my own pursuits at Easton. It is

not so many years since I was able to break loose from all such outings.

F.C. There must have been greater fun and scope at a hunting party.

AUTHOR. Or yachting! I remember glorious days sailing and racing on the *Britannia*, King Edward's yacht. I had many years of hunting in different parts of the country. To this day I cannot get over the feeling of incongruity in seeing motor-cars in the courtyard at Warwick Castle. I think of the many parties of Melton enthusiasts who used to gather there in the old days, the great yard full of Warwickshire hounds. I remember too at other times how we used to go down to Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Lodge picnicking; a party of us would go from Warwick in a launch. One day we were a very jolly crowd. Suddenly there was a splash and a gleam of bright green as into the water leapt Lady Constance Stewart Richardson in a verdant bathing-suit. This was thought a very daring thing to do. To-day a similar crowd would hardly look if a young woman took a header without her bathing dress! When I see and hear of some modern adventures, I think our fastest set was the most respectable crowd that ever lived!

F.C. Tell me of a really "fast" incident in your day if the sight of a young woman plunging into a river in full bathing dress was so shocking.

AUTHOR. I remember one very nearly "fast" incident when I was young and giddy that happily ended in respectable failure. I had promised to sup privately with a friend of mine after the Opera. I

was to take a cab to the house of a third party who was arranging everything for us. My friend was to be given a latchkey and there were to be no servants in the house. We were assured of a waiting supper of lobster and champagne to be eaten in perfect privacy with a chance of talking our hearts out. When I reached the appointed house in a certain quiet square, what was my alarm to find my admirer on his knees on the pavement groping for a lost latchkey. I hurriedly dismissed the cab and helped in the search. All in vain! There was nothing left for us to do but—supperless—to go arm-in-arm for a midnight stroll in the empty, echoing streets before seeking our respective, lawful dwelling-place.

F.C. Champagne at such an hour!

AUTHOR. It was all right if you were young enough. I remember once when a tactless person quoted some newspaper gibe to the Prince of Wales —the newspaper had accused him, among other wicked things, of giving champagne suppers to his lady friends—the Prince replied scathingly that champagne was for the *demi-monde,* and that he gave whisky or lemon and soda to ladies at night, but he added, "There's not much difference nowadays!"

F.C. It was a long step from golden youth to your later Socialistic period. You seem to have started off with everything that your era worshiped—breeding, beauty, a brilliance that was never intellectually aggressive, and best of all in the eye of most people, Money! The very word "heiress" seems to have gone out of fashion. You "sipt each flower," you "changed every hour" and your little

court adored you for being transcendent. They would scarcely have loved you quite so much if they had guessed that you were transcendental.

AUTHOR. At the beginning I worshiped the same gods as the others did. You must remember that I had an intermediate stage—let us call it my middle-class period—when I made friends with Stead. He opened a new world for me. Through him I met types of men as varied as Andrew Lang and John Burns! That was my Board of Guardians, philanthropic, educational, lady-gardening period. I was a reformer, if you like, but not yet an avowed Socialist.

F.C. You certainly did not love, dress, nor look like a reformer. You did not conform to any well-known type, such as Frances Power Cobb, Sophia Jex Blake, or Mrs. Fawcett. No wonder that you puzzled your critics!

AUTHOR. I did worse. I enraged them. I roused for myself two kinds of enemies. I had detractors among the very people I was trying to help, and I had worse enemies among people of my own class who saw in my Socialistic tendencies a deep class disloyalty.

F.C. Socialist then was a term of greater reproach than Communist is to-day. But it was not your Socialism that made you the victim of ill-willed gossip. I think it was that people beset by poverty and ignorance of any life outside their own saw in you only a frivolous Society beauty on the look-out for some new sensation. They thought you must be humbugging. They might concede that extrava-

gance is the right note for a woman of fashion but for a mother of earls who lived in a castle in the lap of luxury to call herself a Socialist—that seemed mere folly. How could they guess that you had inward strivings?

AUTHOR. My name seems to have been almost a synonym for extravagance, but when I analyze things it seems to me that in my frivolous period when I was spending lavishly on entertaining my equally frivolous friends, I was spending just as lavishly on my philanthropic ventures. I was not alone in my extravagance. The Marlborough House set were all good spenders. I have never regarded money as a thing to hoard. I used to shed mine freely in the days of plenty and I have kept on shedding it all my life.

F.C. If you spilt a fortune in your progress you had at least some fun in the spilling. But mere giving has never solved an economic problem. Your largesse could only rouse covetousness in the kind of poor who are greedy but never grateful.

AUTHOR. I do know that I never had enough, nor had any of my friends. We were always full of schemes for making money without undue effort. I remember one very amusing money dream of my husband's that came sadly to naught. He was of all men the most unmercenary. I always think of his great effort when I spy certain cases of rare butterflies that hang on the walls of an old day-nursery at Easton. The sight of these "golden butterflies" can still send me into convulsive laughter. My husband went out to Mexico to make his fortune—and

mine—by experimenting with a new kind of "gold crusher" machine. The tempter who seduced him into trying his luck in a world so removed from a man of my husband's tastes and pursuits, was an old friend with the apt nickname of "Mortal Ruin." The full story is told elsewhere, but my mischievous imagination refuses to accept any other picture than that of my innocent husband, ever an enthusiastic entomologist, running around in a foreign land catching butterflies in a green net, while a group of hard-faced men were conspiring to do him out of his gold. The Mexican mine over which he once had an option was floated for a million sterling, but all that survive to his family of my husband's share in this mine are the two cases of rare butterflies!

F.C. I should have thought that some of the wilder spirits of your Marlborough House set must have got into tight places at times in their money scrambles.

AUTHOR. It happened all the time, but they had an ever-ready friend. His name was Lewis. There were two benefactors named Lewis, quite unrelated the one to the other. They were the great standby of the aristocracy of that day. There was Mr. Samuel Lewis, the money-lender. He lent money at a high rate of interest, no doubt, but he was never known to press anybody. He was really very kind. Many people owed him thousands. When he died there was no record of it. I suppose people with any honorable feelings used to try to repay him, but there must have been many who never tried. I need not say that his benevolence was for the upper classes

only! The other benefactor was George Lewis, afterwards Sir George, the well-known lawyer. He must have settled hundreds of Society cases out of court, for very few divorces in those days were made public. This great man smoothed down anything approaching scandal touching Royalty or the aristocracy. The whole *jeunesse dorée* of the eighties and nineties were for ever flying to one or other good Mr. Lewis!

F.C. As you pursued your upward path of reformer, did you learn to shed your habit of reckless giving?

AUTHOR. Not a bit of it. I warn any millionaire to take note to leave me out of his will, for I should still spend every penny on some darling scheme. I don't regret any of my giving. I think I must have been born without any sense of possession. I constantly come across people who make a fetish of something—furniture, pictures, china. They would rather sit homeless in Hyde Park beside a beloved chesterfield than sell it and go into a small dwelling-place without it. I find this craze among people of every class. It is no virtue in me that I do not share it. I never want to hoard anything. Not long ago a man died suddenly leaving his childless widow in a great house, with no interest in life. The house was wanted and the friend found the widow a nice little place suitable for a single woman. She was faced with the alternative of giving up the big house and selling its cumbrous furniture or of storing the furniture and going into the cottage. But, no, she could not be parted from her bureau, or her tallboys,

or some gigantic bed. It is just as bad with quite poor people. They will stick to a dilapidated cottage because of some precious relic in the shape of a chest of drawers rather than leave for a smaller, sounder dwelling. You see everywhere lone females hugging their bits of furniture as if they were alive. I am like an Arab. I have not got this virtue or vice, whichever it is. All my life I have parted with jewels —anything—I even tried to give away my biggest earthly possession—my home—Easton! Apparently the Labor Party to whom I offered it, share my contempt for possessions for they would have none of it. When I offered them this great house with its treasures they lightly said: "No, thank you!" I wonder if they ever saw the joke, as I do, in their turning down my offer! I am sure they were wise to remain unencumbered with a great mansion, but the incident has its funny side.

CHAPTER XIV

WARWICK

EARLS OF WARWICK—CASTLE PHANTOMS—THE PAGEANT—THE UPKEEP OF A FEUDAL CASTLE—THE WARWICK GUEST BOOK

"VIX EA NOSTRA VOCO"
"I SCARCELY CALL THESE THINGS OUR OWN"
(The Warwick family motto)

". . . never did anything with a better grace than he, being so far from endeavoring to heap up riches or to husband his estate, that he looked upon wealth as a thing not worth his care."
From "The History of Richard de Neville, Earl of Warwick," *published in* 1700.

"On Avon River stands Warwick Town
The fairest jewel in England's crown;
Oh, what hath been told or what hath been sung,
Since the days of old when the world was young,
But Warwick Castle and Warwick Town
Have had their share in song and story?"
JAMES RHODES (*The King's County Song*).

MORE sharp than any fleshly pang was the pain that assailed my heart when I stood by the open vault at Warwick. Military pall-bearers passed within carrying the coffin of my eldest born, my son Guy, sixth Earl of Warwick, in his forty-sixth year. I remembered my inexpressible delight in his babyhood, the wonderful plans I wove for his future, my hopes of

what he would be and do—of the great part he was to play in life.

The mother's love soon tells her that she can modify but cannot change character. This is a lesson most women have to learn. I was born with a hatred of militarism, and all my life I have been in protest against domination by force. My husband, although a first-rate sportsman, and conventionally acquiescent of military things, was by nature and pursuits an artist. But our eldest boy dreamed of war from his cradle. He would have no toys but soldiers, and turned every game into a desperate fight. As I have said before, when only seventeen he ran away from Eton to join the army to go to the Boer War. The boy was so afraid that his father and I would not consent to his taking part in that war, that he sold his gun and overcoat to put himself in funds. He was the youngest soldier in that campaign.

Not only is the son of whom I write gone, but the three distinguished military men who interested themselves in his career have gone also. Lord Haig wrote me the following letter at the time the boy was appointed galloper to Sir John French:

BLOEMFONTEIN,
14th April, 1900.

MY DEAR LADY WARWICK,

Your letter of March 16th received, about Guy.

On receipt, General French saw Lord Roberts and got permission to take Guy as galloper, and I wired both to Guy and to the Commandant Norvals Pont to send him on here to join the Cavalry Division Staff without delay.

This is just a line to catch the mail, to put your mind at

rest about Guy joining General French, and to tell you that we will see that he comes to no harm, as far as we possibly can arrange such matters.

With all good wishes,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

DOUGLAS HAIG.

The following is the official note to me from Sir John French at the same time:

BLOEMFONTEIN,
9th April, 1900.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

I have obtained permission from the Field Marshal to take your son on my Staff and have telegraphed to him to join us here. He landed a day or two ago.

We will do all we can to help him. So far from thinking him too young my own view is that he is just the right age to commence soldiering, and active service in the field is the finest "Military College" in the world. Somehow I can't help thinking (though of course I may be much mistaken) that the worst and hardest of the fighting is over now. Our friend the Dutchman doesn't stand up like he did, so, if my anticipation is correct your anxiety will not be so great.

Please let me thank you with all my heart for the kind things you say in your letter. My share in the successes was a small one. It is easy to command such magnificent troops, especially with such a glorious Staff as I have had.

We are all very anxious to be on the move again, but our horses have been in a terrible state and are only just getting round.

Thanking you once more, believe me, dear Lady Warwick,

Yours very sincerely,

J. D. P. FRENCH.

The third distinguished soldier who interested himself in my son was Sir Evelyn Wood, from whom I had the following letter the same year:

War Office,
London, S.W.,
30th May, 1900.

My dear Lady Warwick,

Your son's letters are extremely interesting, and I am very much obliged to you for letting me see them. I do not know that I have read a more cheerful and clever letter than that written by Brooke to his sister. I think you may well be proud of him. I rejoice that I was to some extent instrumental in giving him the chance of seeing service, and that in good company.

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Wood.

My son soldiered in many parts of the world and gained military distinctions. He was twice wounded in the Great War, and as often mentioned in despatches. He received, besides other decorations, the Croix de Guerre with palm. But his life ended at an age when he was just reaching his prime.

There comes to me another side of this son's character. More than any other of my children he shared my intense love for the country and a passionate love for all animals. I think of the many happy hours we spent together when he was a boy when, during the summer nights, armed with lanterns, we went hunting for rare moths in the New Forest and in the gardens at Easton. This son had, too, an abounding generosity and an affectionate nature that en-

GROUP AT WARWICK CASTLE, MAY, 1895

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; Marquis de Soveral; Lord and Lady Norreys; Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour; Earl and Countess Cadogan and Lady Sophie Cadogan; Lady Gerard; Lord and Lady St. Oswald; Viscount and Lady Georgina Curzon; Lord Richard Neville; Lord Herbert Vane Tempest; Hon. Sir Sidney Greville; Sir George Holford; Earl of Hardwicke; Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild; Mrs. W. Lawson; Earl of Lonsdale; Capt. Richard Charteris; Earl of Chesterfield; Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck; Duke of Marlborough; Countess of Leicester; Lord Frederick Hamilton; Myself, my husband, and daughter Mercy

deared him to all who ever worked with him or for him.

Only five years ago the same awful vault at Warwick was opened to receive the coffin containing the remains of my husband, one of the gentlest and kindest of men, a man without bitterness. Although he was quick to defend the rights of others, I can only remember one occasion when he was moved by a sense of injustice to himself. This was when he resigned the office of Lord-Lieutenant of the county which he had held for twenty years. During the last few years that he held this office his health was often very bad, but he could not be persuaded to give up the work during the years of War strain. Many responsibilities were then rightly put on lord-lieutenants of counties, but my husband never spared himself and faithfully performed all the duties that fell to his share. It was not until the War was over that he sent in his resignation. He received the following reply:

My Lord,

I am desired by the Prime Minister to inform you that the King has accepted your resignation from the office of Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Essex. I am also to inform you that your resignation takes effect as from January 11th, 1919.

Yours faithfully, etc.

There was not one personal word from the King himself or from his Prime Minister after twenty years of service given frequently at great personal sacrifice. My husband said rather feelingly, "I think the

Prime Minister might have sent me a line himself. Lord Salisbury would have done so!"

While the poignant words of the funeral service for my son fell on my ears, I thought of the long procession of Warwick's lords and ladies who have passed one by one to oblivion from the beauty of their stately home through the same dread door. A handful of dust in each coffin is now the only witness to their mortal personalities. On one or two the pale light of history sheds a fitful gleam and for a scarcely credible moment the identity of some outstanding personality is dimly visible. I marveled as I thought how small the record is of the joys and sorrows of the family associated with the proud name of Warwick. Under the gray walls of the castle there were fierce gatherings of barons and their men in the days of the King-maker. The gruesome dungeons of the Castle have hid the anguish of many a captive besides the unhappy Piers Gaveston who left that darkness only to be led outside to die.

Of Kings and Queens of England who have successively visited Warwick Castle at one time or another, none had such a gorgeous following as Queen Elizabeth when she made procession through the ancient town, the central figure of such a pageant as delighted her. The Queen's genial remark to the trembling and abashed Recorder of the town of Warwick still lingers. "Come hither, little Recorder," and forthwith he was knighted. How characteristic of the age was the next act of this great lady. After her splendid visit to Warwick when the great doings that followed at Kenilworth were over—not with-

out loss and destruction from the crude and dangerous fireworks of the day—the Queen slipped back again, unheralded, to Warwick Castle. She was prompted by nothing better than an impish curiosity to surprise her recent hosts in order to satisfy herself what "My Lady of Warwick had for supper when she was alone!" It was her luckless favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who entertained at Kenilworth on this occasion. From those days of childish splendor and misery the next most interesting visitor was perhaps Cromwell, who rode back from Edgehill to stay at the Castle with his kinsman. It was from there that orders were sent to destroy and burn Kenilworth, but Cromwell himself saved Warwick Castle from this fate during those days of revolt and trouble.

There is to be seen at Warwick Castle the death mask of Oliver Cromwell, and, unlike the calm expression that one associates with the face of the dead, the mask is rugged and somewhat hard. It interested me once to find among the Cromwell relics kept at Stanmer Park Oliver's pocket Bible, in which is this inscription in Latin, in his own handwriting: "He who ceases to be better ceases to be good."

The visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort to the Castle is commemorated by an oak tree that is planted in the Castle grounds. The late King Edward while Prince of Wales was a constant visitor to the Castle while my husband and I resided there, and Her Majesty Queen Mary has many pleasant girlhood memories of the visits to our home at Warwick with her parents.

The gray stones of Warwick Castle stand unchanged—it would almost seem as if the very trees were unchanged—while generation after generation of its owners and its historic visitors have filed past, now as dreamlike as the kingly ghosts to whom the fears of Macbeth gave semblance.

My own time at Warwick, now part of the dream, began in 1893, but I had often visited the Castle in the time of Anne, Lady Warwick, my husband's mother, whom I loved and admired sincerely. On the death of my father-in-law, my husband had to give up his seat in the House of Commons to enter the House of Lords, and we then moved from Easton to live at the Castle. My husband and I recognized that Warwick Castle was a national glory as well as a personal possession, and in our day we tried, however imperfectly we may have succeeded, to uphold the responsibilities and privileges of such a heritage. We realized the truth of the Warwick motto!

As I make an effort to recall some of the gatherings we held at Warwick during our stay there, I may perhaps plead that our hospitality was not narrow. Of the interesting groups of men and women that we entertained from time to time, there were included Royalty, Politicians, Trade Unionists, Co-operators, Educationists, Agriculturists, the leaders and pioneers of the various Women's movements, Cabdrivers, Pen-workers, Yeomanry, Colonial Premiers, Colonial Cricketers and Colonial Troops, noted Musicians, Stars of the Drama, and unnumbered frivolous parties of the worlds of Sport and Fashion. As my husband was on several occasions made Mayor

THE FIVE GENERATIONS

Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn—Great-great-grandmother; Frances, Countess of Warwick—Great-grandmother; Lady Marjorie Beckett —Grandmother; Lady Diana Worthington—Mother; Baby Caroline

of the Borough of Warwick, we entertained also many local civic groups.

The first Colonial cricket team that ever came to take part in English test matches was invited to Warwick. I can remember the groups of men lying about on the lawns and gazing at the Castle. My uppermost thought was how to feed the multitude! I can remember coming home another time to find my husband entertaining the whole of the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry. Every room of the Castle seemed to be full. My husband and I both enjoyed this kind of entertaining. We loved to see the old traditions of hospitality carried out. It pleased us more to have variety in our guests than if we had kept only to the entertaining of our own social group. But to-day such lavish hospitality would be out of the question for any but the very rich. A scrutiny of the Castle guests lists during the years of our stay would help to link many new ideas and modern movements with the historic past.

A Warwick pageant, in the summer of 1893, was one of the most notable that had taken place in England. The pageant owed its success largely to the genius of Mr. Louis Parker, and was supposed to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the Conquest of Mercia by Queen Ethelfleda, but when it was worked out, the central figure became in reality, not Queen Ethelfleda, but Queen Elizabeth.

As far as possible everything used for the Pageant was designed and made in Warwick. Local artists designed nearly all the costumes worn that day and no pains were spared to ensure accuracy. For this

purpose the British Museum treasures were studied and turned to good account. Illustrations in rare books were consulted and copied. The costume of "Thomas Oken," the Warwick worthy and benefactor, was made according to the rubbings taken from the brass tomb in St. Mary's Church. Guy of Warwick's dress was copied from the Bayeaux Tapestry and the ancient Britons wore skins from the deer of a Warwickshire Park! Warwick craftsmen showed some humor and skill, too, in producing a fiercesome head of the Dun Cow which Guy slew on Dunsmore Heath near Warwick.

Some of the historic figures were vivid and extraordinarily well done. Queen Elizabeth in ruff and farthingale was magnificently stately in her rich robes. Behind her coach beautiful ladies-in-waiting rode on horse-back, but my Lady Warwick, handsomely dressed, accompanied the Queen inside her coach. William Shakespeare was represented by a charming, fair-haired boy of seven, whom the Queen kissed as the son of the Bailiff of Stratford. Her Majesty next witnessed a stately and graceful dance by thirty-three richly dressed dancers of both sexes. One solo dancer wore shimmering white satin. A chronicler of the pageant writes a little extravagantly:

"Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene when the gayly dressed crowds made way for the Queen, who with Warwick, Leicester, and the rest of her retinue went down to the Avon. A red-canopied barge with its sixteen red oars reflected in the calm waters, was rowed slowly down the beauti-

ful river. The fallow deer could be seen in the park on the further bank, and beyond the park were soft woodlands.

"Among other characters vividly brought before the spectators were the legendary Guy of Warwick, in the costume of a Knight Templar, Guy of Beauchamp, Roger de Newburgh, and all the other Earls of Warwick, notably Richard Neville, 'proud setter-up and puller-down of Kings.' Piers Gaveston wore a gold-colored short cloak with pink silk lining, white breeches, high white boots with preposterously long toes, and a chain-armor doublet. Someone had the pretty idea of making little William Shakespeare stand at the very end of the dais, just left by the mother Warwick and her four daughters. When the last performer had disappeared after the final march round, little Master William kissed his hand to the audience in token that 'our revels are now ended.' "

These verses about Shakespeare by some anonymous writer may not come amiss in this Warwick chapter:

SHAKESPEARE

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day,
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low—
All these they saw or might have seen,
But not the light behind the brow.

The doublet modest, gray or brown,
The slender sword hilt's plain device;
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the King of England's kings;
The rest with all their pomp and trains,
Are moldererd, half-remembered things,
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns.

Here is an extract from a letter sent me at the time of the Pageant:

"The fifteenth-century came back again to my mind out of the past at the splendid pageant at Warwick Castle, and when afterwards looking out from the Castle itself over the ruins of Elizabeth's bridge, as the exquisite landscape of wood and water happily commingled faded slowly from sight in the gloaming, I tried to live again the feudal periods and watch the stir and color of those grand and cruel old days sweep along in gorgeous array. The raucous cry of the peacocks broke in upon the grateful cawing of the rooks, which had not yet taken their sudden and mysterious departure from their ancestral tree-tops. It is certain that the sight of Lady Warwick strolling in the gardens of the Castle greatly helped in this imaginative re-creation."

The writer was here referring to the time when the rooks at Warwick Castle held innumerable conferences of a solemn character. At the end they all took their departure and the countryside was filled with consternation. Gossips said that some terrible disaster would assuredly befall the family. Nobody seemed able to find out where the birds went, but the

year after, happily, the birds all returned as suddenly as they had gone.

It was in 1895 that we gave the big Louis XVI ball at Warwick, referred to in an earlier chapter. This entertainment was in the nature of a house warming. The Castle was overflowing with guests. The principal color scheme for the occasion was white and gold, and as it was winter, masses of arum lilies and lilies of the valley were got from the Riviera. The gold drawing-room was lit by wax candles and electric light. A few names stand out among the large house-party. Prince Francis of Teck, M. de Soveral, Count Deym, Princess Henry of Pless, the then Miss Cornwallis West, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Norreys, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Grey de Wilton, and many others. Various guests brought parties with them by special trains, and the effect of the throng of splendidly gowned and costumed men and women in the setting of the noble rooms of the Castle seemed at the time to make the gathering worth while. It was a novelty in those days to provide a photographing room, and the results proved its great success.

There may be readers who will be interested to learn that my ball-gown was of turquoise velvet brocade, embroidered with genuine gold thread in fleur-de-lis and roses. Diamond tiaras clasped the shoulders and my head-dress was made of tissue of gold with a rivière of diamonds, while plumes of pink, white, and blue were fastened by star sapphires set with diamonds. I was supposed to be impersonating Queen Marie Antoinette.

In 1903 I brought out a history of Warwick Castle and its Earls in two volumes (Hutchinson and Co.). This effort of mine to gather together and epitomize the stories that center round the ancient Castle was very kindly received by the press. Warwick is rightly regarded as a national rather than a private heirloom. It ranks high among the famous historic buildings that draw reverent pilgrims of our race from the remote corners of the earth. The upkeep of such a place in these days is beyond the resources of anybody but a millionaire.

As I say in the summing-up of my history, we are a long way from the old conception of an Earl as a man who, in time of peace should gather in the pennies of the counties, and in time of war should marshal his tenants in battle array, now to fight the King's enemies, now to determine his own private quarrels. No Earl of Warwick could be King-maker nowadays, nor will any Earl of Warwick ever again behead a royal favorite on his own responsibility on Blacklow Hill. We are also far from the conception of an Earl who could only maintain his dignity by holding the multitude at arm's length, or one who was considered to have fulfilled his duty if the magnificence of his life was equaled by the insolence of his pride. But altered conditions have brought new responsibilities to the owners of Warwick Castle as to all the world. One is in touch with life at more points, and modern conditions are such that women are no longer debarred from bearing their share in the work that waits to be done for the

amelioration of the world. To most women there is real pleasure in the novel sense of the free play of unfettered individuality. What pleasure can be greater than that of being active in the promotion of causes than one has at heart? I for one have felt this pleasure keenly.

Warwick Castle still stands almost by itself among English Castles. It not only brings before us the people whom it has seen from William the Conqueror down to our present King, but it enables us to realize what other baronial castles which have fallen into decay, such as Kenilworth, once were. We can reconstruct their halls and their bowers, their chapels and their dungeons as they were when great kings and nobles who have long since crumbled into dust, filled them with their sound and fury, now signifying nothing. We can see the Beauchamps, the Nevilles, and the Plantagenets, and those that went before and came after them. We can pause there with Queen Elizabeth and Lord Leicester when all was revelry and mirth, or with the stout old Sir Edmund Peto, in that dark hour when he hung out a cross with a flag upon it in defiance of the Papists. As we walk from gallery to gallery, and from room to room, we may see as in some splendid museum, everything that has beautified and adorned the lives of seven centuries of English nobles. Over and above all this, we may trace in the treasures of Warwick Castle a continuity of English life. As we view objects which illustrate the art and fashion, taste and fancy of a bygone world, we are conscious

of the debt we owe to those who bequeathed to us such treasures to be an everlasting possession, not a sight to be seen and then forgotten.

My contemporaries will be interested in the groupings of distinguished dames that I came upon as I turn over the leaves of the Warwick guest book. Some of the bearers of these names have passed into history. Others, important in their time, are almost unknown to the present generation.

When I think of the great hall of the Castle, there is borne to me the music of the nineties, when we listened to Clara Butt accompanied by Landon Ronald, to Theodore Byard, and Plunket Greene, accompanied by my dear old music-master, Wilhelm Ganz, with his daughter Georgina, who were ever bringing new musicians to the Castle. I think also of those stars of the stage, Esther Palliser, Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks who came to us fresh from their triumph in a popular play; also we had Marie Tempest as our guest; and the silver voice of Mrs. Ronalds—still beautiful—was often heard at Warwick.

I find a record of the Warwickshire Yeomanry in May, 1895, when the Prince of Wales came to see the camp. There are also the names of Lord and Lady Roberts, Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord and Lady Chesham, Colonel Dick Charteris, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford from Ragley. The Duke of Marlborough came from Blenheim and many other Yeomanry officers; Lord and Lady Newtown Butler, the Honorable Ronald and Mrs. Greville, and Lord Cork were of the same party. When all rode

My Grandson, "Fulke," 7th Earl of Warwick

away, we had a quiet week-end with W. T. Stead, and James Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century*, Maarten Maartens, the Dutch novelist, and the Reginald Bretts, now Lord and Lady Esher, made up the rest of that group.

I note in our old visitors' book the often recurring name of Douglas Haig, of Bemersyde, then a Captain in the Seventh Hussars. He lived at Radway with his devoted sister, dear Mrs. W. Jameson. He took his soldiering earnestly and even in those early days gave little time to play, though none was better company than he. We little dreamt of the part our serious friend was destined to play in the Great War. His powers of method and organization were shown in the hunting-field where he would survey a whole stretch of country, pull up when hounds found, visualizing the probable direction of a hunted fox, and marking down his own line which no obstacle seemed to defeat. He had a plan of his own that made hunting interesting to him. He sent me once a copy of Bacon's *Essay on Friendship* with the following cryptic sentence inscribed on the fly leaf:

On Monday 30th December 1895
The Warwickshire met at Binton
Bridges
D
from
D

This was a token of our friendship and of his admiration of a quality of organization that he was pleased to think I possessed, because I had successfully

pioneered about twenty guests to the rendezvous from the Castle with no hitch in finding horses, second horses, and return conveyances. My friendship with Douglas Haig continued during his life, but I rarely met him after the War lifted him among popular heroes.

Curiously enough the only other soldier who was an intimate friend of mine was Lord French of Ypres. He and Douglas Haig were as David and Jonathan until their bitter quarrel during the War. The breach healed, I am glad to say, before death claimed both at an early age. I like to think of my two soldier friends now united.

In May, 1896, the Prince of Wales came. We did various sight-seeings and had quiet picnics with, at our visitor's special request, no outside guests.

Sir Henry Burdett came later when he had his far-reaching hospital schemes to discuss.

In November, 1896, our present King George came to Warwick with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. There was a large and interesting party but I forget if there was any special function.

Mr. George Buckle, Editor of the *Times,* was several times a welcome guest, and a little party for Lord Rosebery included the Earl of Balfour, Lord and Lady Oxford (then Mr. and Mrs. Asquith), the Rochefort Maguires, Lord Crewe, Mr. Willie Grenfell, the present Lord Desborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, Miss Muriel Wilson, my brother-in-law the Duke of Sutherland, and again Douglas Haig.

Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, the Kaiser's sister, with her husband, and Prince Edward of Saxe-

Weimar, came together, and we had a merry party to meet them. Lord and Lady Rossmore, Lord and Lady Lurgan, Violet, Lady de Trafford, Miss Naylor, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and Count Albert Mensdorf, Lord Annaly and Lady Essex (Adèle), Carolus Duran, the painter, came and the then Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, Sir G. and Lady Faudel Phillip. There were also Sir Edward Poynter, that year President of the Royal Academy, and Flora Annie Steel, the novelist.

From Queensland and Newfoundland came the Premiers, the Archbishop of Ontario, and Lord Russell of Killowen, 1898. There were also Evelyn Wrench, the present editor of the *Spectator,* Monsieur Paul Bourget, the French novelist, and his wife, and May Wright Sewell and Charlotte Perkins Stetson from America, whose names were household words in the women's cause of that day.

Guy's cricket team in 1898 included Spofforth, Joe Hornsby, Lord Dalmeny, H. Hewett, R. Moncrieff, Lord Athlumney, and those beloved twins Francis and Rivington Grenfell.

Prince and Princess Adolphus of Teck came in 1898, and the last visit of Queen Mary's elder brother to Warwick was to the funeral of his friend, my brother-in-law, Sir Sidney Greville. Barely a month later Prince Adolphus was himself carried to the grave.

The late Alfred Lyttelton and his wife came in 1899. There were also Arthur Bourchier, and Lord and Lady Erroll, with Dr. Perowne, then Bishop of Worcester. Miss Gertrude Tuckwell and Richard

Whiteing, the writer, were our guests then, and a visit from the Whitefriars' Club brought many interesting people, among them E. P. Milne and his wife.

In 1900 Princess Helena, the Princess Christian, honored us with a visit.

I recall visits from Alfred Parsons, the painter of gardens, and Sir Edwin Lutyens with Lady Emily, Lady Colin Campbell, Sir Evelyn Ruggles Brise, Miss Pamela Plowden, afterwards Countess of Lytton, and Winston Spencer Churchill. The visit of the Colonial Premiers was specially interesting, but this is mentioned in another chapter.

The Marchesa Spinola came in 1900 to look at the picture of his ancestor by Vandyck. As he stood beneath the portrait it might have been his own, so strong is the family likeness in the old Roman families.

My eldest daughter's confirmation was in the Castle Chapel in 1901, by the Bishop of Worcester (Dr. Perowne).

Senator Woolcott from the U. S. A. was a most interesting guest in 1901, also Mr. Courtney of the *Fortnightly Review*.

The late Duke of Beaufort and his wife Louise came to us for a Yeomanry Inspection week, and in 1901 we had Mrs. Craigie, the novelist, Mr. Joseph Choate, the American Ambassador, and Mrs. Choate, Lord Justice Darling and Prince Francis of Teck, with Mr. Claud Phillips, the art critic.

In June, 1902, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who were guests of my sister at Broughton

Castle, came over to spend a day with us at Warwick and a large party met them.

At that time Mr. Harry Cust, Lord and Lady Carnarvon, Mr. Spender of the *Westminster,* the charming Marquis de Ganay, and Mr. John Sargent, the great painter, and Count Paul Metternich, were among our guests; also Sir John and Lady Dickson Poynder, now Lord and Lady Islington.

The Australian Cricket Eleven visited us in 1902.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, with Lady Laurier, made a deep impression on us when they were our guests.

In January, 1903, Sousa's Band came to play to us in the great hall of the Castle—a mighty noise of glorious marches; I remember Burke Cochrane, the great American orator, was with us then, also the charming Ethel Barrymore, the actress, and Waldo Storey, the sculptor.

In 1903 we had a visit from Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson), and Father Bernard Vaughan.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell came in 1906, as also Sir Ian Hamilton and General Sir John French, as he was then, and the late General Harry Scofell and Sir John Cowans.

In June, 1911, Gustav Hamel came to Warwick, flew his aeroplane over the Castle, and was a charming guest, full of youthful enthusiasm that was, alas, soon to be quenched.

In July, 1911, Lord Kitchener was our guest at the same time as Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Lord K. of K. was absorbed in searching for curios and old furniture for his new acquisition, Broome Hall, a home that he was destined never to inhabit.

In 1916 that great schoolmaster, Sanderson of Oundle, and his dear wife, paid us a visit. My younger son, Maynard, was then at Oundle School. Also Mr. W. Hughes of Australia paid us a visit, and the redoubtable Colonel House and Mrs. House.

But it would be impossible even if it were desirable to name all our guests of the Warwick days, and as name after name rises in memory I vainly try once more to re-form the fleeting groups of long-gone parties. The privilege was ours as hosts with such a background, to have the joy of assembling the best in our day of men and women of mark socially, politically, and artistically in the widest use of the word, and no joy in my life has been more keen than that of being able to throw wide the doors of Warwick and share with my contemporaries the beauty of a dwelling-place that will outlast us all.

Higgledy-piggledy, here are letters of the Warwick days which carry with them a flavor of the writers and their era:

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, afterwards Lord Northcliffe.

THE "DAILY MAIL,"
TEMPLE, E.C.,
6 vii. 1895.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

No apology is necessary in writing to any stranger on behalf of your Association and indeed a letter from one who has devoted so much time to good work is a compliment under any circumstances.

I happen to be engaged with Sir Henry Burdett in furthering a small part of the Prince of Wales' Hospital Scheme and as you spoke of his connection with your

Association I mentioned the matter. He told me what he may have written to you to-day that he believes that Mr. Debenham, of Debenham & Freebody is likely to take over the housing matter, and though I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Debenham, I know from the hundred sources of intelligence open to a newspaper, that his employees are treated in a manner in striking contrast to the custom of many of these large shops.

There are probably many ways in which my newspaper and magazines could be of service to the scheme when you are able to meet the demand that exists, and I should like to offer their services at such time as you may think fit, but apart from this and other help if needed in the Press, I should have offered more immediately tangible assistance had my wife and I not embarked on a scheme of our own.

Sir Henry Burdett told me of the way your well-known generosity had been imposed upon in this matter. Perhaps you will let me express my surprise and sympathy.

Faithfully yours,

ALF. J. HARMSWORTH.

Lord Radstock, the Evangelical Peer.

4, PARK SQUARE, N.W.,

23.3.09.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

Thank you for your kind note. It will be a great pleasure to meet you. I expect to be here for about ten days and then go to Paris (Hotel Vouillemond, Rue Boissy d'Anglas) for ten days or a fortnight.

What chaos on all sides—Politically, Economically, Socially, but one trusts that many are looking for the "rest that remaineth for the people of God" even here. I know a good many who have found it, and taken Him who is the Infinite come down, the really "Son of Man," "In *all* points tempted like as we are." Perfect in compassion and infinite in power. If you come through town

do let me know, and I could arrange at any time here, or in my little room at 42, Eccleston Place (our Conference Hall).

Sincerely yours,
RADSTOCK.

4, PARK SQUARE, N.W.,
27.8.09.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

It was very kind of you to ask me for Sept. 2nd. But I am going to France at the end of the week on my way to a convention, Sept. 7-11. I should have liked to meet the Labor people. The most remarkable Christian I know is a young Welsh miner who lives with God. Also a French working man who came into the light 5 months ago from reading St. John is having a wonderful experience of God. So that when he is almost starving, being out of work, he is full of joy in seeing what God is *to him*. I hope we may meet soon.

Yours,
RADSTOCK.

American Letters.

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB,
BATH BEACH, N.Y.,
NEW YORK.,
July 4th, 1898.

For Frances,
Countess of Warwick,
Warwick,
England.

DEAR MADAM,

I send you the American flag promised to the little Countess Margery, your daughter, with the photographs of the donors, her American friends—my two youngsters—to whom she sent the dainty flowers she plucked under

the walls of your famous and wonderful home there in dear old England.

Your courtesy and hers to the two Yankee boys who were looking for the first time on the historic sights of their own fatherland was a sweet and fragrant thing that I am sure will go with them both for the rest of their lives, and for which I send the compliments of us both to our two most charming remembrances of Warwick and of England—the Countess of Warwick and our little English sweetheart, the little Countess of Warwick, Margery—for whom this flag was especially made—I hope she may treasure it for its own glorious sake. Tell her all Americans are filled with a great love to-day for all its splendid stripes and stars.

I shall put a few of my English experiences into an American magazine publication. If you choose to favor me, for an article on Warwick, with the photograph you prefer of yourself, the Earl, your son, Margery, and that boy baby, if he has one, I should be glad to have you do so.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD A. SUMNER.

No. 141, Broadway,
New York.

Mrs. Wright Sewall.

July 22, 1898.

MY DEAR LADY WARWICK,

I hope that the sun is shining on your assembly of Mayors and clergy at Warwick, yet they will neither know nor care whether it is shining if Lady Warwick is smiling on them.

I must confess that I disobeyed your Ladyship this morning and went earlier to the station, but I disobeyed my Lady only in obedience to her butler. We Americans, at least we genuine ones, are made to feel perfectly comfortable by great Ladies and Gentlemen, but we stand in awe and terror of your butlers, so I trust that your Ladyship will pardon me.

I beg to say how grateful I am for the beautiful photographs and the more than kind and friendly letter. They will be precious souvenirs of my day in Fairyland, in the presence of its enchanting Queen. I believe in Love and in Friendship as the only permanent and vital things in all the Universe.

I am grateful for your Ladyship's reference to the possibility of our acquaintance becoming friendship; and I shall avail myself of the privilege of a correspondence so sympathetically offered. I am too busy myself to become a troublesomely frequent correspondent.

I rely, however, implicitly on Lady Warwick's powerful alliance and shall before sailing for America obey her request to send a brief summary of plans.

Thanking my dear Lady Warwick for her perfect kindness. I am with sincerely affectionate acknowledgments,

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

Mrs. Hearst, wife of American millionaire newspaper proprietor.

MY DEAR LADY WARWICK,

We should have been delighted to accept your kind invitation to Warwick Castle if it had been in any way possible for us to do so.

We were compelled to leave for home, however, this fourteenth of August, and we will be in New York for some months. I greatly hope that you will visit America again soon and that we may have the pleasure of having you at our home. Hearst Castle is in the top floor of an apartment house overlooking the Hudson. It is not very old and not very interesting historically but it shall be very much at your disposal.

Mr. Hearst is delighted to know that you have gotten a newspaper. He is sure that you will make a splendid success of it, if only you have time to give it your personal attention.

Of course, the assembly of journalists at your home will

be a notable affair and you will make another clever speech which we shall look for in the newspapers.

With best wishes for the success of your activities in all their many directions, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
MILLICENT HEARST.

From Norway.

AFTENPOSTENS REDAKTOR.

KRISTIANIA,
4 *October,* 09.

To the Earl and Countess of Warwick,
Warwick Castle,
Warwick, England.

MY LADY AND MY LORD,

Having returned to my own country after spending a fortnight in England which for ever will be engraved in my memory as some of the most delightful days in my life, I take the liberty to send you my special thanks for your grand and cordial hospitality towards the representatives of the World's Press and for the most agreeable hours we spent at Warwick Castle.

My Copenhagen correspondent, Mr. Franz von Jessen, spoke from our heart when he thanked you so sincerely, but I feel impelled to tell you personally how I feel indebted to you My Lady and My Lord for the opportunity of seeing the most beautiful of English homes.

I have given myself the pleasure of telling my readers a little about Warwick Castle in connection with Windsor and Mansion House as pearls dear to memory among the many proofs of lavish English hospitality and take the liberty of sending you the paper together with a reprint of one of my most recent descriptions of a delightful trip in Norway if your way should pass our land.

I beg to remain,
Your most obedient Servant,
A.S.
Chief Editor and Proprietor of *Aftenposten.*

From the M.P. for Warwick in Queensland.
THE WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,
LONDON, S.W.,
Nov. 3rd, 1897.

MY DEAR LADY WARWICK,

I had been in hopes of seeing you for the double purpose of thanking you very deeply for the exquisite photographs that you sent me and your kindness of heart and of saying really and at last good-by. If I do not see you again let me perform these functions—one most pleasurable—the other quite the reverse, by the cold medium of a letter. The photos are most admirable and I shall treasure them in my distant home as souvenirs of the kindest of friends who did much more than they imagine to make my visit to England one of the greatest enjoyment. Some day, perhaps, we may meet again, but life is such a bundle of chances that no one can tell; but, however that may be it will always be a source of great gratification to me to look back on the days that I was privileged to spend in your society. Their effect, I assure you, will not be lost upon me. You mentioned something about wishing my aid in connection with the Women's Work Movement. In that, as in all things, you can depend upon the active though perhaps extremely ineffective coöperation of myself and my friends. Good-by and may all be well with you.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS J. BYRNE.

From the M.P. for Warwick in Queensland.
QUEENSLAND CLUB,
BRISBANE,
Jan. 22nd, 1898.

MY DEAR LADY WARWICK,

I have got safely home at last and I am writing to let you know about my doings since I left the old country. I crossed the Continent to Venice and then by Florence,

Rome, Monte Cassino, Naples, Brindisi to Corfu, and so on to Patros and Athens. Thence I crossed the Mediterranean to Alexandria and Cairo, joining my ship at Ismaila. I had delightful weather and a most splendid time altogether. I found Cairo, which was the last place I visited, probably the most interesting and fascinating of the lot. Its mixture of vivid orientation with the comforts and culture of the West, and, above all, its superb antiquities make it a place in a million. I had a most flattering welcome from my constituents in Warwick, who feel themselves personally honored at reading and hearing of the many kindnesses that their representative received in your hospitable home. They are looking forward to the time when they may be able to testify by acts what they can now merely express in words. I return to open their Show in about 3 weeks time, when I hope the Warwick cup address will have arrived to present it on your behalf. You told me before I left England that you would like me to take an interest in your Women's Work Movement. I shall be only too happy so to do, and I can get many friends to assist if you would only sketch out for us what line you would wish us to take. I am making a collection of specimens of work done by the aboriginal native women of Queensland. This when complete I shall forward to you to show you how even in an untutored state of savagery there is still something artistic in the work of women. Your photographs I look on as my chiefest prize from the old world; they are universally admired but not more than they deserve. By the by, I gave orders to a London photographer to send you a photo of my own poor self. I hope he has done so. I know your time is very precious and shall not detain you more. Good-by and all good be with you. Remember me most kindly to your mother, to Marjorie, and to my dear boy, Brooke. I am writing to Lord Warwick this mail.

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS J. BYRNE.

From Singh Rajkumar, a "Holy" Indian.

SHAHPURA,
RAJPUTANA,
INDIA,
25.12.97.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

I wish you from the core of my heart a happy Xmas and pray that the New Year be joyful to you.

Yours ever sincerely,
SINGH RAJKUMAR.

Mr. Upton Sinclair.

FAIRHOPE,
ALABAMA,
Oct. 28th, '09.

MY DEAR LADY WARWICK,

I am astonished to read you are a raw fooder. This article tells my story. I have just finished another twelve-day fast. It's a wonderful experience.

The school did not arrive—no boys offered. Too far ahead of the time. I go South for the winter. I heard of a school here as good as the one I wanted.

Fraternally,
UPTON SINCLAIR.

From M. Paola Tosti, the singer.

12, MANDEVILLE PLACE, W.,
18 *Juin,* '98.

CHÈRE MILADY,

Je lis mon nom dans le *Daily Telegraph* parmi les invités qui ont l'honneur d'aller à Warwick Castle, Mardi. J'espère que ma réponse à votre seconde lettre vous est bien parvenue, et que c'est bien le samedi le 25 que vous m'attendez. Croyez moi, chère Milady,

Votre vieux dévoué,
F. PAOLA TOSTI.

PARIS,
ce 15 Juin, 1897.

CHÈRE COMTESSE,

Vous avez dû recevoir les deux livres de poésies dont je vous avais parlé et que j'ai heureusement pu trouver à Londres, ce qui m'a permis de vous les envoyer plus tôt.

Grâce à votre gentillesse, les quelques personnes que je voulais voir à Londres, ont été prévenues de ma venue, aussi je tiens à vous remercier de cette délicate pensée.

Me voilà rentré et me remettant au travail après les quinze jours de si douce paresse dont huit ont été un enchantement, grâce à votre hospitalité si exquise, dont je vous remercie encore, ainsi que le Comte de Warwick.

J'espère ne pas être une éternité sans avoir l'honneur et la joie de vous revoir et je serais très heureux si vous vouliez bien me donner de vos nouvelles.

Veuillez me rappeler au bon souvenir du Comte de Warwick et daignez agréer, chère Comtesse, l'hommage de mon affectueux respect.

CAROLUS DURAN.

PARIS,
12 *Septembre*, 1897.

MADAME LA COMTESSE,

Votre si gracieuse lettre m'a fait un grand plaisir, en me prouvant que, si j'avais gardé un reconnaissant souvenir de la façon si aimable dont j'avais été accueilli à Warwick Castle, la belle châtelaine n'avait pas tout à fait oublié son vieux peintre.

Si je me suis permis de donner un mot de présentation au baron de Vaux, c'est qu'il me l'avait demandé de manière à ce que je ne pusse le lui refuser sans grossiéeté— j'espère que vous voudrez bien me le pardonner.

Je suis à Paris en passant, pour 7 ou 8 jours, puis je pars dans le Midi passer cinq semaines au bord de la Mediterranée dans le coin idéal que j'ai fait sous les grands pins.

Après cela je rentrerai à Paris où je serais ravi de vous revoir, si vous y venez, comme me le fait espérer votre aimable lettre.

Vous avez posé avec tant de complaisance et m'avez, par cela, rendu le travail si facile et si agréable que je regrette que le portrait soit terminé.

Daignez agréer, Madame la Comtesse, avec mes respectueux, hommages, l'expression de mes sentiments les meilleurs et bien dévoués.

CAROLUS DURAN.

THE TRIALS OF DORCAS

CHAPTER XV

SUCCORING THE LITTLE CHILDREN AND TEACHING THE BIG ONES

THE PRINCE AND THE WORKHOUSES—H.R.H. AND THE HOSPITALS—THE CRIPPLE CHILDREN'S HOME—EDUCATING THE UNBREAKFASTED—A SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK AND THE BOND STREET SHOP—PIONEERING IN SECONDARY EDUCATION

WE have seen that one of the urgent problems of the eighties was how to improve the Workhouse system. This gave many people troubled dreams by day and night. Forty years ago, as all know who have studied the subject, the Unions, as they were then called, were far too crowded and were managed with such severity, and the inmates were so unhappy, that poor people avoided them as they would avoid prison; indeed, most preferred to live and die in a state of semi-starvation rather than enter a Poorhouse. The Prince of Wales was fired with zeal for the Housing Commission (March, 1884) which was investigating the conditions of slum life and its immediate effect on the Workhouse or Poorhouse system. When I roused the Prince's interest in this side of life, I won his whole-hearted sympathy. I had already learned with my knowledge of conditions both at Easton and Warwick, how completely the old Poor law had broken down, but the Prince had not had the same opportunities of looking into the subject. I opened his eyes to the ugly side of the problem, and he was so appalled by the things I told

him of workhouse conditions generally that with his usual sound common sense he summed it up one day when he said, "The Workhouses need to be reformed out of existence."

From this time the Prince never went to stay at a great country house for any time without making it a practice to visit the workhouses in the district and of writing his name in the visitor's book. I remember how pleased he was when I was able to tell him of the plan of boarding-out workhouse children in real homes where there was some chance of their getting something of a kindly home environment, however lowly. The workhouse system of that day not only failed in the object for which it was called into being, but it was incredibly costly for the nation.

One of Mr. Stead's many daring schemes was the Imperial Institute, and for this also I was happily able to gain the Prince's sympathy. The Imperial idea naturally made a special appeal to him.

Among public institutions the hospitals perhaps found the readiest response from the Prince, for his sympathies were easily enlisted in any plan to alleviate suffering. Sir Henry Burdett—who started the Sunday Hospital collections—came to see me on many occasions about the hospitals being hard up. Sir Henry and I talked it all out with the Prince and we had the joy of being the means of his founding the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund. The Prince's sincere coöperation in this work, and the genuine interest of the whole Royal family in all things medical, have been an immense boon to the hospitals. The

Royal example has done more than anything else to rouse public feeling and giving. This is true even in such a small thing as that in the beginning many people liked the sentimental feeling of sending their check to the Prince personally.

The "Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund" still does excellent work, but the inevitable development before long must be State guarantee of hospitals.

I should like to say something about my early work for crippled children, merely as a reminder of one of the many individual efforts that were made before the days of efficient and universal organization with which we are now familiar. With Birmingham so near, I found my thoughts constantly turning towards the poor children of that city. I had had great experience at Easton, where I had taken children from the Invalid Children's Aid Association, a truly "heart-breaking" society—that is, in the sense of touching one's heart by its good work.

I opened a little Cottage Home at Easton in connection with the Society. We had some cot cases and we had invalid carriages and everything needed for cripples at different stages. After a time we were able to provide for about twenty children. Some of them stayed for weeks, others remained for years. It depended on how much we could do for them. A fair proportion of the cripples were cured or helped enough to be able in time to discard crutches and walk, even if they could not run.

Later, I fell on a plan of giving up a much larger house at Warwick and equipping it to house about fifty little cripples. These children came mainly

from Birmingham. Local friends were very kind in coming to visit the crippled children, and when we had friends staying with us at Warwick there were always some of them who delighted in visiting the Home and playing with the kiddies. I kept the Home going for many years unaided. Then a dear friend of mine, Willie Low, who although himself childless, loved children dearly, caught the enthusiasm for the work of the little Home, gave generously to its upkeep while he was alive, and left me £10,000 worth of shares in his business to carry on the work after he died. Alas, his Company went into liquidation not long afterwards, and the value of my legacy dropped to £300. I found that I could not afford to keep on the Home, so with very deep regret I closed it and handed over the surplus money to the Heritage Homes at Chailey to the Guild of the Brave Poor Things.

The plain common sense of caring for the children as a nation's greatest asset has always been sufficient motive to rouse me to action. I remember with great satisfaction a campaign in 1905 in which I was able to take a share. With others I toured some of the great industrial centers of the country with the object of getting a law passed for feeding necessitous school-children. Sir John Gorst—one of the celebrated Fourth Party of the eighties—was the leader in this crusade. We were accompanied on one occasion by Dr. Macnamara, M.P., and Dr. Hutchison of the Great Ormonde Street Children's Hospital, a high authority on the nutrition of children. To show how much the enquiry was needed, I may say

that in a surprise visit we four paid to one Council School in North Lambeth we found that in Standard I twenty boys had been told not to go home to dinner because there was no food; sixteen had been given breakfast from a private charity, and two had had no food at all. In Standard II Dr. Hutchison found that forty-five boys out of a total of fifty-six were suffering from the effects of habitual underfeeding, six had not breakfasted, thirty-four boys could not go home for dinner as there was none, and in Standard III nine boys had had no breakfast. The teachers were only too well aware of the hopelessness of trying to teach children whose stomachs were empty.

We went straight from the school to the Lambeth Board of Guardians, and Sir John Gorst pleaded for immediate relief for these starving children. The Guardians passed a resolution in favor of feeding the children, and a report was drawn up and forwarded to the London County Council and to the Board of Education. The result was that a Bill was finally passed, requiring that necessitous school-children should be fed at the public expense. If proof were needed of the grave conditions indicated by the statistics of that day, it was found in the vast C3 population turned down by the recruiting boards during the War.

Some years later, when Sir John Gorst returned from New Zealand, he wrote me: "You should see the school-children there, bursting with health and the finest young human animals you ever set eyes on. It was almost impossible to pick out a sickly looking

child. There is not a hungry child from North Cape to the Bluff at the southern end. When we meet I will tell you about the New Zealand labor laws. There has been no strike since they were enacted twelve years ago, and neither employers nor employed wish to see them abrogated."

With very few exceptions this "Hungry School-children Crusade" got an excellent press, one London paper even supporting my remark that if a child cannot be both fed and educated, the education should take a secondary place, and quoting my words that "A race of healthy barbarians would be a better return for national expenditure than a race of spectacled and anemic degenerates." To show how real was the need for our crusade another paper reported as follows:

"There is doubtless a disposition on the part of experienced reformers to understate rather than to overstate facts which are likely to be hotly disputed by political opponents. Public opinion is rarely awakened by statistics. No one who actually witnessed the progress of the visitors at the Joanna Street School and saw for himself the pitiable evidences of starvation and malnutrition visible in almost every child in the boys' department could fail to carry away the conviction that something should be done at once. On the word of command, 'Boys stand up who have had no breakfast to-day,' a few tragic little figures invariably raised themselves. It was always the same story, 'Mother had no food in the house,' and either the unhappy child had come to school too late for the free breakfast or there had been no ticket

available for him. The effect of chronic underfeeding upon the growth of the boys was startling. The master would say, 'Boys over twelve years stand up,' and little creatures rose in their places who would ordinarily have been taken for seven or eight. One of the visitors whispered to Dr. Hutchison, 'How remarkable that boys in this poor neighborhood should have such refined and delicate faces,' and the eminent medical authority whispered grimly back, 'It is a symptom of starvation, the result of permanent underfeeding.' "

One or two newspapers raised the old cry that in helping the poor children we were depriving their parents of a proper sense of their responsibilities, but this was not the popular note, and an evening paper made excellent fun of a clergyman who was ill-advised enough to advocate "punishment" for neglectful parents instead of food for starving children. Like many other social evils, this one had only to be shown up in all its stupidity and cruelty for the general public opinion to be whole-heartedly on the side of reform. The difficulty with many good people when they are faced with a reform such as State feeding of the school-children is that they are immediately forced to take a look at the word "Socialism."

The following letters from Sir John Gorst and Mrs. Sidney Webb explain themselves:

84, Campden Hill Court, W.,
8.10.'09.

My dear Lady Warwick,

You were unanimously elected a member of the Executive Committee for breaking up the Poor Law, last

Wednesday. It will give us all plenty to do during the winter months: if a general election does not put everything else into the shade. I cannot bring myself to believe that the wild young peers will reject the Finance Bill, but we cannot tell to what follies they may not go.

Ever yours sincerely,
JOHN E. GORST.

84, CAMPDEN HILL COURT, W.,
11.10.'09.

MY DEAR LADY WARWICK,

There has been much talk amongst our friends of the Committee for Breaking up the Poor Law about having a Journal to circulate amongst our adherents, and it was mentioned that you were thinking of establishing a new journal in the general interest of Socialism. It seemed to me that the two projects might be combined with great advantage to both and hence the enclosed letter from Mrs. Webb.

I don't quite agree with her in thinking that our Journal should deal exclusively with Poor Law and nothing else. Exclusive journals soon become dull to the general reader. But it would be a very good thing if you and Mrs. Webb would meet and discuss the matter. If you are, as I hope you will be, at the Meeting to-morrow night, we might say a word about it there and perhaps arrange for a longer conference hereafter.

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
JOHN E. GORST.

Mrs. Sidney Webb.
41, GROSVENOR ROAD,
WESTMINSTER EMBANKMENT,
Oct. 10th.

DEAR SIR JOHN,

With regard to the proposed journal, "War against Destitution," I should be very grateful if you would speak

to Lady Warwick about it. I hesitate to do so for two reasons. I have not yet the pleasure of knowing her and she might well regard my application for assistance as somewhat premature. Moreover, Mr. Taylor, who I understand is going to be Editor of my new Socialist organ, is a good friend of ours and was a member of the Fabian Society, and I should not like to intervene between him and a job. *Our journal* would have necessarily to be entirely under the direction of the National Committee and would have to be exclusively devoted to the one task of Breaking up the Poor Law and developing the work of the Prevention authorities (Public Health, Education, Lunacy, and the relief Authorities combined) and gradually to abolish Destitution. It would not do to mix up with this work any advocacy of Socialism as an abstract principle. Now you could explain all this to Lady Warwick. If after having the essential conditions she felt inclined to help us to raise sufficient capital to start our journal with efficiency, then I would gladly discuss the whole matter with her, as well as its bearing on the other work of the Committee. Personally I think that such a Journal, working out in "detail" practical collective action, and speaking to the unconverted, is more likely to advance Collectivism than any organ that labels itself "Socialist." But it need not of course preclude starting a purely Socialist organ—the two publications would in no sense be . . .

Yours sincerely,
BEATRICE WEBB.

Lady Brooke's Depot for Easton School of Needlework!

This announcement over a shop with a plate-glass window where the Easton needlework was displayed at 58, New Bond Street in 1890, caused a buzz of

gossip—some of it not too friendly—that is really incredible to-day. The shop was literally the first of the kind. The lady shopkeeper was not so much anathema. She was unknown, unthinkable. In Victorian days to be in trade was to be excluded from Court. Ladies and gentlemen were not, could not be imagined as being, shopkeepers. Yet how quickly after that the thing became commonplace, from the starting of Lord Rayleigh's Dairies, a purely commercial concern, to the mushroom crop of "lady" modistes and bric-a-brac sellers that have long ago ceased to rouse criticism or comment.

I doubt if at the time I thought what the effect would be of opening a shop. I was merely concerned to get the needlework sold and having a shop seemed a simple and direct way of setting to work.

The thing that roused me to start the Essex Needlework School was my knowledge of the plight of young country girls. The only work for them on leaving the village school was "service" as a "general" at a shilling a week, doing the rough work of a farm or of some small household. There was no alternative job for most of them.

The schools of those days, with all their limitations and poverty of ideas, devoted at least a couple of hours daily to needlework. This needlework was often very beautifully done. Some of the teachers were highly skilled and were unaware of the excellence of their work, which was traditional. Many of the young girls did beautiful needlework, but as soon as the time came to leave school they had to turn to rough farm work to earn their living. There

was no organized scheme for utilizing the talent of the girls.

When I opened the village needlework school offering a fair weekly wage and meals, providing also patterns of fine lingerie and dainty underwear, handworked and stitched, country girls flocked to the school. At first they were all day-girls, but soon we expanded and grew, and dormitories and bathrooms had to be provided for those who were not living within walking distance.

The Bond Street shop where we could display the work turned out by the school, was our chief outlet for selling the dainty garments. We soon lived down the hubbub of criticism which had helped at least to advertise the work, and as the work itself was good we had plenty of buyers. The school flourished for some years and had great influence. Then, with the changing times, the conditions of domestic service improved. There were wider opportunities for girls in many departments of life. Wages in general gradually rose. The sewing-machine was more and more used in the shop *ateliers* for making undergarments, although hand work was always, and always will be, prized.

My school had done its work. The expenses of the shop grew too heavy to justify my outlay. The girls were drafted into good private posts or to workrooms of business houses, and my little experiment ended with a good deal of loss to the promoter, but with the result that many workers had been started in careers, and hope had been instilled into at least one rural district. It had been proved that the rural girl

had only needed opportunity. The stuff was in her. It was up to the educational authorities to devise a scheme for the training of young girls whose school-days were over, in handicrafts suited to their capacity. The elementary school swallows up a large sum of money annually, but this expenditure is largely made ineffective because nothing is done for the children just leaving school. The raising of the limit of school-leaving age has not solved the problem. In some ways it has made it more difficult to solve. The common school training is not a preparation for the life-work of the children. A well-directed technical training is the chief need. Without this there is waste of money, of effort, and of human talent.

After the Bond Street shop became popular we had nothing but praise in the press. The work was excellent and the prices were kept as low as possible, so customers were glad to patronize our wares. I remember that one covert attack on "Lady Brooke's scheme for teaching village girls about Easton the art of needlework," and "The Bond Street Shop," was even turned to good account. This was a longish article entitled "Ladies' Bountiful" that appeared in the *World* of September, 1892. One of the chief grievances made was that parsons' and farmers' wives were grumbling that there were no farm maids left, and the writer said that the scheme "had not met with approval in other ways." The result was that in the next issue of the *World* a letter was inserted replying to the attack, which put the whole scheme clearly before the readers of the paper and evoked an

editorial apology. The letter answering the attack was as follows:

"Lady Brooke has put a considerable sum of money into the Easton School. She takes raw country girls, and for three years has them taught, and pays them for being taught, till they have obtained efficiency. If Lady Brooke had room, or could afford it, she could take in a hundred more girls, as from every village round Easton the parents clamor for admission for their girls to the school. Little girls, knowing nothing of needlework, of ages from 12 to 14 and 15, are taken in and paid regular wages, from 3s. to 10s. (one earns 16s). The best girls, as they get older, are drafted up to Bond Street, and get 12s., 14s., and 16s., with lodgings found for them. Girls' wages as farm-servants in Essex are 1s. a week as maids-of-all-work. And this deplorable state of things gave Lady Brooke the first idea of starting the school. Many girls are unfitted for hard housework, and the light needlework, with the walk to and fro to their homes, makes all the difference to them as far as their health goes. The best argument of all is, that Lady Brooke finds herself obliged to refuse the constant begging of parents to take girls into the school. They are at perfect liberty to leave at a fortnight's notice, but this only happens when Lady Brooke finds them good places as nursery, schoolroom, or under ladies' maids, as their knowledge of fine needlework enables them to take good places. Some little girls have been found impossible to teach needlework to, and, when Lady Brooke has had to dismiss these, there has been great lamentation, and much explanation needed to convince parents that their child is more suitable for service than for needlework. Financially, the school is not a success, but, after all, that is Lady Brooke's own affair."

There was the following editorial comment to this letter:

"Lady Brooke's *bona fides* and benevolent intentions in this matter have never been questioned, and are entirely borne out by the above statement, and I regret that any observations in this Journal have been otherwise construed."

Personalities never move or interest me as causes and movements have power to do. I have often thrown discretion, money, and self-interest to the winds when I have been caught by the glamour of an idea. For ten years I tried to put into practice my dreams of a rural secondary school at Bigods. My efforts were a little before their day. Mr. Edward North Buxton, Chairman of the Essex Education Committee for many years, wrote me shortly before he died: "Oh, if we only had your school now. You were twenty years too soon."

In a *Review of Reviews* of 1902 there was the following summary of an article that I had written for the *Pall Mall Magazine*:

"A Rural School: My Experiment in Technical Education," telling of the aims and work of Bigods School: "Her Ladyship confesses that education has always been her absorbing interest. For many years she wished to make an experiment in the direction of stemming 'the torrent of emigration to the towns.' She goes on: I chose Dunmow for the scene of my experiment because my own property is in that part of Essex, and also because I had a house and land at my disposal which seemed admirably suited for the undertaking. Moreover, East Anglia—and Essex especially—is in the greatest need of a better system of rural education. It was to supplement the ordinary elementary education, which, in this country district especially, is such a wretchedly poor equipment for life's battle, that Bigods Hall was founded.

"It was founded in 1897, and has already over seventy pupils, some forty being boarders. It is supported by a grant from the Essex County Council, the grants earned from the Board of Education, the fees paid by pupils—which are six guineas a year for the day course and thirty guineas for boarders—and private benefaction, of which, doubtless, the Countess could say more.

"*The Practical Course for Boys and Girls.* The first two years of the course give an education adapted to any career and consisting of mathematics, English literature, history, and grammar, French, drawing, chemistry, physics, gardening and botany, with practical science in the laboratory and garden. The boys learn woodwork and the girls domestic work. 'In the collection and classification of flowers, and in the study of botany, the girls beat the boys.'

"Following on this elementary course is the advanced course which gives the boy closer grip of the sciences bearing on agriculture, such as mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, and a special preparation for the callings of farmer, stock-breeder, and horticulturist. Frequent visits are paid to neighboring farms, and a small field has been purchased, which has been divided into three parts:

"Section I consists of some seventy plots, each about one square rod in area. These are devoted to the culture of various agricultural grasses, clovers, and forage crops, of which about sixty varieties are grown. There is keen competition among the boys as to who shall produce the best harvest.

"Section II is about a quarter of an acre in extent, and is divided into five parts, on which are grown wheat, oats, barley, rye, beans, mangolds, potatoes, and swedes. The soil of these miniature cornfields and root crops is subject to various treatments in order to teach the boys practical lessons.

"Section III is laid out as a miniature farm, and is

divided into four divisions, to demonstrate the principle of rotation of crops.

"The girls meanwhile pursue their botanical, physical, and chemical studies to a large extent side by side with the boys. The dairy is their special sphere of work, and here they learn how to make really good butter and cheese. The dairy is equipped with the most modern machinery in the shape of cream-separators, end-over-end churns, butter-workers, and milk-testing appliances, all of which the girls learn to understand and to use. They also learn the business side of dairying—the packing and marketing of their produce, also the keeping of accounts. In addition the girls spend a good deal of time in the flower gardens with the idea of teaching them to become practical horticulturists. This year they have made an almost complete collection of the wild flora in the district. Then there are the poultry-runs and the bee-hives to keep the girls as well as the boys busy. Each pupil, as far as possible, undertakes the complete management of the poultry, and there is the keenest excitement as to who can produce the greatest number of eggs and chicks. The management of incubation is also taught.

"The boys are to be taught, besides, practical metal-work, with experience in carpentering and engineering.

"Lady Warwick strongly insists on the moral value of co-education, for the school is open equally to boys and girls, and most of their work is done together. She adds, 'Not the least good of my little venture will, I hope, be the making of better wives and husbands and happier homes.' She says there are no such rural schools in East Anglia, and it is her ambition to make Bigods into a kind of practical object-lesson for rural educators throughout the country."

The Herts Education Committee maintained its friendly and understanding attitude throughout the ten years of the Bigods experiment. The Chairman

of the Committee, Mr. (now Sir) Edmund Barnard, was an enlightened educationist, and his committee showed its sympathy with our efforts in the practical fashion of providing a number of scholarships. The local Essex County authority, I am sorry to say, took but a lukewarm interest in the work of the school, even withdrawing the grant of £100 a year which they had grudgingly allowed for a time. It was not so much the loss of money that was to be deplored, for £100 a year did not pay a teacher's salary, but the decision of the authorities pointed to the fact that at the time of which I am writing the County educational authorities in England, with a few exceptions, in the phrase of a distinguished educationist of the day, were "hopeless on the subject of higher education—have no idea of a comprehensive scheme," or of "spending money on anything beyond elementary education."

It seems to me so clear that the root trouble lies in this. Education in England is a charge on the rates instead of being a charge on the national exchequer. The Army and the Navy are a State levy. Why should education be regarded as of less national importance? In other countries, Education is a State affair. The landowners and the farmers are the chief ratepayers in the rural districts, and they cannot afford to have their rates raised, as things are, so Education in country districts suffers.

Press comments of the day at some of the annual prize-givings show how the school was regarded locally. In one cutting I read:

"Bigods School is an interesting experiment at supplying a type of intermediate education sorely needed in rural districts. Though termed a secondary and agricultural school and giving education, both general and scientific, of a secondary character, it also indicates a type of higher primary school drawing promising scholars from the elementary schools of the district. Conducted on right lines, and winning the confidence of the agricultural community, such schools may be a great benefit to country districts; and Lady Warwick's pioneer efforts may with advantage be studied by the authorities on whom rests the duty of providing for the want that Bigods endeavors to meet. At the seventh annual prize-giving, when the Headmaster presented his report showing a successful year's work, he reported also that during the year the Education Committee of the Herts County Council had sent nine scholars to Bigods."

My ten years' experience in rural secondary education had failed to win the sympathy of some of the local educationists, or to convince them, apparently, that the rural child should get a chance after eleven years of age. I could not afford to continue the school until it paid its way, for during the ten years of its existence it had cost me £1,000 a year. But I can rejoice in this. Old students of Bigods scattered all over the world constantly write to me from out-of-the-way places. Many old students are in the Civil Service. With the exception of three prosperous farmers, not one of them went on the land.

I might close this chapter with extracts from an article of mine on "Physical Deterioration" which

appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* about this time. One plea that I made then is still unheeded, that is, to raise the elementary school age to sixteen, and my main arguments might still be considered with advantage by some educationists:

"Not a pen of gold nor a voice of silver would be able to bring home to some minds the fact that our deadliest competitors are not those who rely on immature and untrained labor, but those who best equip their workers for a place in the nation's workshops. If cheap and immature labor were a source of successful competition, we might at once bow our heads before the rivalry of Russia, Italy, Spain, and Turkey. As a matter of fact, it is America, Germany, and industrial Switzerland against which we are measured, and it is in these three countries that the elementary school age is highest, most vigorously enforced, and technical and secondary education most available at the end of the elementary course. In the canton of Zurich, and in eight American States, the compulsory school age has already been raised to sixteen years. Whatever may be said as to comparative standards of living, a matter largely of rent and prices, there can be no question as to the increased productivity and efficiency resulting from the longer school term. It is no mere coincidence that the English county with the largest proportion of child workers has also the record figures for crime, drunkenness, and disease. The existence of the "half-time" system gives us deadly parallels in physical and educational results, of which the meaning must be clear even to the most hide-bound opportunist politician who ever styled himself a statesman.

In the interests of national physique, then, there are some forms of work—notably works in mills, factories, and mines—which should be commenced at a later age

than at present. I suggest that the age of compulsory elementary school attendance should be raised to sixteen years, subject to certain exemptions based, not as now, merely upon ability to pass a given standard, but mainly upon the destination of the scholar when leaving. For instance, exemption would be granted to a child going to naval training, because here a continuation of his education is assured. The conditions of exemption might be as follows: (*a*) At not less than fourteen years, where a child was entering upon a certain course in science, art, or technology, including cookery, etc., at recognized classes under inspection by the Board of Education. The minimum attendance might be, say, two afternoons of three hours, or three evenings of two hours, with such home work as would secure systematic private study. The general rule would be day classes, but exemption for evening classes could be granted where occupation of a non-injurious character was proved. Apprentices would come under this rule, thus systematically improving the present variety of methods under which, by a wise compulsion on the part of some employers, apprentices are made either to attend evening classes, or are given so many afternoons per week to attend day classes or are kept for a term in the shops, then sent for a session to a technical school, then another term in the shops, and so on alternatively. The details of the courses would vary according to the rules of the Board of Education, and a failure to sustain the courses, would be reported to the local authority, exemption being withdrawn, and the scholar returned to the elementary schools."

As far as I know, except for the sporadic exertions of the Women's Institutes, nothing has ever been done, apart from my own efforts, to revive the art of needlework in Essex, or to help to keep alive or stimulate the excellent tradition of craftsmanship in

that county. Girls of the lower middle-classes to-day have many openings to choose from when they are ready to earn their living. In the old days there seemed to be but two for the country girls, i.e. to become sempstresses or to go into domestic service. Also the underclothing worn by women to-day in every class has altogether changed in fashion. The fine, lace-trimmed, be-tucked and be-frilled garments that were turned out with such pride from our school and offered for sale in Bond Street are to-day largely superseded by machine-made underclothing of artificial silk. It may be noted, too, that to-day there is scarcely a dividing line between women of various social classes in the cut and quality of their underwear.

Writing of Essex needlework is a reminder of the excellent public work that the Duchess of Teck (our Queen's mother) did for needlework. One of her chief hobbies was the organization in London, and later in every county of England, of needlwork guilds. From each center there were annual distributions everywhere. "Princess May," who aided her mother in this good work, was President of our Essex Needlework Guild. This Guild for many years assembled about ten thousand garments. A band of energetic workers sorted, repacked, and distributed this clothing over the urban district of Essex known as London-over-the-Border. With the outbreak of War this work stopped, giving place to other more urgent charities. It has never been revived but we still have the London Needlework Guild under Queen Mary's presidency. There is this difference to be

noted between the old and the new guilds. The present organization accepts second-hand clothing, whereas the Essex Guild would have nothing but new garments specially made for Guild distribution and of the best quality.

CHAPTER XVI

PIONEERING AT READING AND STUDLEY

WOMEN'S WORK ON NEW LINES—THE GIRL GARDENERS—A SALVATIONIST LABOR EXPERIMENT AT EASTON

THIRTY-THREE years ago a writer in a woman's paper who interviewed me at Warwick asked me a question that was taken very seriously in those days: "What is your opinion as to the opening of public careers to women?" My answer was:

"I do not know why people should always make such a distinction between men and women. There are certain persons in the community who are capable and public-spirited and have leisure to serve the community. Why should you ask whether they are men or women? If they can do the work, let them do it. Women have quite enough against them naturally without anything being added by the kind forethought of the other sex. I have never found any objection made to taking part in any work because I was a woman."

"Except taking services in your parish church," the interviewer interpolated. "That you would never be allowed to do."

"Who knows?" I replied quickly. "When I want to do that, possibly the door will open. At present I have no ambition in that direction." Maude Royden was doubtless a schoolgirl when this was written!

From Professor Raphael Meldola, the well-known professor of chemistry.

RAGLAN HOUSE, ROSS,
Aug. 27th, 1898.

It is a wet day; let us write something—which sounds, my dear Lady Warwick, like an extract from a French conversation book, but it is really original and I made it up all myself, a marvelous cerebral feat considering the mental atrophy to which I have been reduced by two weeks of idleness.

We have been up and down the Wye from Hereford in the north to Monmouth in the south and I have been collecting specimens and observing and photographing, and so the time has been gliding away. (I should like to have continued my bicycle lessons but the roads are very hilly.)

During the whole of our first week the temperature was too "exalted" to admit of very active movement and we have been only once into the Forest of Dean, but hope to go again, the more especially as I want, if possible, to secure a good photograph of the Newland oak which is said to be the oldest tree in the kingdom (on what authority I know not!). Altogether this district is very interesting from every point of view. Ruined castles abound and (to me) more interesting remains of prehistoric man in the way of camps and earthworks on most of the hills. Geologically also it is interesting to be once again among the old hard rocks after living on the "soft stuffs" of the London basin. Here we are on the Old Red Sandstone with the Carboniferous [Coal Measures] of the Forest of Dean within easy reach. (N.B. The Forest of Dean Miners are not on strike.)

I have read and considered your agricultural agreement with Reading College. It seems satisfactory and I am extremely glad that it has been so well taken up. The time has not yet arrived for me to meddle in that business —when it does you know where to find me! I must have

a talk with you one day about the financial aspect of this scheme. I *cannot allow* the old love [Bigods] to be snuffed out in favor of this new love [Reading]. The old love may want a little (auriferous) fanning for a year or two to keep it alive. The applications for the admission of new pupils are not coming in with that freedom which I had hoped for after our function on the 29th July. We *must* fill up that house with boarders.

I discovered in correspondence with Hennesey that the "Natural objects" mean natural history specimens and not County Councillors and so I have offered a prize for this subject.

His article has not appeared in the *Daily Mail* yet. I did not know you were going to write about it in the *Land Magazine*. *Please send me a copy when it appears.* Possibly Hennesey's literary style was not newspapery enough for the D.M. You must make the articles sensational now to tickle the public palate: *vide* Essex papers:

"The Countess of Warwick on the Sexes."

"The Earl of Warwick on butter making."

Yours sincerely,

R. Meldola.

Like many other women of that time, without taking any part in political movements, such as "Women's Rights," I was keenly interested in helping to forward women's work on new lines. There was one opening for women that was much in my thoughts, and after attending a Conference held in London to discuss the various kinds of employment open to women I made up my mind to try out my scheme practically. My scheme was to train educated women in horticulture and agriculture. Just thirty years ago, I established a hostel in Reading for women pupils working at the agricultural college

there. It seemed to me that training at the Reading College in dairy work, market gardening, poultry farming, bee-keeping, fruit growing, horticulture, and the grading, packing and marketing of produce, would appeal to many women of education, and would do something to meet the complaint that foreign competition was proving too much for our market gardeners.

In a review by the Warden of the year's work (1901) two years after the founding of the Hostel, she said that our movement had been watched from the commencement with sympathetic interest on the Continent, and was now being written about in some of the French reviews. "From America and Canada come visitors each summer who desire to know about our latest plans and methods, with a view to imitation." She went on: "It is true that Reading still laughs in its sleeve at what it has been pleased to designate a 'Rich woman's fad,' but though Reading in the aggregate laughs, Reading individually has shown much kindness, especially professionally. Perhaps one of the best proofs of our usefulness is that there is always a greater demand for our trained students than we can supply, and, secondly, that the fact of having been at the Hostel is a sufficient recommendation to members of the staff who leave, that they can easily obtain first-rate posts elsewhere. Lastly, the stream has begun to flow which will carry our students beyond the seas. Two have been in South Africa some nine months, two more must be just arriving now, another will leave at the end of January, one is in Canada, and another hopes to go

there in the spring. Some two hundred students in all have passed through the Hostel since its opening, and with the larger number of these we keep in touch. Posts have been obtained for twenty-five women and they are doing well in them and earning enough to keep themselves."

The separation from Reading College, which took place in July, has led to a much greater freedom of action, especially in the arrangement of the curriculum. A large staff of well-known lecturers was engaged, and as their whole attention—when at the Hostel—has been concentrated on the forty students in residence, instead of upon the large number attending the classes at the College, the result has obviously proved successful by the terminal examination lately held. Dr. Percy Groom congratulated one of the students in having done one of the best papers in Botany which he had ever corrected, and placed some four or five hundred others very high indeed. Mr. Iggulden has hopes of several of his students distinguishing themselves in the Royal Horticultural Examination, whilst some of the junior or first year's horticultural students under Miss Crook's instruction have gained first-rate places. It is a pity that as yet there is no definite National Poultry Certificate or Diploma to be gained, as students working under such a practical and experienced teacher as Mr. George Palmer would have a fair chance of winning it. In agriculture, dairying, horticulture, and apiculture, students can plan their work with a definite object in view, but as yet poultry keeping has not been put upon such a basis.

There is one subject which has been added which is bound to play an important part in the training, viz., the weekly lectures on business method, followed by bookkeeping classes. Bookkeeping, banking, accounts, taxes, income and expenditure, investments, buying and selling, wages, all these things a woman requires to have a grasp of; this class is one of the most popular.

The literary side also has not been lost sight of, and to an enthusiastic audience Mr. Churton Collins gave a short series of lectures.

The mention of Mr. Churton Collins's name quickens memory to contemplate a literary London as far removed from us in point of values as in time.

As has been seen, not only was our Reading Hostel soon filled, but we had to add four other houses. The number of applications was so large that our Committee was ambitious to start a College for Women. I consulted with my husband and he agreed to our acquiring Studley Castle, a place about eighteen miles from Birmingham. The great adventure took much organization and money to launch, but from the start it was a success. We turned the old stables into dairies, cheese rooms, store rooms, etc., and the large hall of the Castle was used for lectures and demonstrations. In a short time the whole place was buzzing with young enthusiasts.

Studley Castle was always full and justified its existence. Studley students won the Royal Horticultural Society's gold medal for seven years consecutively.

Studley is now run by a representative Committee

as a self-supporting concern. I am no longer the head. High honors have been won and students have always been able to fill responsible posts at home and in the Colonies.[1]

When Miss Bradley resigned after a few years to take up equally useful work elsewhere, the next Warden was Miss Mabel Faithfull, sister of the celebrated Miss Faithfull of Cheltenham Women's College. Miss Faithfull made an admirable Warden and was much loved. She in turn was followed by Dr. Lillias Hamilton, a woman of genius who had been head of the Women's Hospital in Calcutta, and, for a hectic period, personal physician to the Ameer of Afghanistan. The jealousy of the Ameer's wives and their annoyance at a Western woman being in personal contact with their lord, was so great, that Dr. Hamilton was in constant danger of her life. For safety's sake, everything she ate and drank was tested by a special food taster appointed by the Ameer.

It was deemed desirable to appoint a medical Warden at Studley because of the interest that had been aroused by the improvement in the health and physique of the girls who took a course there. The Committee found that Studley was being chosen by parents as a desirable place to which to send their delicate girls to improve their health while pursuing their education. Those were the days when the dreaded "anemia" had so many easy victims among girls. With the greater freedom of dress and work and play to-day we hear little of that scourge. Studley gave the girls a new outlook, and a few

[1] As I write Studley College is entering on a new era of usefulness.

months of healthy out-door work, looking after poultry, taking their share of the gardening work, spreading manure, or attending to the cart horses or taking a turn in the dairy, made new creatures of them.

The following extract from a statement of mine about the time of Miss Faithfull's appointment as Warden, gives some idea of how the College was making itself felt:

"Changes deemed necessary by myself and the Committee have been made, and the term commences on September 30 with between thirty and forty students. The staff has been thoroughly revised, and experts in every department have accepted posts in horticulture, dairying, poultry management, and agriculture, while jam-making, fruit bottling, and marketing are all arranged for by competent instructors. Several old students are returning to us on the staff. The many posts on our books waiting to be filled by trained women prove that there is an outlet for educated women in a life which to many, accustomed to country surroundings, is more congenial than that in cities, as clerks, typists, and teachers. Fortunes are not thus made, but if a girl wants a profession other than literary or clerical I would advise her to take up the "lighter branches of agriculture." She can, with proper training, lead a sound, healthy life, and make at least enough money to live upon and keep a home for herself. We hope that students of the great woman problem will visit the college and criticize our work there, and we also hope to arouse interest in the heads of educational establishments throughout the country. Our little paper, *The Studley Castle Agricultural Times*, will contain full accounts of our doings."

About the same time Miss Faithfull made the fol-

lowing list which gives a good idea of the aims and achievements of the various students:

Present Students

A. Is desirous of going in for gardening with a firm making a specialty of violet growing.
B. Has taken a farm and is anxious to get a good insight into practical dairy work.
C. Has come into large estates and desires to get an insight into the general management of farm and garden, with the object of improving rural industries on her estate.
D. Hopes to get a post as lecturer on horticulture under a County Council.
E. Hopes to set up for herself as a market gardener after passing through the College course.
F. Hopes to get a post as gardener.
G. Hopes to manage her own garden at home.
H. Has come to get a good insight into poultry farming, with a view to running a poultry farm of her own.
I. Combines bee-keeping with her other studies, with a view to becoming an expert (by passing the British Bee-keepers' Exam.), and lecturing for the County Council.
J. Is a daughter of a country squire, and desires to add to the interest of her country home-life by going in for poultry or dairy work.

Past Students

1. Has 30 acres of land in Canada (Delhi, Ontario) which she is gradually getting into cultivation as a dairy farm. Sells cheese, etc. Markets garden produce. Poultry on the land—exceedingly successful.
2. Has just taken a place in the country, putting into practice poultry and dairy instructions received at

the College. Employs another student as head gardener.

3. Running market garden of her own, for five or six years. Doing very well, assisted by her sisters. Grows large quantity of tomatoes.
4. Been for six months head gardener to a Welsh M.P.—a large place with a lot of glass. Three men and boy under her; another student with her. Works 9½ hours a day in summer, and from dawn to dark in winter. Goes in for bulbs; planted several thousand last year.
5. Been for a year and a half head gardener on estate of several acres. Three men under her. Large amount of glass. Lives with family.
6. Was a lecturer for a County Council.
7. Is teaching in another horticultural school.
8. Is married, after quite the most successful career of any dairy student.
9. Learnt fruit bottling and went to the Colonies to practice it.
10. Is dairy manager at the British Dairy Institute, Reading. This post was previously held by No. 8.
11. Is assistant botany lecturer on staff of University College, Reading.
12. Miss Yates (Instructor at Studley in poultry keeping).
13. Is now organizer of the Horticultural Department at Studley College.

To an interviewer I said: "I am now in a position to prove that, with sufficient training, a woman can make as good a competence on the land as in the crowded city, with the inestimable advantage of living in fresh air and enjoying the simple pleasures and pursuits of the country that make for health and happiness. We have, in fact, at last discovered one

way of helping to solve that great social problem, the increasing pressure of women in every channel of employment. The strain of a city life on insufficient means has a terrible effect on the health and physique of thousands of women, and I therefore think that the question is one of national importance. Take, for instance, the girl who typewrites eight or ten hours a day and place her beside the girl who is earning her livelihood from the land and the difference in their state of nerves and spirits will be found astonishing.

"There are a number of girls, daughters of professional men, who are forced to do something for their own livelihood. It was with the idea of giving them a profession in that best of conditions, an open-air life, that I started my Hostel at Reading seven years ago.

"There is no reason, however, why there should not be students at the College who want to learn how to make the best of a country life without any idea of making a livelihood. It is only by a knowledge of horticulture that you can really enjoy your garden. Life in the country, which is at present a cause of ennui to many women, would be a source of never-ceasing interest in the light of the practical knowledge that a training at Studley Castle gives. The dairy and the poultry run, the kitchen garden and the beehives, would thus be a round of unfailing amusement and delight. Think, too, what an intelligent and educated woman could do to help the small farmers and cottagers on her estate or in her neighborhood. She could instruct them how to make

the best of their gardens and allotments, how to market their produce in the best and cheapest way by combining to send large parcels to market. She could teach them how to coöperate in many ways for the purchase of implements and seeds and dairy machinery. Many a small-holder who at present makes only a bare livelihood would with a little instruction secure far better profits for his labor.

"I do not pretend to have found a solution of the two great questions of the day—the Land question and the Labor question. But I think we have proved not only that women of education with limited means can be trained for a healthy and profitable calling but that they can also do something towards the development of agriculture in England. What I hope is that Studley Castle may send forth strong and vigorous women, who with intellects trained by scientific methods of study, may contribute a little to raise the country districts from their dead level of depression, by infusing new life and spirit into our villages. Agriculture can only be restored to prosperity by a complete change in our land system on a basis of privilege to none and justice to all. But meanwhile we can all do a little to prevent the present tragic exodus from the villages to the towns. What we need at Studley is the foundation of scholarships for students who cannot afford to pay the fees. I would suggest that such scholarships should be devoted to the orphan daughters of professional men. We think that the government, if it fully recognized the value of the work, would assist us with grants, as they do in the case of agricultural colleges for men.

MYSELF IN 1924

Why should not women receive the same assistance? Their struggle is more uphill. I would appeal to the new Minister of Agriculture to take this point into consideration. We may at least hope that our local educational authorities will assist us, and that such great educational institutions as the Birmingham University may stand by us and help us to feel that we are part of the national life."

Since I spoke on these lines the disposition of the State towards helping the training of women for the land has completely changed.

It is of interest here to drop in a kind note from my old friend the Empress Frederick who was always sympathetic to any new openings for women:

HOTEL ——
BORDIGHERA,
Jan. 28th, 1899.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

I much regret I was not able to thank you sooner for your last letter of January 3rd. I have great pleasure in telling you now that I will gladly accept this Patronage of your new school—as you kindly asked me to do—and have read the reports you sent me with great pleasure and interest. The scheme seems a very good one, and I trust will succeed and have good results!

Thanking you again for both your letters,
I remain,
Yours sincerely,
VICTORIA.
Dowager Empress of Germany
and Queen of Prussia.

In this chapter I may perhaps include something about an experiment of mine to employ men from the

Salvation Army Colony at Hadleigh. I had a gang of these men working at Easton on estate improvements which turned out to be singularly successful. Everybody prophesied that the men would not work, that they would be dishonest; in fact, all sorts of evil was predicted. The men were first-rate. They were broken-down men from almost every class whom the long, kind arm of the Salvation Army had stayed on the downward path. Some of them were doing their best to make good, and in an old newspaper cutting I find the following little incident described that throws light on the process of rehabilitation of one of the workers. The writer is describing his approach to Easton and he says: "Before we reach the quarters we meet one of the men who is returning to a situation at a northern locomotive works which he had forfeited through drink. He is on his way to the station. His face is tanned almost brick-red and he looks astonishingly plump.

" 'Unbutton your coat,' says the Captain. The man obeys and underneath is another coat, and underneath a third. There are further discoveries. The man has on four waistcoats, three pairs of trousers, and he confesses to four shirts. It is not because of the coldness of the weather, but the man has no portmanteau or box and this is his solution of the luggage problem. When the Army picked him up he had scarcely a rag to his back. He has invested his savings in second-hand 'togs,' he explains somewhat shamefacedly, because 'a feller'll want more than one suit when he gets into a job.' "

The same newspaper cutting gives a good descrip-

tion of the experiment as it impressed a stranger. It says: "A novel experiment has been in progress on the Easton Lodge Estate. The park immediately in the rear of the house was broken, lumpy ground, and the view could scarcely be called romantic. Lady Warwick decided to create a picturesque outlook by having ten or twelve acres laid out to the design of Mr. Harold Peto, the well-known landscape gardener. No one has ever accused Lady Warwick of lack of ideas, and the happy one occurred to her of offering the work to the Salvation Army Land Colony at Hadleigh, in which she takes a lively interest. The Colony had never undertaken a 'job' like this before, and the authorities jumped at the offer. It had the additional advantage of helping them to tide over the winter when the colonists for the most part are a source of heavy expense, while little is coming in from farm produce. Strictly business terms were agreed upon. Lady Warwick was to pay so much a day for each man at work, and the Colony undertake to complete the contract in three to five months. Lady Warwick, however, went beyond 'the letter of the bond.' She had wooden buildings put up for the men's accommodation near the right front of the house, in full view from the windows, and for Captain Gilliart, Home Superintendent of the Colony, who was in charge of the 'expedition,' she had a little corrugated iron house run up in which the captain and his wife and his four children are comfortably installed." The writer goes on: "We come to where the men of the 'expedition,' sixty strong, are busy at work with picks and spades, or sending loads of

clay on trucks down a tiny tramway. The men are distributed into gangs under gangers, themselves men with pasts. Three local navvies have been engaged as experts, to set the example how pick and spade should be used. And this is necessary for the 'expedition' includes a lawyer, a doctor, a professor of music, a watchmaker, a Bohemian hairdresser, a lively 'Patsy' from Dublin, whose well-to-do friends have failed to get him to stick at anything, a chief accountant of a city firm, a commercial traveler of a West End firm, and representatives of a dozen other professions and industries to whom 'spade-work' is as foreign as it is to the Prime Minister. But here they are with bent backs driving picks into the heavy Essex clay. The captain is proud, as he has every right to be, of his lambs.

"Sometimes Lady Warwick sends a haunch or two of venison, or a score of rabbits shot on the estate, to the larder. Work over, games are provided. Lady Warwick has placed at the disposal of the men the cricket pavilion, where there are a bagatelle table, a ping-pong table, and tables for draughts, etc., or the men may sit in the room used for laundry and smoke and yarn to their hearts' content."

When the "expedition" had been at work for a time and had returned to Easton after their Christmas break at Hadleigh, I invited the whole gang of sixty-seven men to an entertainment at the Lodge. The newspapers seem impressed by the detail that the men were entertained "in the ballroom, sitting on gilded chairs!" It seems that the supper was a repast

of "game pies and roast beef." The following words of the cutting give quite a little picture:

"The Salvationists, under the command of Capt. Gilliart, were received by the Countess and Lady Marjorie Greville, who offered a kindly welcome to all. The men wore their everyday dress, and the lieutenants or gangers had their red jerseys on. The waiters were the servants at the Lodge. About half-way through the menu the Countess was so much struck by the silence of her guests that she humorously enquired of the leader: 'Do not your men talk at their meals?' Thus encouraged, the company became more lively. At the close the men proceeded into the ballroom where a cinematograph exhibition was provided. The Salvationists sang lustily Moody and Sankey's hymn, 'Sowing the seed!' "

We further read that "the Earl has several times shown an interest in the men. His elder son, Lord Brooke, gave them a manly little address—his first attempt at speech-making." The cutting also tells us that Lady Marjorie Greville, who has just "come out," "talked to the men like a sister!" It goes on to say that "Mrs. Bridges Adams, a member of the London School Board who has become associated with the Countess in her work and has been staying in Easton Village, expressed entire sympathy with the Salvationists in their rescue work."

This very small contribution of mine to the ever-pressing unemployment problem brought so much happiness and was so obviously successful, that it is surprising that more people do not try similar experiments. To quote again from the newspaper writer:

"There were not wanting prognostications of dire disaster. The men, it was said, would not only not do their work, but they would set a demoralizing example of rowdyism to the district. Lady Warwick believed otherwise, and her belief has more than justified itself. She will not only get her landscape, but she will get also the heartfelt gratitude of the men who have made it."

And I did!

CHAPTER XVII

SOCIALISM

MR. HYNDMAN—MY "OUTRAGEOUS" JOURNEY TO AMSTERDAM —AN EARLY SPEECH—MY RED MOTOR-CAR—LOVE'S LABOR COLLEGE LOST—STANDING FOR PARLIAMENT

IF proof were needed that we have traveled far since the early days of the century, I have only to remind myself of the International Socialist Congress held at Amsterdam in 1903. There was nothing in the world I wanted so much as to attend this Congress; and usually what I have wanted to do, that I have done, so I went to the Hague alone.

The thing that I best remember, and that I still think was the most important, as it was the most moving incident of the Congress, was this. It was at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, and two Socialists, a Russian and a Japanese, present at the Congress, came on to the platform and in sight of all men clasped hands while the whole Congress stood in sympathy. I never forgot the picture. It was probably the first demonstration of the kind ever made, and it has always been to me a symbol of the underlying unity of the people of all nations, even in war. Incredible as it may seem to-day, my having gone alone to Amsterdam for the purpose of attending a Socialist Congress was summed up by my world in the word "outrageous." I traveled quietly back to Easton, but already the papers were full of it. The story of

the Russian and the Japanese shaking hands was described by everybody as "disgraceful."

In his *Further Reminiscences* Mr. H. H. Hyndman gives a much more vivid, if rather flattering, description of my attendance at the Congress and of our first meeting, than anything I can remember or write. For readers who are interested, the following passage, very much cut, is quoted from Mr. Hyndman's book:

I was sitting as one of the delegates at the Socialist Congress in Amsterdam, in the body of the hall used for our principal gathering, when a little piece of paper was thrust into my hand by one of the attendants, on which was written 'Lady Warwick.' She was waiting to see me outside. I, of course, knew the Countess by reputation, and had admired portraits of her, but I had never seen her. I was a good deal prejudiced and could hardly believe—though why, I scarcely know—that Lady Warwick had any genuine sympathy with our movement. I say 'why I scarcely know,' because there was nothing to prevent any intelligent aristocrat from accepting the Socialist doctrines. I went out into the corridor. Lady Warwick's splendid face and figure were almost startling amid the rather somber surroundings of the Congress.

"Lady Warwick made the acquaintance of the leading men in the various parties and attended the great open-air demonstration, walking round to the different platforms and taking notes of the speeches delivered by Bebel, Van Kol, Vandervelde, Roubenovitch, Jaurés, Vaillant, and others. It was a Feast of Pentecost and a Babel of tongues. When I discovered that Lady Warwick was prepared to give ear, I opened the floodgates of talk, of all that Socialism has been, was, and in my opinion should be. Lady Warwick joined the Social Democratic Federation, remained with that organization for eight years, and gave

us all the help she could in every way. She had studied Socialism, and her criticisms, questions, and objections were those of a capable mind.

"There are not wanting those who say, 'If Lady Warwick is so enthusiastic for Socialism, why does she not, having had so far a pretty good share of all that is delightful in life, sell all that she has and give to the poor?' That, of course, applies to all who are living upon rent, interest, or profit. The system of wage-earning and profit-taking is not to be broken down by mere personal sacrifice.

"As things go to-day it was not considered at all the right thing that Lady Warwick should turn Socialist, or that the Earl of Warwick, one of the most courteous, accomplished, and charming gentlemen in England, should have a possible co-partnery in the nationalization of the land possessed by his wife and himself at Warwick Castle and Easton Lodge. The Earl of Wemyss, our unwearying, not to say bitter, opponent representing the Liberty and Property Defense League, was actually Lord Warwick's uncle. How was this magnificent old partiarch to accommodate himself to such a turning on the part of his niece.

"Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose opposition to Socialism was unwearying, said seriously that Socialism must indeed be making its way in this island when it had captured 'the châtelaine of one of our great historic families.' Just so. There was the rub. That Lady Warwick should adopt the real religion of Humanity, and join the Social Democratic party, national and international, was, at such a time, a very courageous and noble thing to do. The Countess of Warwick is the only woman of her class in Western Europe to join our party, and no man of her rank has yet had either the ability or the pluck to do so. Sympathy with poverty, hatred of oppression, generous democratic feeling, kept Lady Warwick in close touch with popular aspirations long before she became a Socialist. She was one of the most active supporters of Joseph Arch. She

sent her children to the common country school in their early years. She declared herself in favor of land-nationalization, and the handing over of Warwick Castle as an architectural and archeological treasure-house for the nation.

"Lady Warwick's career has been steadily progressive, and her acceptance of revolutionary Socialism was only a natural development from her previous line of thought and action. Lady Warwick belongs to a more spacious age than ours. She ought to have been born in the fifteenth century, when the position of châtelaine of a great family was recognized without envy and accepted without servility."

In the same book Mr. Hyndman described a visit that members of the Social Democratic Federation paid to Easton:

"It was a lovely summer day. The gardens and the lawns, the cricket ground, tennis courts, park, and woods looked their very best, and the whole scene lent itself to enjoyment and jollity. Several hundred people came. Excellent fare was laid out in a spacious tent, and for that day at any rate everyone felt that the cares of competitive life were lifted off their shoulders. The charm and delight of civilized life were sandwiched in for a few hours between the hard realities of capitalist existence. What is even pleasanter to recall is the fact that though a large proportion of the visitors came from some of the poorest parts of London, and the house, as well as the grounds, was thrown open to all who chose to wander through it, a broken glass door, slammed too forcibly by accident, was the sole record of damage done, and none of the beautiful things which lay scattered around in the house were mislaid or injured.

"It was not the winning side which Lady Warwick

took when she threw in her lot with Socialism nine years ago. Still less was it the winning side which she supported, at great personal and pecuniary sacrifice, in the General Election of 1906 and 1910. I consider it wonderful that she stuck to the cause, with practically no success to brighten her path, during these long years. Last summer and this, when Tillet and Thorne and Jones had that very difficult task at the East End of London, when any moment local as well as national feeling might have turned, and, in fact, was turning against them, Lady Warwick went up frequently from Easton to encourage the strikers, though she had plenty of troubles of her own on hand at that time."

The following characteristic Hyndman letter is of later date:

July 30, 1909.

My dear Lady Warwick,

I enclose you four snapshots of the Trafalgar Square meeting which may interest you and which I daresay you won't mind posting back to me. You will note what an exceptionally "respectable" crowd it was, and what a crush it made altogether, even in Trafalgar Square which is just the space covered by the Coliseum at Rome. I have had many a stirring reception myself, during my long career as a public speaker and agitator, but never anything approaching to the greeting which I had upon this occasion. It astonished me. I confess, it became quite painful as it went on. Nothing at all like it was seen in the Square that day. Of course, I was not reported; but I may write down what I said and get it printed. The meeting was noteworthy, and may be historic, by reason of the vigorous protest against secret diplomacy and secret agreements. I instanced the case of the great Cavour, as opposed to the ignorant homunculus Grey, and quoted that splendid saying of his in the Assem-

bly at Turin: "While my enemies are groping for me in the bypaths and hedges I am fearlessly marching along the highway." That, however, could only be uttered by a man who had a policy which he meant to carry through and defend. Poor Grey flounders along in happy-go-lucky fashion, because he has neither the brains nor the knowledge equal to anything better. If his name were not Grey he would be utterly unknown. A fine country this for hereditary incompetence. Greys, Russells, Elliotts, and Leveson-Gowers have their full share of it. However, the more he blunders the better for us. I knew him years ago. When he took to the Foreign Office he knew no language but his own and that imperfectly. We deserve our fate for allowing such people to take big salaries as our servants, and then pose as if they were our masters. I would give a trifle to have a go at Grey for half an hour in the House of Commons. I would strip that high and mighty manner off him before I had been at it five minutes.

MacDonald, who was my chairman, did not half like my talk and muttered to me to stop when I urged that the real democratic policy was ready to our hand, and that if I had the power I would back democracy against militarism all over Europe, supporting the Social Democrat in Germany and Austria with money and with men. A few millions at the critical moment would make all the difference. But our blessed Laborists are pacifists indeed in whom there is no pride nor any pluck. I have a difficulty in concealing my contempt for them—if I do conceal it.

We enjoyed our afternoon at your charming garden-party immensely. That delightful play in the open air with its surroundings recalled Watteau and Fragonard and Lancret. I hear the voices, see the guests and smell the fragrance of the flowers even now.

It was odd meeting Francis Drummond again. We had not met for thirty years. He knows my sister Mrs. D'Albiac very well it seems. I have seen and heard noth-

ing of her since I turned Socialist and took up "riotous living." In our case, and in the early movement here, Socialism soon meant a complete break with all family ties and our friends. Drummond on the whole is the most profoundly cynical man I ever met. His knowledge of genealogy and the history of our English families is extraordinary, as you probably know. Some of his comments as to *where* this or that characteristic came into the strain and *how,* I remember to this day, as perfect masterpieces of analytical survey of human development. I remember also a terrific sarcasm he once gave expression to. A well-known journalist, T. E. Kebbel, accused Drummond of plagiarizing from him, in regard to the need in our country of a non-party policy in great affairs. Drummond brought forth note-books, cuttings, etc., argued that such plagiarism was impossible, and argued his case out. Kebbel, be it said, had received a small place from Lord Beaconsfield, so Drummond wound up: "And besides it is absurd to imagine that a corrupt hireling of fiction would oppose party government; as soon shall we hear the worms agitating for cremation!" I recall it as if it were yesterday.

So Clemenceau has gone and Briand reigns in his stead. Fancy Briand President of Council! I know him well. I had to call him to order and denounce him, with all the vigor I could command in a foreign language, when I was chairman at one of our International Congresses. He was then a furious Anarchist, but I got him down. Then afterwards he sold out and there he is. Our useless men make good Presidents of Council for the bourgeoisie!

My wife joins with me in very kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

H. M. Hyndman.

The readers who have been patient enough to follow me so far, feel, presumably, some interest in social questions and political solutions. I need not apologize

therefore for inserting here some extracts of a speech that I made in Northampton, which will perhaps serve as a link between my early Socialist beliefs and Socialism as I understand it to-day:

"Up and down the country I have gone in the cause of children, and everywhere I see the one great fact that Socialism lies at the bottom of the salvation of our country. Those whom you and I meet very often, those who occupy the seats of power in the government of this country, may jeer at us, but Labor will win. In Northampton you have thought that salvation lay in advanced Radicalism. I know that phase of thought well, because I myself have passed through it. Does it much matter whether a Liberal Government or a Tory Government is in power? Does it much help you individually here? Well, I suppose you sometimes sit down and think out these questions as I think them out. And I am quite sure that all in this room to-night have come here knowing that there is only one way out for the workers of this country. Socialist unity will mean that the workers throughout the length and breadth of this country will get all that they want for themselves and for their children.

"In spite of the harsh criticisms of my humble self, and very harsh some of them are, I feel personally that I owe no apology for having joined an organization which, whatever may have been its faults, has always been known for its strict adherence to principle. I am not a stranger to a Northampton audience, because I am one of the landowning class of Northamptonshire. My earliest days were spent at Passenham, near Stony Stratford, where I own 3000 acres. I am very sorry I own 3000 acres! Until you do away with a thing called the law of entail I do not see how I am to avoid possessing 3000 acres in Northamptonshire! The Capitalist Press has made great fun out of me. I am glad that my clothes appeal to the reporters.

I am awfully glad they please them. While I am on the subject of the Press may I allude to a certain red motor-car which I possess. Now the Capitalist Press has gone for that red motor-car. In blue motor-cars and yellow motor-cars and I don't know what other colored motor-cars you all go to the polling stations—but because a woman has a red motor-car devoted to the service of the Socialist party of course there is a great deal of very good fun made out of it. I only hope that you will ask the occupants of the red motor-car to come round with it and work in Northampton. If you will invite us when there is work to be done we will gladly come. The red motor-car is at the disposal of a genuine Socialist candidate. To-night I have to journey very far. If I had the red motor-car at the door it might have helped me considerably on the journey. That red motor-car, however, is doing very good service to the cause this day at the other side of the country, and so I am going to take the ordinary means of conveyance and get home about 2 A.M. Now I want to thank you very cordially for having listened to me this evening. You will already have found out that I am no platform speaker."

This is perhaps as convenient a place as any in the book to drop in a few letters from Socialists remarkable enough to make any of their notes interesting.

ANCOATS,
Jan. 8, 1908.

DEAR LADY WARWICK,

How can I thank you for your very lovely little book? If I had known of its existence and been asked my predilection, I verily believe I should have chosen *The Soul of Man*. It is very good of you to have thought of me and I am more than conventionally grateful.

Recently, I have been immersed almost to complete obsession in public meetings. They have all been very

wonderful and encouraging, and I am now resting awhile before the reassembling of Parliament. Hoping to meet you again sometime, somewhere in front of the crowd,

I am delighted to remain,

Yours very cordially,

VICTOR GRAYSON.

Postcard.

10, ADELPHI TERRACE, W.C.,

13th August, 1909.

I am just starting for the west coast of Ireland; and if I cannot get a clear six weeks' holiday I shall certainly die, for I have had a most arduous season of it. So I shall have to give up the pleasure of a visit to Easton Lodge on the 31st and the 2nd, and the food of Dunmow must reform itself without me.

Perhaps you will let me call later.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

SVANHOLMSVEJ 15.2.SAL,

HOJSKOLEFORENING,

COPENHAGEN,

August 23, '09.

DEAREST LADY WARWICK,

The spirit moves me to write to you. I think you will be at the Trade Union Congress, and certainly you will be able to influence the Parliamentary Committee as I could not even if I attended the Congress, which I can't do.

I want to say that in my opinion not much progress can be made in elementary education till we get school clinics.

Now at Portsmouth, and elsewhere we asked for them riotously five times over. But that it not enough. What is wanted is really effective action in Parliament. Since January there has been no action taken so far as I know in Parliament in this matter, and I fear no voice was

Myself Now

raised when that very nasty little "Medical Treatment Bill" (well calculated to kill the infant clinics now in existence) was read and sanctioned.

Now I don't want to touch on this matter again with the Labor members. I have written to Mr. Thorne, as well as (at every stage) to Mr. MacDonald. What I want you to do is to see that the Education Estimates shall not be brought up again without action being taken from the Labor benches. They *can* make a difference. It is easier for Labor to do these things than for advanced Radicals to attempt them.

With love,
Yours always,
MARGARET MCMILLAN.

P.S. There is not the smallest use in asking for clinics everywhere. What is wanted now is some more clinics *at once.*

As once more I turn over the pages of the guest books both at Warwick and Easton, I see many names of those who made history in Victorian and Edwardian times. I can remember delightful parties of friends who filled the house, basked in the gardens, drew the coverts and shot thousands of birds. At Easton, let me say, the birds are henceforth to enjoy sanctuary. In those far-off days, now so unreal, there used to come to me a dream—it was then little more than a dream—of making Easton serve for the pleasure of another kind of guest. Only in later years was it possible for the dream to take practical form and the thought would come to me of turning Easton into a Labor College for young people of the working class. Denmark has long since realized a similar dream in her Folk High Schools. In these schools,

class distinctions fade, and the development of character and the enjoyment of life and of nature come before scholastic attainment.

Only those who have known what it is to thrill with joy at being able to do something to help the patient masses who do the world's hard work, can understand with what delight I decided to offer my home to the cause to which I have dedicated my life. I know that such an act would rouse the derision alike of sometime friends and of detractors, but this passed me by. My vision was to make a workers' college of Easton where for so many generations its occupiers had taken as their right the best that the world can offer. All of Easton's beauty was to be on offer to those who needed the gift. I have often thought how much I should like to see not only my own home, but large unused mansions in every county in the British Isles placed at the disposal of the rising generation to be used as educational centers.

I have eagerly desired the workers to enjoy the best that education can give. A wide education, I believe, would show these worker students that our present social system is based on a wrong conception of life. It has seemed to me that to help forward this aim of enlightenment it would be good if the young and eager who have to carry on the burden of the work of the world after the older burden-bearers have gone, should have a chance of studying for a few years amid gracious and stimulating surroundings. It would be something even if young people of the cities should get a glimpse of Nature during a week or two in the year. But that is not enough.

Nature must be lived with through all her changing moods, and only those who know the country during spring, summer, autumn, and winter can learn the full joy of loving beast and bird and every growing thing. One restriction only I make. The park and woods would have to be kept as they are now, a sanctuary for bird and beast, open to the public, and no buildings put up except for the development of the College, if it should be extended on some far-off day into a University.

My plan was that all branches of the Labor movement should find a rallying center at Easton. I wanted those who aspire to direct the fortunes of the great unions to enjoy the opportunities of preparation that Easton would provide. There was nothing wholly novel in the plan. All the members of the Labor Party, from Cabinet Ministers to humblest toilers, have been to Easton at Summer Schools and Conferences for rest and change. It is out of these pleasant gatherings, which meant as much to me as to anyone who took part in them, that my idea of the larger scheme grew.

I hoped myself to occupy the annexe built on the side of the wing that was destroyed by fire in 1918. I would continue to manage the garden, the home farm, and the deer park. In making the gift I should not be wronging my children, for they are provided for.

As for the academic side, there was to be a thorough grounding in economics and political economy. Physical development was to take an important place, and artistic culture be given free scope. It was my

hope that in years to come there would be among the men and women who deserved well of their country some who would be able to say that in the days when their minds were receptive and their ideals were in process of formation, they had found at Easton a sound training and hearty encouragement, amid surroundings that stimulated them to discover the best that was in themselves.

I looked even further than the immediate formation of the Labor College. In the words of Isaiah I dreamt that the Easton beginning would "blossom and bud and fill the face of the world with fruit." The few hundreds that Easton could hope to accommodate and train, even at its maxium development, were small in comparison with the numbers of young people needing that development. But my hope was that the Easton experiment would be but a beginning and an encouragement to the starting of other similar centers.

Such educational plans as I had in mind, if rare in England, are commonplace in America. In that country University training is not considered a luxury. As everybody knows, you find there boys and girls of the working classes who regard a college education as their right, and they take their college course and during vacations work for their livelihood. This has always been the fashion also in so poor a country as Scotland. It seems to be in England only that a University career takes on a purely social aspect. English deeply rooted conservatism seems to act and react as a check on progress, hampering and

restricting the most ardent. A university education that is so exclusively for the well-to-do must inevitably narrow the outlook of its students and serve to emphasize and intensify class privilege.

It would be interesting to know how many of the students of Ruskin College return to their trade or craft, as the students of a Danish High School do!

In my plans for the Easton College I did not go so far as to outline clearly or in detail the academic program. My hope was rather to establish a new viewpoint, to make a center where new thought and the spirit of reform and social service would find room to expand. Easton was to be the place where social evolution would be studied along the hard road of scientific knowledge.

I liked to think of the kind of guests Easton had welcomed in the past, not only thirty years ago when it saw the coming and going of fashionable folk, men and women of note in my own day, statesmen, soldiers, courtiers, and so on. For generations before that, from before the days of Elizabeth, Easton saw only people of the great world. Many of the guests I remember talked of social betterment for the poor and the unfortunate. Clever men and women discussed the social and other problems of the time. But their views were given with the confidence of a race apart, their talk was made unconsciously from the heights of worldly achievement or of social position. There was little appreciation of the idea of a possible brotherhood. Thirty years has seen an amazing weakening of class domination. I longed to see Eas-

ton in the forefront of the new system—a home for thinkers alive to the still greater changes that must come in the next thirty years.

While I was dreaming these dreams for the future, I wrote the following few paragraphs, which, at the risk of seeming to repeat myself, I should like to quote here. These sentiments were written at a time when it seemed likely that my plans for Easton would be fulfilled.

"I am not surprised to learn that the question is asked by many, Why have I given Easton Lodge to Labor?

"My answer is, that my action has been dominated by one desire—to give to Labor, the young men and women of Labor—an opportunity hitherto denied them.

"The workers are handicapped from their cradle; only the few—too few—get their chance through limited scholarships. These young people go into the workshops and fields at an age when my children were getting every advantage. The leaders of Trade Unionism all acknowledge what a hard struggle they had to get an education.

"The future of Labor in this country is a great one; and education is therefore most important. If education can be given in a restful and beautiful environment such as Easton affords, it should be of great advantage.

"It is because of this that I have made stringent conditions for keeping the park and woods as they are at present, so that the students may learn the love of Nature and wild life, and all the things that have been a sealed book to the town workers. Most wealthy children grow up amid beautiful country surroundings; no town life can give the development of character that close touch with Nature gives. If started right while young, the desire for further study will grow and can be continued with the help of museums and libraries.

"I have seen some criticism as to the adaptability of

Easton Lodge for the purpose of a Labor College. That criticism is answered by the fact that Easton is situated midway between London and Cambridge—by road one and a half hours from the former and one hour from the latter city. With an improved train service the ideals of the 'workers' ' own college can be sustained for the purpose I hope for.

"At Easton there will not only be sports and athletics for physical development, but there will also be music and painting to meet artistic needs; while in the schools the study of economics will be fully catered for. I feel sure that the result will make for a great forward movement in the whole Labor world.

" 'Left Wing' and 'Right Wing' will be able to meet on common ground, drawn together from honest endeavor to seek for and declare the truth which a wide education should reveal.

"Drama will center around the Barn Theatre; music will be inspired with Gustav Holst as our resident neighbor; while literature will claim encouragement from H. G. Wells and Philip Guedalla, and painting be neighbored by G. Clausen, R.A., and a number of lesser lights.

"I see a future when a university will develop, and additional buildings grow up around the College. The choice of a Head is of the greatest importance. He must be young enough for enthusiasm and wise enough to cater for all outgrowths of the movement. Where is he?

"The youths of to-day will be the leaders to-morrow, and my hope is that they will have greater knowledge and wider vision, enabling them to grapple more firmly with the problems that confront us, which Education alone can solve.

"In conclusion, I hope my gift may, above all, prove to be the seed that will bring forth abundantly good fruit for all. In place of the bitterness and chaos of to-day may there arise 'Something kindlier, holier, higher—*all for each and each for all.*' "

Alas for my dreams and plans! The Coal Strike of 1927 so depleted the resources of the Unions that there was nothing left over for education. The quarter of a million that Labor was to have spent on the Easton College foundation and extension had vanished. Once more, for me, there was a sharp awakening. Without enough money, the dream of the Easton College must remain unfulfilled.

As I sit here in my old home, having stripped myself of financial advantages to buy the reversion that would free my gift to Labor, I console myself with the thought that things inevitably turn out for the best. In 1927 the set-back to Industry banished my dreams, but there were difficulties to be met that money alone would not have been able to overcome. Time was not yet ripe for unity of purpose. It will be seen by those who follow us that Capitalism is not the only enemy of progress. Ignorance and prejudice are tougher foes.

In taking a long view of life with its constant ebb and flow, I am convinced that there is a Spirit of Good in the world. The mass of people are ready to fight cruelty in defense of child or man or beast. What is needed always is one to take a courageous lead. Not only is active cruelty to children more rare, but there is a growing consideration in the minds of all to give the full rights of citizenship to the illegitimate child and the "unwanted" baby. There is a more unprejudiced public opinion on the subject of what is cruelty in sport. The limitations of the R.S.P.C.A. Council will have to be loosed. There is better understanding of the laws of health. People

are studying how to live healthily rather than how to doctor diseases. The thoughtful physician to-day preaches sane living. A better race must evolve from healthy homes, more out-of-door life, wise athleticism, and the common sense of limiting the size of the family in relation to the resources of the parents.

There seems to be an acknowledged but secretly conscious recognition that the only solution of life's problems lies in the Gospel of Love. My own generation is passing, and with it, thank goodness, are passing also the old shibboleths and prejudices. It is to the young we look once more to redeem the world from its old sins, its past blunders and fears. The new force of womanhood in public life is going to tell. I am delighted that the young women of to-day should jazz, swim the Channel, and excel in games, so long as they realize that their new freedom is a symbol of a still greater emancipation from ancient bonds of sex and class. Only let these young people give a backward glance sometimes and remember gratefully the men and women of former generations who won for them this liberty, so that they in their turn may win a still greater freedom for the generations yet to come.

I had a brief experience of electioneering when I was pressed to stand as Socialist candidate for the Warwick and Leamington division in a Parliamentary by-election. This by-election unluckily merged itself into the General Election of 1924, I say, unluckily, because in spite of the non-existent organization, in spite of the new and unstudied "Capital Levy," I think that in the rush of a by-election my

personality and record among Warwickshire folk might have scored a victory. But the General Election scattered all my helpers to their constituencies, all my "big guns" were spiked, all my spare funds absorbed, leaving me to a weak organization, a working-day polling, and a Midland fog in November weather, and as a consequence, a place at the bottom of the poll. I felt, as always through life, that everything that happens is for the best. I could not well have spared the time for Parliament with my husband's serious illness and my own duties. What I cared for most was the opportunity of making propaganda that will bear fruit at no distant date. It was an experience that welded many sincere friendships, and I have never regretted it. The division will yet be won for Labor. My husband received condolences on having a Socialist wife but he remained absolutely unmoved. He was keenly interested in my experience, and together we laughed over the letters from Diehard ladies, expressing a "class hatred" that only such an episode brings to light. Since that time women of all shades of politics now offer themselves for election, but this veteran Socialist has short shrift in Tory circles. Luckily she minds not at all!

In public life I have known most of the prominent politicians of my sixty years of life—some intimately, some superficially. Friendships for me are difficult. I share with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald a reluctance to allow intimacy with my innermost feelings and thoughts. I have missed much perhaps by not allowing my heart to be worn on my sleeve or anywhere on my outside garments. This reserve of my innermost

heart has made me absolutely indifferent to the way in which my motives might be construed. Therefore my disregard of the conventions has gone unexplained and unjustified.

If anyone asked me, who is the leader for whom I have the most respect in the whole Labor movement since the death of Keir Hardie, I should unhesitatingly say Robert Smilie, although I know him less than many; he does not live in the limelight but among his fellow-miners in his little Lanarkshire cottage. He has no use for fine ladies like me but across the gulf is the tie of human sympathy with the misery of the poor and the "rebel" complex of those who "care."

EPILOGUE

I SUPPOSE I have to thank heredity to some extent for the contradictory elements that form my rebellious personality. I think I have always determinedly carried things through, sacrificing everything for my beliefs, and I have loved and hated whole-heartedly. If unable to hedge and trim, I have enjoyed using feminine tact and diplomacy to the uttermost. Where my heart is concerned, I am capable of real devotion, and I have always had a passionate hatred of injustice, and a desire to champion the "bottom dog." Let me own to my share of vanity, to a selfish pursuit of the thing I desire, without mercy to opposition, and with all this, a delight in giving others pleasure.

My life has provided sharp contrasts—startling triumphs and deepest griefs, the flattery of riches and the disillusion of poverty. But through all, hope is undimmed, my belief in ultimate good is unshaken, and a natural gayety of heart makes of every day a fresh adventure, and of the past a series of pleasant memories untroubled by regret.

A great-grandmother has been importuned to give her history, and, in response, has sketched, most imperfectly, I know, pictures from the kaleidoscopic screen of yesterday. Much, very much, is left unsaid, and never can be said. I have sought to recapture incidents from a pageant that delighted me as I lived through it, and that holds charm for me in memory —wonderful, vivid, amazing years, crowded with

friends and foes and events. As I have never known fear I find it has been easy to be frank.

Some friends seem to think I had much to tell. I have not, for I have shared too many confidences, have known so much that has gone on behind the scenes. Were I once to let go, where should I stop, how many friends betray? So I have avoided personalities.

Many great ones have been my intimates. Some have passed over—the more reason for silence. Those who remain still trust me. But I hope my little story is not too inadequate.

When "they" write my obituary notice, it should be the record of a woman who feverishly designed many things for the betterment of human lives, while the "Green Gods" sat smiling at the puny efforts of an imprisoned soul trying to find a way of escape.

I mark the milestones: the Crippled Children's Home; the Needlework School founded to give country girls an alternative from kitchen-maiding; the College for training women in horticulture; the longing to give the rural child secondary education, which resulted in Bigods School at a personal loss of ten thousand pounds. I look back on it all without regret for a fortune dissipated on these various experiments, but, with an ironic smile, I seem to see the feeble butterfly efforts to do God's work for him—the vain hope of pioneering in some new and wider sphere.

Now in the peace of retrospect I turn to Nature and find enjoyment in animals, birds, and flowers. I

surprise in myself a profound compassion for a humanity that is so largely content to accept squalor and ugliness, is satisfied with the thrill of some such triviality as dog-racing, instead of surging in a vast wave of discontent to sweep away the needless wrongs from which it suffers.

In town one can choose one's friends, but in the country, neighbors, often uncongenial, are thrust upon us. My neighbors have been a constant delight and inspiration. My mind flies, above all, to my tenants at the Glebe, to H. G. Wells and his wife and all their interesting entourage. In my "Laundry" live Philip Guedalla and his beautiful wife (a type of the picture of "Rebecca at the Well"); at my Home Farm, Gustav and Isobel Holst have made a cottage into an abode of delight with an old barn for their music-room. Here their only child, Imogen, sends out the wonderful music that has gained her scholarships, at an early age, that men might envy. No more than a stone's throw from the Lodge the Horrabins rest from their editing of *Plebs* and their political canvassing of Peterborough. Near by the tall Marquis d'Oisy, image of a remote ancestor, the great Cardinal Richelieu, paints and decorates his furniture and composes pageants. In the old Easton Manor House, where Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville spent their protracted honeymoon, my youngest daughter Mercy, the wife of Basil Dean, entertains the stars of the theatrical profession at week-ends. The Park Cottage is the week-end haven of my son Maynard Greville, heir to my old Maynard home, who, like his wife, is a well-known writer to

the *Morning Post*—Maynard holding the job of motor correspondent. Further down the Park Road lives Mr. H. A. Gwynne, the editor of the *Morning Post*. It was Mrs. Gwynne who brought the ever-gracious personality of the late Ellen Terry into our gatherings at our Barn Theatre.

In the adjoining village G. Clausen, R.A., makes all too brief stays, but finds material in our Essex landscapes for many Academy exhibits. The De Vere Stacpools come sometimes to a neighboring village. Two of our Essex neighbors have deserted us lately, and these we could ill spare. One was Mr. Arnold Bennett, who lived at Thorpe-le-Soken, and the other was the brilliant editor of the *Daily Express,* R. D. Blumenfeld. The constant kindnesses of his wife and himself are treasured memories in the village.

On the other side of the Park we miss our inspiring friend of the *Countryman,* J. W. Robertson Scott, who forsook us for his old manor house in the Cotswolde. At Foley Mill lives Lancelot Cranmer-Byng, that indefatigable student of Chinese literature and the writer of exquisite poetic dramas and sketches.

At Thaxted all the world knows of the rebel priest in his cathedral-like church of the Middle Ages, Father Conrad Noel, preaching the gospel of brotherhood and the championship of the oppressed. Near by Percy Widdrington brings the influence of his brilliant mind into Church circles everywhere.

Another deserter is S. L. Bensusan, that writer of sketches picturing the "oldest inhabitant" of our countryside. In his house lives now the scion of the house of Romanes, united to the daughter of the great

physician, Sir Almroth Wright. Who will say that my country neighbors are not inspiring or that I could ever be dull as town people aver?

Who are the people who have most influenced my thoughts in a long life? Away back in the nineties, were H. M. Hyndman and W. T. Stead. Later came Sir Oliver Lodge, Margaret McMillan, and the books of Sir Ray Lankaster. Also, there has been the inspiration of H. G. Wells; and Elspet Keith, without whose ruthless cutting of my garrulousness this book might have wandered on to the length of a St. Simon, or of a "Jean Christophe" of Romain Rolland. Her technical genius has "pulled me through" in more senses than one. These names are writ large on my heart. And the sweetest nature and finest character is the friend whose loss is irreparable—Catherine (Jane) Wells.

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own—
He who, secure within, can say:
'To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day!
Come fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine,
Not Heaven itself over the past hath power;
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.' "

DRYDEN.

FRANCIS EVELYN WARWICK.

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